

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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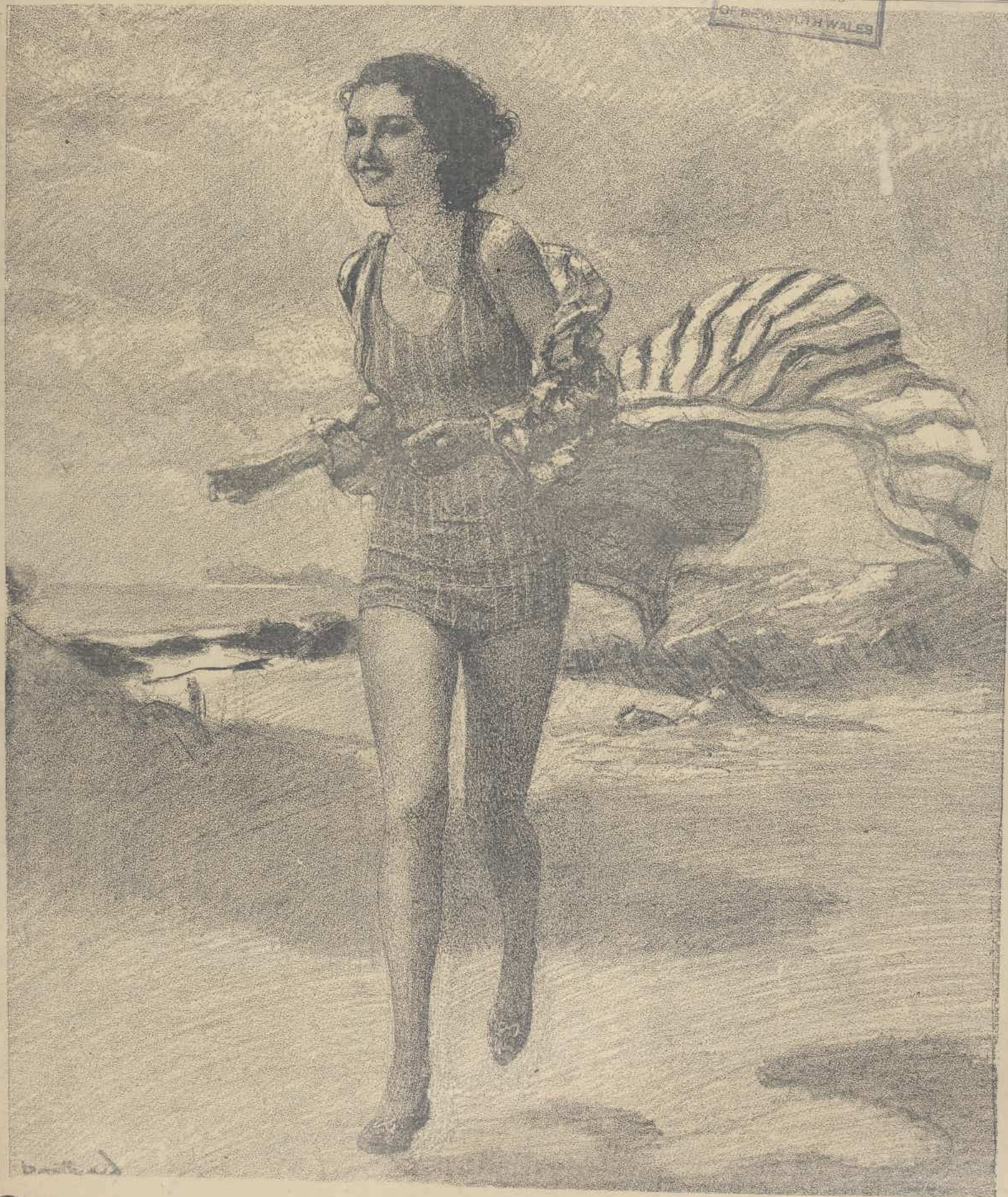
Vol. 1. No. 17.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1933.

29 SEP 1933

44 PAGES



Summer Girl

● Impatient for the first dip after the long, cold winter, the beautiful young nymph dashes helter-skelter to the water. In this charming drawing our artist, Boothroyd, expresses the exquisite loveliness and charm of the Australian girl.

BARE SKIN Craze Sweeps ENGLAND

Law Favors Sunbathers In Preference to Mrs. Grundy

"What will this season's bathing costumes reveal?" is a question which every girl, with a back to bare, is asking.

Over in England the summer is finished. It has been a battle royal between modern sun worshippers and Mrs. Grundy the whole time. The law has been on the side of the sunbathers.

From Nell Murray, Our Special Representative in Europe.

THE British summer now drawing to a close has been remarkable for the sudden wave of modified "nudism" which has swept these islands.

On the beaches women have discarded pyjama fashions in favor of shorts, and bathing costumes are tighter and simpler than ever before. In some cases they consist of merely trunks and a diminutive brassiere, with a plentiful exposure of bare skin in between. There are sun-suits to match, made of gingham or linen, with shorts not much more in dimension than a baby's rompers. A young Australian man who is leaving for home within a few weeks time has bought one of these suits for his fiancée in Melbourne.

"Not that I suppose she'll ever wear them!" he remarked somewhat diffidently. "Anyway, they'd have to alter the beach regulations in Australia before men and women could walk around at home wearing as little as they do this year in England."

THE men wear shorts only, and display bare bodies above the waist—a fashion which I believe would be definitely against most beach regulations in Australia. Nor do they confine themselves thus arrayed to the environs of the beach. More than one municipality (all its conventional feelings outraged by the presence of men parading half-naked through the streets of the town) has expressed its indignation with this new cult of nudism.

On the contrary, within recent weeks there have been instances of the law being invoked in the cause of "sunbathers" who have been insulted by convention loving folk who do not share their convictions.

During the week-end, at Eastbourne, an elderly woman made a scene because she considered a girl walking along the front in beach pyjamas was inadequately clad. She called her a "brazen hussy."

and persisted in her attitude in spite of the fact that the girl's mother protested that she thought her daughter's costume quite decent and proper. The next day, in court, the woman who had made the objection was fined 10/ for disorderly conduct.

A few days later a London woman was bound over for throwing a bucket of water over some children in the next garden who were sun-bathing in the nude. She said that when she asked them to put something on she was insulted.

Surprised Even Paris

"You must not take the law into your own hands," was the reply of the magistrate in binding her over upon payment of 4/- costs.

A Picture to Frame

SPECIAL reproductions of the beautiful drawing on Page 1, printed on art paper suitable for framing, may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly for 5/- each.

A Paris evening newspaper, the "Paris-Midi," hearing of this strange new departure on the part of the English, went to the trouble of sending a special reporter over on a tour of the south coast.

no doubt highly colored, but it must be admitted that there are ample foundations of fact for some of his statements. "The Englishwoman when on holiday at the seaside shows herself as Nature made her," he told his readers. "On the Channel coast she lies about voluptuously, presenting as an offering to the sun now her back, now her front, and exposing as much skin as possible."

"I saw typists working in offices clad in nothing more than the ubiquitous bathing dress. In the factories and shops girls seemed to wear what they liked in an endeavor to keep cool. At lunch-time hundreds of girls could be seen going to their favorite restaurant wearing shorts and a bathing dress."

"The other day a young girl shopping in a bathing dress had these last few square inches of stuff torn off her by enraged onlookers, and only the kindness of a passer-by enabled her to reach her home in some semblance of decency."

(Continued in Column 5).



OUR LONDON REPRESENTATIVE declares that girls have gone further than ever before this year in the wearing of bathing costumes, shorts, and other scanty apparel. This photo shows a holiday maker assisting a Guildford farmer gathering the harvest.

SHEIKHS Not "Sheiks" Says Australian MOSLEM

Philip W. Sage, of Sydney, a white Arab of the Moslem faith, whose Arabic title is Ali Hassan, has protested to The Australian Women's Weekly against the use, by girls and women, of the name "Sheikh" as applied to young men of flighty disposition who pursue the opposite sex.

"THE popular ideas of Arabia and the sheikhs of that country are very amusing to me, and to the Arabs themselves!" said Mr. Sage.

"Modern authors were to blame. They wrote stories, where handsome young sheikhs kidnap young girls and carry them off into the desert to their tent homes, make passionate love to them, and then when they are tired of their company, cast them aside. None of this had any foundation of truth."

"The word sheikh had three meanings!" said Mr. Sage. "Sheikh is a title held by the head man of a village or

tribe. Sheikh is a title of respect given to elders and learned men. Thirdly, it is merely a name, just as James or Brown. The majority of sheikhs that I have come in contact with in Arabia have been old men of about 50 years of age, and I cannot understand how young girls would be likely to fall in love with them."

"Of course, I have also met some young sheikhs, and, knowing them as I do!" he said, "they would not be likely to fall in love with any girl not of their own race. The Arabs are not all dark and handsome, of the Valentino type. Some of them are even fair."

"The popular idea that they have dozens of wives, and think of nothing but love-making is also groundless. Love takes a second place in Arabia,



PHILIP SAGE, the Australian Moslem, dressed in his Arab robes.

£100 Each Week for Readers' Prizes

NEVER before was there such a feast of generous prizes as is offered each week by The Australian Women's Weekly to readers. £100 a week. Think of it. Not one penny is asked for as entrance fee.

"Couplets," £75.

Of this amount £75 is to be won in prizes for the easy and amusing "Couplets" competition on page 19. A first prize of £50 can be won by writing a few simple words, and £25 will be paid in consolation awards.

£25 Other Prizes

THE rest of the £100 is to be won by entries to "So They Say," "Best Recipes," "Brainwaves," "Clever Ideas," and "Things That Happen"—full details of which appear with each feature.

Entries in every section must be accompanied by the appropriate portion of the coupon on Page 43.

To give readers all over Australia a chance of competing for the £75 to be won in the Couplet competition, two full weeks will be allowed for each series of couplets. Closing date for "Couplets No. 1" will be October 7, and for "Couplets No. 2" October 14.

Results will be published from week to week, commencing October 14. There will be no closing dates for the other competitions and features. All entries, no matter when they are sent in, will receive full consideration.

PRAYERS For the DEAD

Church of England Controversy

THE question of prayers for the dead has been raised in the Church of England in Melbourne.

Archbishop Head has been criticised for attending a Requiem Mass at St. Peter's Anglican Church, Eastern Hill. He defends his attitude on the grounds of the necessity for unity in the church. A more outspoken attitude is taken by Bishop Hart, Bishop of Wangaratta.

Prayers for the dead are regarded by Bishop Hart as a Christian prerogative.

"When we issue a prayer for the faithful departed," he stated recently, "we do not have to consider whether the Prayer Book contains such prayers."

"We have only to consider whether it contains any statement which forbids the prayer."

"Nor are we concerned with the opinions of Crammer, or Parker, or Queen Elizabeth as individuals, but only with doctrines and principles which are embodied in the prayer books."

"It is quite certain that neither of the books says anything against prayers for the dead or sets forth a doctrine which makes them impossible."

COMMENTING on this, our special contributor, "A Clerical Observer," writes:

"The whole question of prayers for the dead is much more than a theological one—it is a human one."

"It is not a question as between Protestant and Catholic (whether Roman or Anglican), but for the hungry hearts of men and women."

"What, ecclesiastically viewed, may be rank heresy, may, in a broadly human sense, be truth and fact."

"Curious that we may pray for our dear ones up to the moment of their passing from us, and then that we must ever after cease to think of them prayerfully."

"In the days when it was believed by Protestants that the everlasting fate of the dead was fixed at the moment of their passing, the prohibition of prayer for them was at least logical. But few people hold such a view to-day."

Of course, the Sydney diocese is strongly opposed to prayers for the dead and other High Church and Anglo-Catholic tendencies. But in other Australian dioceses the attitude is very different.

BARE SKIN CRAZE

(Continued from Column 2)

THE Frenchman went to a suburban swimming pool situated at one of the roadhouses which have become so popular in England, and these are his impressions:—

"Where are the modest bathing dresses which used to expose nothing more than two or three inches of flesh? I saw nothing but minute slips and costumes reduced to a bare necessity. There was no sign of the classic type of corseted old Englishwoman. She was doubtless sitting at home behind closed shutters in order not to be horrified at the disgusting crimes committed against the law of decency."

Among the most enthusiastic supporters of the "bare skin" cult are the children. Where, in Kensington Gardens, four or five years ago, you would have seen the younger generation at play, clad in ordinary frocks, rompers, and shoes and stockings, you now find them arrayed in one single garment and a pair of sandals.

The sun-suit they wear all day long most usually consists of a pair of shorts which leaves the tops of their bodies quite bare except for the crossed shoulder braces which support them.

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that all London clamoured for

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The same "No. 24" formula exactly has now been secured for the hundreds of thousands of discriminating women all over the world—so that it can be sold within the reach of all.

The charm of real skin-tones shades richest with warm beauty. A tone to match your colouring is among them—Russet, Hazel, No. 2, Natural, Suntan, Oclare, Rose, White and Brainerd.

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Let's Talk Of
INTERESTING PEOPLE . . .



MRS. McCOMBS.

WOMEN of the Lyttelton (N.Z.) constituency after having had the franchise for 40 years, have at last used it to advantage in helping to elect Mrs. J. McCombs as their representative in Parliament.

Mrs. McCombs deservedly has the honor of being the first woman member of Parliament in New Zealand, but this is not her first appearance in the public eye, for she has been a member of the Christchurch City Council, where she was chairman of the Electricity Committee. During the period of her chairmanship she saw to it that their aim was "Service," not "Profits," and accordingly brought about reductions in street lighting and domestic cooking and heating. Previous to obtaining this chairmanship she held a seat on the Reserves, Abattoirs, Baths, and Entertainment Committees. It was solely owing to Mrs. McCombs, too, that the Christchurch councillors refused to agree to wage reductions for general laborers in the post-war years.



NINA MOISE.

PARAMOUNT has just signed up a new woman director—Nina Moise. She is here shown with Dorothea Wieck, the new German actress of "Mädchen in Uniform" fame.

Miss Moise was formerly voice coach at Paramount studios, but now will act as associate director of "Gradle Song," in which picture Miss Wieck will make her first screen appearance. Miss Moise is emphatic when she says "the right pronunciation of her name is Mo-wee."



MATRON BEATTIE
—Dorothy Weidling

MATRON HELEN BEATTIE has been in charge of the Marrickville District Hospital (N.S.W.) for 29 years. She has watched it grow from the time when as a "cottage" hospital, it had twelve beds with a staff of one sister and three nurses and no resident doctor, to the fine structure of to-day, with accommodation for 90 patients, two resident doctors, and a staff of seven fully-trained nurses and twenty-eight trainees.

To-day the hospital has its X-ray department, eye and ear department, out-patients and other departments associated with large hospitals, and it is agreed that its progress and development is in no small measure due to its matron. Matron Beattie had her training at Newcastle District Hospital, and her first and only appointment as matron was at Marrickville.

A BRIDE Faces LIFE Among SAVAGES

Desolate Groote Island—Where Stone-age Mocks Civilisation

On a tropical Australian island, surrounded by numberless stone-age blacks, six white people, three of whom are women, including a young bride, are attracting attention the world over.

Here are told by an eye-witness the hazardous conditions of life on Groote Island, to protect which an armed expedition has been sent by the Federal Government.

THE actual danger has been questioned; but life on the island has all the elements of adventure. Hurricanes. Isolation. Abject half-castes. Warlike savages.

Their only links with civilisation are a small wireless set and a motor launch trip of 24 hours to the mainland which itself is quite unsettled in those parts.

This is the lot of the Groote Island missionaries.

One of them is a young Melbourne woman, only recently married in Victoria to the Rev. E. Wynne Evans, the island's new chaplain.

Until recently, the Groote Island motor launch, the "Holly," was run by Mr. E. Lousada, of Manly. Last year his wife spent ten months on the island with him, and it is she who provides this interesting account of life there.

Groote Island has sprung into prominence through the recent unexpected decision of the Federal Government to send an armed expedition to



THESE puzzled-looking children are trying to grapple with the problems of modern education in Miss Cross' little school. They don't look too happy.



THESE two good-looking young people have given up everything to go to Groote Island. The Rev. E. Wynne Evans and his bride. They have just been married.

punish natives for the killing of Constable McCoy.

The decision stirred up a storm of protest both here and in England.

In consequence four picked policemen who know the district and the natives are on their way to the Northern Territory at present, not to "punish" the blacks, as originally was intended, but to protect the missionaries from possible attacks, and to bring in the men responsible for the constable's death.

Woven into these dramatic and exciting events is the romance of the Rev. E. Wynne Evans and Miss Frewin, daughter of the Rev. J. H. Frewin, now Mrs. Evans.

THE Rev. Evans, who has just returned to Groote Island with his young bride, has already spent a period there.

A very strong personal love for each other, and a stronger love of service to humanity, has inspired these two courageous people to give up everything and risk their health and lives fighting the war of civilisation as they see it on the front line of Savagery.

They have joined four other equally

THE greatest enemy of the missionaries, the one they have suffered from most, is Nature.

Nature has summoned all her forces, from hurricanes to tiny white ants, to defend this outpost against the power of man.

The Groote Island Mission was established about ten years ago, to provide a refuge for half-castes who are despised by both blacks and whites. Work has now extended to the natives on the island as well.

In the early days, when the first buildings had been erected, Nature struck her first blow by sweeping the whole lot away in a cyclone. Since then it has been continual warfare.

White ants are so bad that they will ruin a building overnight. They demolish any unattended piece of wood in a few hours.

Mrs. Lousada describes how one night the communion cloth was left out in the small chapel. Next morning all that the white ants had not eaten was a few scraps of cloth.

The island is overrun with snakes and noxious insects.

NIGHT falls suddenly. Darkness drops on the island like a bird, and a bad



NATIVE GIRL GUIDES on Groote Island saluting the flag with Miss Cross, their teacher.

below the waterfall of the ever blue, ever flowing Emerald River.

Mrs. Port, with the aid of her native girls, keeps a garden where sweet potatoes, pea nuts, pineapples, pumpkins, and tomatoes are grown between little irrigation channels.

The morning bath is followed by breakfast, which is cooked on two large ranges by the girls. Mrs. Port attends to the physical needs of her charges before midday. Medicines are given to any who need them. There were eight lepers on the island last year, according to Mr. Lousada, but these have since been transferred to Darwin. Unfortunately, the natives are ravaged by other dangerous diseases.

EVERY day, on Groote Island, there is a two hours' siesta. It becomes so hot, especially in summer, that work is impossible. Everybody gets indoors and tries to keep cool and rest. But the heat of the sun on the tin roofs of the huts is almost unbearable.

At the end of the day Mrs. Port and Miss Cross, who teaches the children and who has actually inaugurated a Girl Guide movement among the natives, and a platoon of "Brownies," visit the native camps outside the compound and try to make friends with the women and children.

This is often difficult, according to Mrs. Lousada, as the mothers hide the children in the bushes; but when they see no harm is meant they gain confidence and bring them out.

(Please turn to Page 4)

Continental Summer Sets Four Exclusive Patterns

An Extra Large Jug—and 6 Goblets to Match.

The seven articles are packed securely and sent any distance for 2/- extra.



No. 1 Price 10/6. Sapphire Set
No. 2 11/6. Amber Set
No. 3 12/6. Rose Set
No. 4 9/6. Aquamarine Set

For Summer Tennis or Bridge Afternoons, one of these Sets would equip the home most artistically. The Crystal Goblets are strong and nice to hold. The Jugs hold an unusually good supply of water, lemonade, etc. We pack and send them for 2/- any distance—and safe delivery in good order is absolutely guaranteed. Mail Orders are welcome.

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GROOTE ISLAND natives are among the finest specimens of their kind . . . and the most warlike. They are all friendly to the missionaries, however.

NIGHT falls suddenly. Darkness drops on the island like a bird, and a bad

Do NURSES Work Too Long HOURS?

Problems of Staff and Finance Worry the Hospitals

Hospital affairs are causing great worry in both Victoria and N.S.W. at the present time.

In Victoria the problem is mainly one of finance; in N.S.W. the question of nurses' conditions is the issue.

THE question of nurses' hours has long been debated, and now for the first time is being thoroughly investigated.

A test case being heard in the Industrial Court in Sydney may be of Commonwealth-wide significance.

An application has been made by over 150 hospitals for exemption from the Standard Hours Act, which applies to ordinary industries.

The Mothercraft Society, represented by Mr. Caley, also applied for exemption from the 44-hour week on account of the nature of the work carried on by the society.

ARCHIBALD RANKIN, president of the Newcastle Hospital, said that the Hospital Commission adopted the following ruling:

Patients were first in importance, the welfare of the nurses was second, and the hospital and its finances last.

The view of the Commission, he said, was that nurses should work longer than 44 hours per week.

With the hours fixed at 44 or even 48 it would be necessary to have three changes of nurses per day, apart from the week-ends.

It was not the object of the Commission to work the nurses harder. Shorter hours would mean not only an increased staff with the added expenditure of feeding them, but increased accommodation. This would cost the hospital another £80,000 per annum, and already the Commission was unable to accede to many requests for assistance from metropolitan hospitals which were in a desperate position.

Continuing, Mr. Rankin said a lot of nurses joined the profes-

sion for the love of the work rather than for wages, and he considered that the girls would prefer longer daily hours and more time off at the week-ends.

He suggested from 52 to 54 hours a week as a working average, with a maximum beyond which they must not work except in the case of a big accident or an epidemic.

In Newcastle Hospital, the witness said, the nurses worked 91 hours a day, and were allowed a day and a half off per week. He considered the nurses in Newcastle Hospital as the healthiest lot of girls he had seen. He had known nurses to work all day, attend the hospital ball at night, and resume duty after the midday.

CAROLINE BURNE, Matron of the Coast Hospital, Sydney, told the Court that she had a staff of 261, 40 nurses and 221 trainees. They worked under a 44-hour week regulation introduced by the Lang Government in 1931. While nurses were on duty they were on their feet all the time, their time was fully occupied, and they always had on their minds the anxiety of their patients' condition. She considered a 48-hour week for nurses not too long, and 52 hours a week for trainees.

In their off-duty hours, the nurses had the sea shore to run about on, the bay to swim in, and a nine-hole golf course and three tennis courts. Those resorts were always packed with doctors, matrons, sisters and nurses.

FRED MARY McLEAN, matron of Karitane Home, explained the work of the Mothercraft Society to the Court. The society, she said, was a voluntary one, which did purely humanitarian

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

Nancy CARROLL

IS THE SEVENTH CHILD OF A SEVENTH CHILD AND HER GRANDMOTHER WAS ALSO A SEVENTH CHILD!

HOLLYWOOD'S STRANGEST CAREER—

RITA LA ROY, DAUGHTER OF A SCOTCH NOBLEMAN, WAS RAISED IN CANADIAN FORESTS—RAN AWAY FROM AN ORPHANAGE—WORKED AS A WAITRESS—AND FINALLY MADE HER SCREEN DEBUT AS A STUNT WOMAN AND PARACHUTE JUMPER!

JOSEF VON STERNBERG'S PET SUPERSTITION DEMANDS THAT A COAL-BLACK CAT BE FEATURED IN EVERY PICTURE THAT HE DIRECTS

GLENN TRYON ONCE WORKED IN A STEEL MILL? WALLACE BEERY WORKED ON A RAILROAD SECTION GANG?

WORLD PEACE Should Be OUR SLOGAN

Are women prone to emotionalism when dealing with subjects pertaining to war?

One speaker at the conference of the Australian Federation of Women Voters, held in Sydney on Monday, contended that they were.

SUBSEQUENT discussion revealed, however, that there were women who could treat the subject in a practical, clear-thinking manner.

The question of national defence was dealt with at the afternoon session, with particular reference to reduction of armaments.

"To the women of all nations I would say 'Stop all movements and band together and declare for peace,'" were the opening words of Mrs. Edith Glanville when speaking on "Reduction of Armaments." Disarmament was far from being a visionary goal; it was definitely practical, she said.

For World Peace

Touching on another crucial aspect, Mrs. Glanville said that most of the nations had dug themselves in behind tariff walls so high that they were paralysing the business of the world. Nations consequently were starving, and while they were in that condition armaments did not give security, for rival nations tried to keep bigger armies. All countries would have equal security if none had armaments, for the money now used in their manufacture would be available for the social betterment of the people.

No doubt armaments were the cause of much of the tension in the world to-day, and it was because there was such inequality in arms that fears and resentments bred insecurity. These two things prevented international co-operation, for without security the armed nations refused to disarm. They failed to realise that there could be no hope of permanent peace.

If women had been given a chance to take part actively in peace and disarmament conferences in the same proportion as men, armaments would have been abolished long ago.

IN outlining the work of the Women's Co-operating Committee of International Organisations, Mrs. H. F. Bennett said that it had been operating in Geneva since the beginning of the World Disarmament Conference last year, and consisted of 15 organisations.

Australian women were not represented at the Disarmament Conference in spite of the Government being urged to send one, but there were five women delegates representing Great Britain, U.S.A., Uruguay, Poland, and Canada.

Woman Chairman

A GREAT step in advance for women was the recent appointment of Mrs. Corbett Ashby as chairman of the sub-committee on moral disarmament.

That private armaments firms wielded a tremendous power against disarmament was shown at the conference last year, when Viscount Cecil expressed the opinion that it was no longer safe to keep in private hands the construction of those terrible implements of death, and the aim should be to get rid of this immense instrument in the maintenance of suspicion.

LIFE On GROOTE ISLAND

(Continued from Page 3)

THE worst hardship of Groote Island is its isolation. A trip to Thursday Island is made twice a year by the "Holly," so that newspapers and letters are often six months old. Needless to say, these bi-annual trips of the sturdy launch are events of tremendous importance to the missionaries.

The Emerald River on Groote Island is one of nature's conjuring tricks. Although, according to Mrs. Lousada, the island has an area of not much more than 40 square miles, and there are only small hills, fresh water is always running in it all the year round. The mission station is two miles inland from the estuary.

Mrs. Lousada said that when natives kill a man, as they did when she was there, they expect him to be avenged, and if he is not, they do not respect their enemies.

In her opinion it is essential that something should be done about the McCoy tragedy.

The Caledon Bay natives, and those from neighboring islands, who visit Groote Island, in dug-outs, to barter fish and other goods, are becoming cheekier every day.

The Groote Island blacks are terrified by them. No move has been made against native killers for some time.

Light summer dresses take on added chic when trimmed with dark colors. Dark sleeves of Raglan type, a dark yoke to the dress, a dark collar and jabot are some of the possibilities. Dark blue is often used with pale pink frocks.

MRS. E. LOUSADA, who spent ten months on Groote Island.

THE formation of an international defence army was the idea which Miss Tournay-Hinde supported and outlined. Moral disarmament as suggested in an article by Mrs. Corbett Ashby was also worthy of consideration.

"This is woman's opportunity to use her influence and voice her opinions regarding the horrible possibility of yet another war," the speaker said.

"Men and women alike are at last coming to realise that political, financial, and economic disarmament can only be achieved when every nation is truly desirous of an ideal peace."

HOST Holbrook says: A nice dainty delicacy—hot buttered toast, then spread a little of Holbrook's Anchoy Paste.***

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No. 5 Carton contains 1 Pure Washable Wool Duster mounted on handle.



No. 6 CARTON



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You Can Start Now

Falling STAR

By VICKI BAUM

Author of
"GRAND HOTEL"

Illustrated
By
Boothroyd



THE Hollywood premiere of the great film, "Hardogon," starring Oliver Dent, handsomest man in the world, and the actress Ria Nara, was not only the birth of a new film play, but the incarnation of a whole series of real life dramas.

When Oliver Dent's car rolled up before the carpeted entrance to the magnificent Phoenix Picture Palace where "Hardogon" was to make its first appearance on the screen, all Hollywood had turned up to greet the stars, but it was not the beautiful Ria Nara who faced the crowd with him, instead, Donca Morescu, a forgotten Rumanian star of the silent film days.

Oliver had acted with Ria Nara in three films . . . that the crowd knew. It did not know that he had been her lover for half a year before Donca Morescu had met him in Paris. The dark, thrilling Rumanian had attracted Oliver and won his love.

On the island of Rhodes they escaped from the world and lived together like simple happy people.

Now they were back in Hollywood for the premiere of "Hardogon." It was Donca Morescu's triumph.

People who knew Ria Nara wondered what was going to happen. In Hollywood anything can happen. Its inhabitants are a law unto themselves.

From deadly cool eyes Ria Nara watched her rival on the arm of the man she had acted with and had loved. The man she still loved.

Carried along by the throng of people pressing to reach their seats in the theatre was Richard Aldens, a German actor brought over by the great director Eisenlohr, and Frances Warrens, a pretty young extra with ambitions for stardom whom Aldens had just met.

He had helped her to obtain Oliver Dent's autograph, and he was now taking her to see the premiere of "Hardogon."

NOW READ ON:

SCHUBERT was a gold mine to the music department of the Phoenix and the other picture companies. Spiced with a little jazz, it served all purposes; the reception of President Hoover, a

By a Girl of 16

"PREFERENCE"

I thought they were stars caught up there for a moment.
High on the wire, but looking again
They trembled all silver and rounded as bubbles
And swung in the evening, bright gems of the rain.
But down from the sky fell a flock of brown sparrows
They perched on the wire, so impishly vain—
My jewels dripped earthwards, but which of the beauties
I'd rather, I know not, the birds or the rain.
—Yvonne Webb.

rodeo, and whatnot. The hall was drowned in a thousand different perfumes and flower-odors. The young girl at the side of the young man breathed the odors in deeply. She, too, had a gardenia on her shoulder, too large, the kind the Japanese fruit-and-flower dealers give away to their customers. Yet despite the beautiful young lady at his side, Aldens continued to be somewhat sombre. Two words of the little platinum blonde had reminded him of his tragic fate.

The offspring of well-to-do people of Darmstadt, a south German city, he was the youngest of four brothers, the four Aldensleiden, the handsomest young men in town. Three had fallen in the war. The father, Court Counsellor Aldensleiden, died shortly afterward. The war ended, and crowds of soldiers filled the rain-washed streets. Home—home! Aldensleiden thought now very frequently of that home in Darmstadt, and thought in German, although it was bad for his accent. He also dreamed in German. He could do nothing against it. He dreamed of Darmstadt three times a week. These dreams sapped his will and his strength.

Darmstadt after the war: No one knew what would happen next. The youngest had become old. "What now?" everyone asked everybody. They debated in clubs. Hot-heads—girls. New art, new society; lectures, new places. And they tried to while away the time organizing amateur theatricals. Then



At that moment Donca Morescu could hardly restrain herself from throwing her arms about Oliver Dent and taking him to her breast right there and then in the presence of all Hollywood.

"THERE, there!" said Frances, pointing. "There's Oliver! Look, he is rising!" she cried at the top of her voice, seizing Richard Aldens' wrist. "Look at him! And he is with Morescu!" she said resentfully. "She is surely twenty years older than he is. Isn't it horrible?"

"I find the Morescu ten times more beautiful and twenty times younger than the Ria Nara," Aldens said, bowing.

They saw only the rough outlines of the people, their movements and their color, but no faces: one spot of red velvet of which Ria Nara was the centre; another spot of green jade where Donca stood next to the black-white attire of Oliver. The Morescu had been sunk with the silent film, but there she was again, new and brilliant and black-haired, with sable and jades. It was as if death had come to life.

"Are you in love with the Morescu?" the little girl asked, with just a little quiver of jealousy in her voice.

"We have been in the same grave," he thought. It was such a dark thought, a German one, impossible to explain in another language. He pressed his lips together.

"Are you in love with Oliver?" he asked.

"Madly!" she confessed. "I am crazy about him."

"I will have to kill that guy," he answered gallantly.

The young girl didn't enter into the jocular light-heartedness of his remark. A veil had drawn over her face.

"We should be grateful that he exists at all. I think there would be less happiness in life if Oliver weren't here," she said very seriously. "I am talking

appeared Eisenlohr, a young actor who had played small parts. Eisenlohr revolutionized the workmen's and soldiers' theatre. He became the manager of the court theatre afterward. He threw out the old guard and replaced them with young blood. He picked Aldensleiden out of the crowd.

Aldensleiden was so handsome that he might have been an even worse actor than he was, and still attract attention. He was successful. Success in Darmstadt was as sweet as everywhere in the world. Then Eisenlohr went to Munich and asked Aldensleiden to join him. Six months later, when Eisenlohr was called to direct the activities of a theatre in Berlin, he engaged Aldensleiden. He used the handsome tall youth to storm with him the forts held by the old actors. Now, when they gathered together anywhere, Eisenlohr would say:

"Do you remember, Aldensleiden, when I was in Darmstadt, and almost starved? Here's to you, Aldensleiden!"

Then Eisenlohr directed a picture-play and gave Aldensleiden a fat part.

He looked well, but he was a poor actor; he discovered that for himself. He received a terrible shock when he saw himself for the first time on the screen.

"Aldensleiden is very decorative," Eisenlohr explained. His devotion to his old friend was touching, and it pleased himself; and so he stood fast by his protégé. Aldensleiden lost his engagement in the theatre, but he continued to act in two more pictures in which he was "very decorative" in small parts. And then Eisenlohr hired himself out to Hollywood. It was at the time of the last costume and super-film period, shortly before the silent film flickered its last flicker.

"I know a fellow in Germany," Eisenlohr once said to the casting director, "who would think a hundred dollars a week a million. He is decorative and can wear costumes to perfection. You've got to send for him."

Aldensleiden was brought to Hollywood; he wore a costume, marched up and down wide staircases, bent his knees before queens, accompanied heroines to the scaffold, and rose to three hundred dollars a week. His name appeared before the end of the long list of names that flickered on the screen to the accompaniment of music. His name was shortened from Aldensleiden to Aldens, because the whole name was unpronounceable in Hollywood—as Eisenlohr explained to him. In full dress he was very decorative, but not very satisfactory.

a lot of nonsense!" she added, taking everything back. And, procuring her lipstick, she began to daub her lips with it. At the same moment a "short" began to run on the screen—"Pippy Wants to Get Married."

DURING the intermission before the screening of "Hardogon" the audience streamed into the lobby. At that moment Donca Morescu could hardly restrain herself from throwing her arms about Oliver Dent and taking him to her breast right there and then in the presence of all Hollywood. It was her triumph. The brilliant and laughing Oliver was her own property, at that moment of his great triumph. She threw her chest out as she walked beside him. Her love for him permeated her. She felt that love on her lips, in her skin, in the roots of her hair, in the palms of her hands, in all the nerves of her sensitive body. With a sly movement she allowed her cloak to fall a little back from her shoulders. The back of her gown was cut low. Her skin wanted to be close to Oliver. He responded to the appeal of her movement and came closer to her, his breath searing her bare shoulders, and his hand helping her cloak into place with one of those deft touches of his knuckles against her spine.

Ria Nara's red dress fluttered past them. From the patio came music and fresh air.

"Well, Donca, how do you do it, to look so beautiful?" said a thick-set man whom she passed by and whom she remembered as the fat Grannit, who ten years before had been a prominent director, and who was now as far as the cinema art was concerned. He had found his haven as the casting director of the Phoenix Picture Corporation. She patted his cheek as she passed by—a very spontaneous gesture with which she always won men to her side. Oliver stiffened a little as he walked behind her. He stuck both his hands into his trousers pockets. He felt a little pain in his shoulders—he had been training a bit too hard after his idle days in Rhodes.

The patio was a copy of a celebrated patio in Aragon. It was crowded with the handsomest men in the world. Stars of all magnitudes wandered through the Moorish arches. The sixteen-year-old ones, the baby stars, leaned against the rims of wells surrounded by apple-blossoms. Heads of compelling firms slapped one another on the shoulders and greeted one another intimately.

(Please turn to Page 6)

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STRONG lights and reflections, streaming from all the four corners, illuminated the crowd so that the newspaper cameras could be worked. The smoke of two thousand cigarettes curled in the air. From the arches overhead hung Spanish shawls. The holders of cheaper tickets leaned picturesquely over the balustrades. They, too, knew how to take poses, for they, too, belonged to the film industry.

"There stands Eisenlohr," Aldens said to his companion.

"There's Oliver," she replied. "He has left the Moresen."

He leaned over the balustrade and pointed to the crowd.

"It looks like the auditorium of a gymnasium during the rest period, and you can spit down on your teachers," Aldens observed.

"What's a gymnasium?" she asked.

Her name was Frances Warrens, she had informed him—a totally unknown name. He pointed vaguely to the crowd below him as he replied:

"Oh, a kind of high-school in Germany." And he felt himself shaking all over with the pangs of homesickness.

In the patio were six palm trees around each well. The tops reached under the roof. Oliver Dent stood beside one of the palms and examined it closely and earnestly, with the attitude of a child at play.

"It's a real palm tree," he remarked to Eisenlohr.

He was astonished at his discovery. Eisenlohr, the giant, knocked on the bark, tore at it, and then went to the next tree.

"Young man," he said, "the one near which you are standing is real. This one here is artificial."

With the air of conspirators they went from palm tree to palm tree; three were real palms with roots in the ground, with sap in the green veins, with living, moving leaves; and three were artificial, wood clad in celluloid—but the artificial ones looked much more real than the real ones. Eisenlohr laughed aloud.

"Devil! That's a marvellous thing! If they were all fakes, I would understand. But to mix the real and the fake together! That's Hollywood for you."

Oliver threw his cigarette aside and fished out a small pipe from one of his pockets. The pipe didn't go well with his evening coat.

"I think I am going to Clearwater for a while, to Mr. Rainier, to fish for trout," he said. It was a thought that had just occurred to him.

Eisenlohr eyed him briefly.

"After you finish 'Progress,'" he said, inhaling from his menthol cigarette. "Progress" was the next film Eisenlohr intended to "shoot," with Oliver Dent starring. Menthol cigarettes were one of the things Eisenlohr had brought with him from Germany, to break himself of the smoking habit.

"After 'Progress' you can go fishing, young man," he said familiarly.

"After or before," Dent replied. "That remains to be seen."

Whereupon Eisenlohr, seemingly paying attention to the palm trees, remarked:

"Don't surely be some woman."

"I'd like to go back and sit down," said Frances to Aldens as she leaned over the second-storey balustrade. She hadn't let Oliver Dent out of her eyes for a moment. The gardenia on her shoulder had begun to fade.

"Why so soon? Isn't it interesting here?" Aldens asked.

"Sure, but I am a little tired," she said. "Wouldn't you excuse me?" she asked very coyly.

"That was nice," she said, breathing deeply as he brought her back to her seat again. "It is so good to sit down again. I felt a little faint awhile ago. Probably a little upset because of 'Hardogan.' Weren't you?"

"I can stand it easily," he assured her. "I've been too much in it to be upset by it."

"My God, are you in this film?" she exclaimed.

"Not exactly. No—no, I have just been used a few times as 'standing' for Oliver," he informed her.

"Have you been 'standing' for Oliver?" she burst out shrilly, taking his wrist between her hands. "That's an enormous chance!"

"You call that a chance? I call it

FALLING STAR

(Continued from Page 5)

prostitution! Yeah, I call that prostitution," he repeated sullenly.

Most of the time he kept thoughts, that wouldn't go well in America, to himself. People had often told him he was too much of a European, and it had given him enough trouble not to be one. But now that the thoughts had come out, he let them stand.

"To stand there on the set a half-hour, an hour, two hours, three hours! All dressed up in all the trash, made up like Oliver, groomed like Oliver, and waiting until all the arc-lights have been set right and all the chairs have been posed in position necessary for the microphones to function to pronounce a few words into the microphone so that they could measure exactly the right height and the paces that another one is going to make! And then when the scene is going to be shot, and the real action is to be played, to disappear and make place for Oliver, and hear the director say, 'Thanks, Aldens, we don't need you any more'—if you call that a chance!"

"Of course I call that a chance!"



THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM

Frances said energetically. "I do! I do! I do!" she repeated. "They see you. You attract their attention. Then one day you break through. 'Standing' for Dent! Why—I can hardly realise that you have succeeded so far as to stand for Dent!"

"Well," Aldens said, swallowing again, "first of all, I am as tall as he is. Six feet two. And I have exactly the width of his shoulders. Physically we are practically alike. And the color of the hair, if I helped it a little—and don't you think Oliver helps his some?—at any rate the color of my hair is good enough to try the lights on. And with a little make-up. . . Of course, I don't have Oliver's tailor," he concluded.

He was sombre. But Frances' smile illuminated her pert face.

"Ah, Oliver!" she cried softly. From out the dark clouds on the screen rose the long list of the people that had helped make "Hardogan."

"Hardogan" had cost two million dollars. Sixty million people had to see "Hardogan" before the cost was covered. Sixty million people of different nations and races; rich and poor, cultured and illiterate, anab and farmers from New York to Arizona, negroes, Christian Scientists, working people and school-teachers, Mormons and pagans, cotton-planters and lawyers, society ladies and chorus girls—of the whole world, of all cities and towns, of mountains and valleys, from provinces and States, living in skyscrapers and in barracks—had to see the film before the original cost of production was paid. Looked at from that angle, "Hardogan" wasn't a bad film, though it did not live up to the exaggerated claims made for it. Looked at from the point of view of industry and manufacture and technique, it was well-nigh perfect. Even as craft, it was worthy of respect. They all hoped it was not artistic. "Hardogan" was the best thing the director, Mackenzie, had ever done, the best effort Oliver Dent had contributed. And Rita Nam was good—not young enough, but good. One got easily tired of her, for she telegraphed ahead what she was going to do in the next second, with her tricky manner of looking at people and her abrupt movements. She was Little Sis in this picture. Little spoiled Sis of the dashing Hardogan, until it was quite evident that she wasn't his little sister at all. From then on, there were many complications, but the story rose to a climax quite smoothly.

The only difficulty of the author seemed to have been the necessity of bringing about an unhappy ending. The happy ending of every film had been made a reproach to Hollywood so often that three months before "Hardogan's" premiere became the reigning sensation, the company decided to give an unhappy ending to the story. It was the beginning of an epoch of unhappy endings. And all of them were to be successful. Hardogan—Dent—had almost to kill himself before the unhappy ending was brought about. It was overpoweringly effective. Dent played that scene so quietly and so manfully that the theatricality of it was hardly offensive. To the last minute no one could guess whether Hardogan would die, or would be crippled and renounce both his pride and his country.

RICHARD ALDENS was startled. He had been quite bored at the beginning, but had become more and more interested as the story continued to unravel itself on the screen. Frances, beside him, was so rapt that her body was quivering like a small dynamo.

(Please turn to Page 36)

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"It is written," said Ben Tai, "that the chase of gain is rich in hate."



THE first time Ben Tai looked out of the window of his "Oriental Emporium" and saw the white man and the white woman take the path that led to the marshlands down the river, he merely blinked his slanted eyes like a sleepy tiger, refilled his queer, crooked-stemmed pipe, and continued his peaceful meditations.

Next evening, when he saw them go that way again—hurriedly, stealthily, as though they wished to avoid being seen—Ben Tai removed the ivory pipe stem from his lips, blew a thoughtful stream of smoke out of the corner of his mouth, then picked up a felt hammer and struck the brass gong that hung near his head.

At once, and silently, a Chinese youth glided in. His snapping black eyes whipped around the room, littered with the thousand and one things used by the Chinese laborers of the river lands. Then he fixed his gaze on the third embroidered frog counting down from the collar of Ben Tai's black satin blouse—which was slightly more respectful than looking the master in the eyes.

Ben Tai spoke in Cantonese, his voice rumbling in the deep tones of the confirmed opium-smoker.

"Ah Gim—the white man who came here three days ago to buy opium—you have made inquiry?"

"Yes, sire!" Ah Gim made a pleased bow from the hips. "He is very angry because you refused to sell to him, and—"

"I know that! Didn't he threaten me? Tell me what I do not already know!"

"Yes, sire! The man is from San Francisco. His name is Frank Fargo—at least, he says it is. His wife is—ah—I think more beautiful than the moon! Her hair is like the sunrise on fog, her eyes like the sky in May, her face as fair as the narcissus. She—"

"Silence!" growled Ben Tai over his pipe-stem. "You gossip like an old wife! I don't care what you think about the woman. What more do you know about the man?"

Ah Gim again made a quick bow from the hips. "Nothing, sire—except that they are living in the fourth houseboat above the wharf; that the woman does her own housework, and that they sleep most of the day, going out only in the afternoon and at night."

Ben Tai's big Mongol face darkened as he glanced out of the window. "The man and the woman went yesterday down the path to the marshlands. Although they had no business there, they might happen that way once by accident. To-day, however, they went that way again. They—"

"Ah! sire, do you think—?"

"Think for yourself and let me talk! I say they went hurriedly and like

thieves who prowl in the dark. Go out and follow them. Don't let them see you; but observe where they go and what they do, and if possible hear what they say. Then come back here quickly."

"Yes, sire!" Ah Gim bowed, and turned to leave.

"Wait! As you go by the house of Yick Sing, tell him I wish to see him at once."

"Ah!" breathed the youth, turning back. "I almost forgot! Twice I have seen Yick Sing go at night to the houseboat where the white man and his wife live. He remained there each time for about as long as it takes to cook a chicken."

Again a scowl darkened Ben Tai's coppery face. For a moment he gazed steadily at Ah Gim. Then he blinked slowly, and when he opened his eyes again he seemed not to be looking at the boy, but through him and beyond.

"I have changed my mind," he spoke quietly. "Do not go by Yick Sing. Walk far around. And say nothing of this matter to him if you do see him. Ho Hang la!"



"See here, Yick! You're a Chink same as Ben Tai. Why're you spilling this to us? What did he ever do to you, eh?"

Illustrated by Wynne W. Davies

BEN TAI Meditates

—By—
LEMUEL DE BRA

It was almost dark when Ah Gim returned, very much excited. Ben Tai was waiting for him by the window, a tin of preserved ginger at his elbow.

"Sire, it is true!" Ah Gim began so hurriedly that he forgot to bow. "They went at once to the clump of willows where you leave the path to go down to the secret place by the river-bank. There, while the woman watched lest someone come, the man searched hastily. He—"

Ben Tai sat up.

"Did he find it?"

"No, sire, he did not find the opium. But he searched like one who has been told that it is there some place. When he quit searching he talked with the woman a long time. I could not get near enough to hear what was said. Then they hastened to their houseboat, and I—"

"And you came here to tell me something you could have told me later. Instead of waiting to hear what I need most to know. Can I never teach you to think? Did you tell the white man about the secret place by the river?"

Ah Gim's black eyes flashed wide. "I? By the three green devils, sire—"

"Of course you didn't! Then who did?"

"No one else knows of the place except Yick Sing."

"Very good. And now, since the white man failed to find what Yick Sing told him he could find, what will the white man do?"

"Send for Yick Sing!"

"Exactly! You should have thought of that at once. Go back to the houseboat and wait. When you see Yick

Sing go into it, what will you do?"

"Ah! I dare not follow, because the plank walk ways and makes such a noise they would hear me. But I can swim silently out to the houseboat. The window facing the river they always keep open. I can get beneath that and listen. But, if they see me—"

"They will probably put a bullet through your empty head, which would serve you right for being so foolish as to get caught. If they don't shoot you, come back here, no matter the hour. I may have no light, but the door will be unlocked, and I will be waiting. Ho Hang la!"

Two streets ran through the little town, following the bend of the river. One was just back from the stream. And here, fronting the water, were the stores of the white merchants, flanked on the west end by the Chinese quarter. The other street lay back near the asparagus gardens. It was lined with houses, but it was also deeply shadowed by willows and other trees.

Ah Gim, avoiding the lights of the river-front, went down this back street almost to the end of the town, then cut across to the river and doubled back until he was just above the houseboat that Frank Fargo had rented. Here, in the concealment of a clump of willows, Ah Gim waited.

WHEN an hour had passed and he had not seen Yick Sing come up the river street to the rickety plank that led out to the houseboat, Ah Gim began to wonder if Yick Sing was already in it. Save for that one faint light fronting the river, the place

was dark, and Ah Gim could hear no sound of voices. Ah Gim reasoned that if the man and his wife were alone, he would be able to hear them chattering. But if Yick Sing was with them they would speak only in low tones.

Berating himself for wasting so much time already, Ah Gim slipped off his shoes and part of his clothing and went silently down the bank into the water. When he was out far enough to be just above the houseboat he turned and floated downstream. Aided by the light from the window he caught hold of the bracing beneath the little building and hung there.

"What was that?" Through the open window the woman's voice came with startling distinctness to Ah Gim's ears. "What jared the boat?"

"Nothing," a man's voice growled sleepily. "Rose, for a woman who has the nerve to plan the thing you've

cooked up, you're stupidly nervous over little things."

"It's the little things that get me, Frank. For instance, why doesn't Yick Sing come? For the little help he has been to us, we've certainly made it worth his time to attend to business."

"Don't trust Yick Sing too much! Don't trust any Chink! While they're appearing to be looking you in the eye and agreeing to what you say, they're all the time looking clear through you and thinking all around you and planning to make a fool of you to their profit. That's why, although I don't like this business, I say that if you start anything, the only safe way is to make a clean job of the whole thing. How much stuff have I left, Rose?"

"Only enough for to-morrow. But never mind! By to-morrow night—"

"S-sh! Someone is coming!"

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BEN TAI Meditates

(Continued from Page 7)

AH GIM could feel the trembling of the houseboat as someone came over the plank walk. He heard steps in the room above, a muffled voice, the opening of a door. And then from the open window came the voice of Yick Sing speaking in pidgin English.

"Lo, Mista Fa'go! Velly sorry late. Long time I talk Ben Tai. Tha's why no come befo'."

"What did Ben Tai say?" the woman demanded sharply.

"He talkee me tomolloh night boat come. He go down rivah, catch 'em big lot op'um."

"How much?"

"Oh, hull lot! Mebbe five t'ousan dollah. Mebbe no'."

There was a moment of silence, broken only by the crackling of a match. Ah Gim, chilled by the river water, his arms cramped from clinging to the braces, was already wondering how long he could hang on. Then the white man spoke, and when Ah Gim caught the full meaning of it, he forgot his aching muscles.

"Yick Sing, you told us last night that Ben Tai keeps his money hidden in his store. Have you any idea how much? And don't you know where he keeps it?"

"Don't know fo' shuah, Mista Fa'go. Ben Tai velly rich man. Long time him kip sto', sell'em op'um, eba'ting. He nebba go bank. Alle time eba'ting say: 'Ben Tai kip alle money in sto'.'"

"Has he got a safe?" asked the woman.

"No catch'em safe."

"Easy enough, Frank," the woman said quietly. "It would take some time to go through the store; but we'd have all night."

"Yick Sing, where will Ben Tai meet the boat?" The man spoke quickly, as though anxious to distract attention from what the woman had said.

"Don't know fo' shuah, Mista Fa'go; but I think same place 'bout eight o'clock."

There was another silence. Then the man spoke with an ugly snarl: "See here, Yick! You're a Chink same as Ben Tai. Why're you spilling this to us? What did he ever do to you, eh?"

"What you mean, Mista Fa'go?" inquired Yick Sing, placidly.

"I mean why are you telling us

things about one of your own countrymen? You Chinks generally stick together better than that. Did he ever insult you like he did me by refusing to sell you hop?"

"Oh! You mean why I no like Ben Tai eh! No fo' op'um, Mista Fa'go. Ben Tai nebba sell op'um to white man or white woman. He nebba refuse Chinese. He nebba cheat. Lots time gw op'um to po' men. But him no blong my tong. You savvy? Ben Tai velly rich kip sing man; me velly po' On Leong man. So I talkee you what you want to know. How much you pay, eh?"

The white man considered a moment before replying. "Here's ten dollars," he said at length. "But that's merely to show you that you're not wasting your time. If we do anything, and turn something worth while, we won't forget you. Where'll you be to-morrow night?"

"Don't know fo' shuah, Mista Fa'go. Mebbe my sto'."

"All right. I may send for you very late to-morrow night. We're going to take a rowboat in the afternoon and do a little fishing up the river. Don't suppose we'll get back until long after dark. Meanwhile we'll talk this over, and if we decide to tackle the job, we'll let you know."

"That's all right, that's all right!" Yick Sing said; then feet scraped on the floor above Ah Gim's head.

Not until the houseboat no longer trembled from Yick Sing's steps on the plank walk did anyone move in the room above. Then the woman spoke quietly:

"Easy enough, Frank! I got you when you pulled that fishing story. We'll be down the river when the boat goes by. We'll see Ben Tai get his stuff, and watch him hide it. Then we'll fix him so he'll never insult another white man, and we'll take his keys and hurry to his store. Good pickings, eh?"

"I hope so," the man said, thoughtfully. "We're taking chances enough. I wish you had been satisfied to lie low until things blow over in the city. Now, even if everything goes through as planned, we're putting ourselves at the mercy of Yick Sing. He'll know it was us who did in Ben Tai and robbed his store."

"That's exactly why I wanted to have Yick Sing meet us somewhere afterwards. If he vanishes, everyone will think he turned the trick. See?"

"What? Two in one night! You're a cold one, Rose! I—"

"They're only Chinks," the woman interposed. "And they're safer dead. Say, I wonder if we were followed this afternoon?"

"That's worrying me, too. We'll have to keep our eyes open. Where's the flashlight?"

"Here. What are you—?"

"I've been thinking about what you said a while ago. You thought you felt something far the place. I'm going to see if anyone could drop down beneath that window in a boat and—"

Ah Gim waited to hear no more. Silently he let his cramped fingers slip off the brace, and sank beneath the water. When he came up he was some twenty feet downstream. Through the water that filled his eyes he saw a flash playing around the underpinning of the houseboat, and he sank again. This time, when he came up, he was within the black shadow of the packing-house wharf.

Ten minutes later Ah Gim had retrieved his clothes and was hurrying through the darkness to Ben Tai's store. He found the place dark, but the door opened to his touch. Inside by the open window he saw the glowing eyes and dark face of Ben Tai framed in the shadows behind his opium-lamp.

"It is written," mused Ben Tai in his deep rumble, when Ah Gim had told his story. "That the chase of gain is rich in hate. And that is true. I have never done Yick Sing an injury. When I learned months ago that he had discovered part of my secret, I thought to buy his silence by taking him into my secret employ and I put many a dollar into his empty pocket. But it was not enough. His greed has led him to betray me to a white man who plans to take my life and my fortune."

"But, sire," said Ah Gim quietly, "I do not understand. Why did you tell Yick Sing that you were going down the river trail to-morrow night to where the one from the city throws the package off the boat?"

"If I answered your question to-night, you would forget it before morning," rumbled Ben Tai sleepily. "To-morrow—when you have need to know—I will make everything clear."

AT about 2 o'clock the following afternoon Frank Fargo, a man of slight build, sallow face, and the haunted eyes of the opium-smoker, untied the skiff that belonged to the houseboat they had rented, and drew it alongside the landing-steps.

If anyone on shore happened to be looking towards the fourth houseboat above the packing wharves, they saw the white man take two fishing poles off the hooks beneath the eaves, examine them and load them in the boat. Then he put in something that was obviously a lunch-basket, also a thermos flask.

From the houseboat then came a white woman dressed in khaki hiking-clothes and a broad-brimmed hat that shielded her face from the hot afternoon sun. She sat down in the stern. The white man moved off and began rowing upstream. He stopped frequently and looked at the palms of his hands, but presently rounded a bend in the river and was out of sight.

No one knew that all that afternoon Frank Fargo and Rose hid in an abandoned apparatus shed just above the town, that they had no thought of fishing, and that beneath the sand-wiches in the lunch-basket were two electric torches and a 38-calibre automatic. Neither did anyone see them

when, just after dark, they rowed downstream past the town.

"Frank, I hate such places!" said Rose sulkily, gesturing towards the smudgy lights of the river village. "Me for the big city! I want bright lights, jazz, a bathtub—and a good bottle of wine."

"I don't like it any more than you do," replied the man. "But that's just why it is a safe place for us to hide for a time. The decks are probably looking for us, but they'd never think of us being in a hole like this. I wish you'd been content just to lie still and wait."

"I can't!" the woman retorted angrily. "I can't sleep my head off all the time like you do. I have to do something!"

Fargo said nothing to that. Aided by the current, the boat was soon a half-mile or more below the town. Here, at a place where the willows overhung the low bank, Fargo turned towards the shore. Without using the electric torch he managed to work the boat beneath the willows to the bank, where it was completely hidden from view either from the shore or from anyone passing on the river.

(Please turn to Page 9)



PERSONALITY and charm—pearl-white teeth beautifying the smile of confident youth—all are hers to-day. But in five years' time—what of those pearl-white teeth; will they enhance still lovely contours or ornament the tired mask of indifferent health?

Over 50% of all illness is traceable to germs, of which a considerable variety enter the system through the mouth.

Whiteness of teeth is desirable, but more than whiteness is necessary—protection against harmful germs is imperative.

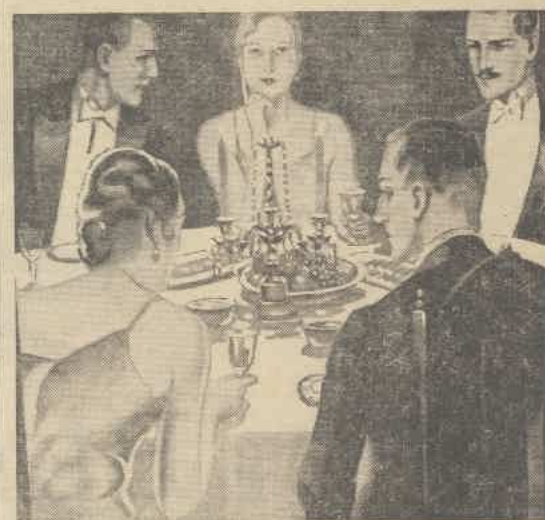
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FASCINATING CRAFTS for CAREERS FOR GIRLS—No. 17

BY the time that a girl leaves school it is usually possible to judge whether or not she has any aptitude for this sort of work, and once it is decided that she has she should have specialised instruction in whatever line of work she has chosen to take up.

Possible crafts include hand-made pottery, china painting, beaten metal work, leather work, good staining and carving, batik dyeing and silk painting, wood block printing, both for fabrics and for prints suitable for framing, weaving, hand-made jewellery, fine needlework, embroidery of original design, hand-made pillow cases, rugs, woven curtains and table linen, nursery furniture, and modelled designs suitable for casting in plaster or metal, such as book-ends, paper-weights, and the like.

Added to these is a number of off-shots from the main lines of craft work, governed by fashions which come and go, such as the craze for articles in raffia and cane-work, which had an amazing run for years.

Original Designing

TO an imaginative girl the crafts, most of which are really beautiful, represent a sort of Arabian Nights dream of color and delight. An extensive Art course is not necessary to the craft worker, although she must be taught to design, as only original designs can be shown with any of the societies for marketing craft-work.

No particular artistic gift is necessary to become a competent designer, as design is a purely abstract thing to be learned in the same way as mechanical draughtsmanship is learned.

Australian designs have the reader sale, and this is an almost virgin field. Very little of the native flora and fauna, most of which is most suitable for design motifs, has been touched if one excepts the waratah, kookaburra, gum leaves and native bear.

It is necessary though for the applied artist to be well instructed in her par-

By Our Special Commissioner
For a woman who has any real feeling for needlework or handicraft, some one or more of the numerous crafts practised by the members of a society such as the Society of Arts and Crafts is likely to prove a pleasant and profitable career.

ticular craft, and this is possible through the Technical Colleges and their equivalents in the various states, for such things as pottery, china painting, jewellery, wood-carving and needlework.

All the crafts are taught as well by practising craftworkers, almost all of whom are women, and anyone wishing for instruction can generally arrange through the Society of Arts and Crafts in the nearest capital to be taught by someone of standing in the particular line chosen.

Having reached a satisfactory standard the intending craftworker would do well to join the Society of Arts and Crafts for her State. These societies keep permanent depots in which the work of their members is continuously exhibited for sale with a competent person to do the selling.

Work intended for sale through the society has to be submitted to a committee of members to be passed for sale so that a high standard is maintained and no shoddy work allowed to creep into the depot. In this way a good price may always be asked and secured for members' work. The societies also hold an annual exhibition which, beside being a good selling opportunity, makes a certain amount of desirable publicity possible for those whose work is of



Craftwork has a ready sale through the various societies and small shops.

Art Shops

OTHER avenues in which craftworkers may market their goods are in the large number of little art shops scattered all about the city and through the larger country towns, and in the interior decorators. The latter may desire a certain shade and texture of material for an interior arrangement.

(Continued at foot of next column)



Acquiring Domestic BLISS

By L. W. LOWER

A nagging wife is one of the greatest causes of man's failure, according to Dr. Bernard Hollander, famous specialist in nervous diseases.

BUT why do husbands allow themselves to be nagged? If my wife starts nagging, I always think it best to say firmly, "Now, now! That's enough! Back to your kitchen."

I always think that that is the best attitude to adopt, and while I'm sitting there thinking about it and wondering if anyone has ever been game to try it she says to me,

"Say something, for heaven's sake! Sitting there like a mummy. . . That's right, drop your cigarette ash all over the floor! As if I haven't got enough to do—did you post my letter, no, of course you didn't. Too much trouble, I suppose."

And then I think to myself that perhaps I'd better not tell her to get back to her kitchen because it might upset her. So I make for the bathroom.

It must be terrible for husbands who have no bathrooms where they can lock themselves in and turn on the bath

ing them with the ironing-board, and they enjoy it more.

To be quite fair, it must be admitted that there are men nagers. They come home and sit down to the table and say, "What's this? Stew! You know I don't like stew! Darn! A man comes home from a hard day's work . . ." etc. "Did you sew the buttons on my vest? No, I thought not. Hanging over the fence all day, scandal-mongering, I'll bet."

Of course, these men don't last long. Sooner or later they finish with a knife between the shoulder blades and the sobbing little widow explains to the coroner, "He was scratching his back with the carving knife when he suddenly fell over backwards."

The most maddening of all husbands, I have discovered, is the non-talking one.

His wife says, "Did you see anyone in town to-day?" "No."
"Did you see Mr. Jones?" "Yeah."
"How's his wife?" "Dunno."

"I believe she's very ill." "Hmmp." "Can't you put that paper down for a minute?" "Mmphi!"
And that is the end of that conversation.

I have made a very close study of marriage, and I find that all that is necessary to make a woman happy is tact on the part of the husband.

HUSBANDS are the cause of all the strife in the house. The trouble is that they will answer back.

Then there are the aulky worms who won't answer back. Worse still are the ones who moon about the house, getting in the way and picking things up and putting them down again. And if you ask them why don't they go out for a walk somewhere, what do the selfish brutes do but go out and leave you all by yourself!

I don't know how some poor women can put up with their husbands. . . . I suppose it'll be safe enough for me to come out of the bathroom now.

Solomon was a wise man, says Lower.

LOWER — ONCE A WEEK

AN article by L. W. Lower, Australia's most famous humorist, will appear on this page every week. Lower has been ranked with the leading fun-makers in the world. His articles will be illustrated by WEP, the brilliant young Australian caricaturist, sculptor, and artist.

heater real loud and then sit on the edge of the bath and read.

It's a bit awkward if you forget your tobacco, and it is a good idea to have a couple of ounces stored away for emergencies.

Thoughtful Solomon

SOLOMON was a wise man, and if you remember your history, "He caused three hundred and sixty and five bathrooms to be built, with iron bars very cunningly wrought, barring the portals."

I fail to see, however, how a woman's nagging can cause a man to be a failure. I know men who, before marriage, could not wash-up, scrub floors, nurse babies or mow lawns. After marriage they become huge successes at it.

Of course, a husband with any brains can always gain the upper hand simply by goading his wife until she passes the nagging stage, becomes mad with rage, then hysterical, and finally unconscious. This is much more humane than strik-

(Continued from Column 2)

which is quite unprocurable save through the offices of a private handloom.

The few weavers in Australia with handlooms make the most delightful cushions, scarves and bags, as well as exquisite towels and table linen.

Many women are making a living in this way and very little outlay is necessary to make a start. Fees at technical colleges are extremely low, and private tuition, although costing more per term often means much personal instruction, so that the time required to learn the craft is considerably lessened and this brings the outlay pretty much into line with the Government schools.

Tools in nearly every case are few and comparatively inexpensive and materials can usually be bought in small quantities until the beginner has arrived at some idea of what profits she is likely to make. Pottery, of course, needs a kiln, but until business justifies the outlay, arrangements can be made with the large pottery firms to fire the clay, and once a kiln is invested in, some of the actual cost may be recovered by firing, for a fee, the works of other potters who are without the means of firing their creations.

Numbers of able women in Australia make a living entirely by their craft-work and many others supplement a tiny and inadequate income sufficiently to render it at least adequate.



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CUSTARD combines all the food virtues in a form that is at once most appetising and most digestible. From the point of view of nourishment you could hardly think of a better dish to serve. And custard lends itself to such a delightful variety of dishes that nobody need ever grow tired of its goodness. To the pure and wholesome ingredients used by Foster Clark for their admired creamy custard, only fresh natural flavourings are added. That is why Foster Clark's pleases the most particular palates—at you can discover for yourself at no cost by adopting the suggestion made above. Try some of the specially recommended recipes by Elizabeth Craig. Under her guidance you will find that the eternal pudding problem will settle itself—simply, economically, and most delightfully!

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A Unique Competition for Ex-M.B.C. Students £12'12'-in Prizes Tell Us the Story of Your Career

During its 37 years of increasingly successful achievement and service to the community, the Metropolitan Business College has trained thousands of students who have "made good" in many spheres—some under decidedly interesting conditions. We are now conducting a research into the widely-varying occupational possibilities of girls and women who take a course in Business Training as a "foundation"—particularly the thorough and "individual" tuition specialised by the M.B.C. We therefore invite you who are "Old Girls" of the M.B.C. to write and tell us fully about your own careers. Don't feel that your story is not striking enough. We may see something specially noteworthy in it. And even if your business career was terminated by marriage or some other cause, still—tell us about it!

Enter, Yourself—and Tell your Ex-M.B.C. Friends

Before sending in your entry, please study the following announcement very carefully:—

This Unique Competition is open to all women who have been M.B.C. students at any time since (and including) the year 1906.

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1st Prize . . . £5/5/-
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Minimum Entries, Five.

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1st Prize . . . £5/5/-
2nd Prize . . . £1/1/-
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Here are the Simple Rules:

1. State which Group your entry is intended for: (a) or (b).
2. Entry is limited to 500 words; less, if wished.
3. State year or years in which you trained at the M.B.C. at its old Pitt Street Headquarters or elsewhere.
4. State clearly that your entry is true in all respects, and that it is entirely your own work.
5. Sign entry with your College name (and, if married, give your present name) and present address.
6. Address entry to The Directors, Metropolitan Business College, 6 Dalley Street, Sydney, N.S.W., and mark your envelope "Careers Competition."
7. Closing date for receipt of Entries—Tuesday, 31st October, 1933.
8. Entries must be written on one side of paper only—and may be either typed, or written in ink.

The Judges' decision must be regarded as final, and the judges reserve the right to question any statement if deemed advisable.

The Directors reserve the right to publish any entries, or portions, but if desired, will withhold from publication the names of the writers of such entries.

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An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 30, 1933.

WHY NOT ENJOY OURSELVES?

AUSTRALIANS love holidays and carnivals and sport.

For this we are reproached by the gloomy minded ones, who say we are on the road to perdition. Would they have us like the quarrelsome and morbid nations of the old world—either drugged with work, torpid with sleep, or berserk with war and revolution?

This healthy holiday spirit in Australia is a good deal due to women. In England men and women are still rather separated by formal social habits and conventions. In America men and women share their social life freely, but business takes first place. In Australia women demand more companionship, and refuse to allow money-making to seriously interfere.

Public holidays in Australia are therefore plentiful, but they in no sense tend to racial or moral degeneracy. They are national picnic days.

The zenith is reached in such monster functions as the Sydney Harbor Bridge opening of last year, in the Melbourne Centenary of next year. In the more regular course of events we have the Melbourne Show, now in progress, and the Sydney Show at Easter. But the most spectacular annual event is the spring racing season which opens in Sydney at the eight-hour week-end, and culminates in Melbourne with the magnetic Cup.

Both Show and race meeting are as much women's delight as men's. Off to the Show goes mother with the kids; off to Randwick or Flemington with the latest in frocks and hats.

If there were a few more nations with the Australian capacity for happiness there would be no need for a League of Nations.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

THE YOUNG AND OLD

These are the loveliest, most lovable, Of all earth's things: one youth, the other age.

What tales this book that we call age can tell, What records can be written on this page

That we call youth!—the venerable years, And here a face on which no line appears.

These are the things, and whom are we to scold— The crawl of age, the merry dance of youth?

Yes, whom are we, the neither young nor old, Halfway a half-lived life of half-known truth?

We need to learn, who hasten to advise— For youth has vision, and the old are wise.

POINTS OF VIEW

Who Is To Blame?

THE Melbourne G.P.O. has been picking a bone with N.S.W. letter-writers. Last week every Sydney newspaper was asked to appeal to its readers to address their letters to Melbourne, properly, and to remember that the Victorian capital is divided into postal districts.

The Director of Posts and Telegraphs points out, sadly, that 43 per cent. of letters received in Melbourne from N.S.W. are wrongly addressed.

What the postal authorities do not make clear is how the letter-writer, who has never been in Melbourne, is to know the correct postal district address of a Melbourne suburb, if she has not been supplied with it by the correspondent in Victoria.

The Parson's Wife

JUST now, when the question of whether women should occupy parsonages as persons, is under wide discussion, the words of Dr. George Jackson, in England, about the parson's wife, will carry a more than usual interest.

After animadverting to the fact that church officers mostly have an eye to the kind of woman their prospective parson's wife is, he says that, in addition to the management of her home and family in ideal fashion, she must be able to advise her husband on every important matter, and often restrain him from hasty and unguarded speech; she must receive him "weary, discouraged, irritable," and send him forth again "strong, hopeful, sweet-tempered."

"The woman," he says, "is in the shadow and the man in the open, and it is not until she goes and he is left alone that either the congregation or he himself knows what she has been. Livingstone is buried in Westminster Abbey, but his wife's grave is in an African forest."

Town or Country?

"MRS. MERINO" writes: "I see by a preliminary count of the recent census figures that nearly half the population of Australia lives in the cities—3,218,023 people out of 6,623,754.

"Cannot something be done to popularise the country? The trouble with Australian country towns is that they do not boost themselves enough, and they do not exploit their natural advantages.

"All of them are built in exactly the same way; no effort is made to develop their qualities of distinction.

"Personally, I would not live in the city if I was paid to."

All Fish That Glitters

AT the opening of the aqua-flora park at Sandringham, N.S.W., Mr. Royce, of Dulwich Hill, the donator, pointed out, in an address, that the goldfish industry was in its infancy in Australia.

"If we raised our own fish here!" he said, "they would be healthy, and we would keep the money in our own country!"

Mr. Royce's revelation has made us think. It is also a reminder that anything to do with any sort of fish is in its infancy here.

At present there is a shortage of fish. The marketing of fish for country trade has hardly been touched.

Let us hope Mr. Royce's remarks about goldfish will act as a spur to commercial fish merchants, for it would indeed be embarrassing if the goldfish industry developed from mulling infancy to robust adulthood, leaving the edible fish trade prattling in the commercial nursery.

People would then be in the ridiculous position of having to cry, "Fish, fish everywhere, but nary a one to eat with the chips!"

Catch Them Young

"CATCH them while they're young" is the advice of Mr. P. P. Morris, of Melbourne, officer in charge of the Victorian Children's Courts.

Even though child crime has decreased surprisingly during recent times, he complains that the small amount spent on helping delinquent children to keep straight, is out of all proportion to money poured into upkeep of police courts and gaols.

Mr. Morris's "Catch them young" theory could well be applied all over Australia, for there is no doubt that with better methods of curing children of criminal tendencies, there would be less crime.

Good for the Dole

COMMENTING on the decrease in Victorian child crime figures, Mr. Morris points to the dole as the probable cause.

Unemployed parents have been receiving steady sustenance, and have been able to improve home conditions for their children.

A happy, well-fed child will not do much



ONE OF THE IMPORTANT jobs of the private secretary is giving her employer his regular doses of aspirin and other medicines. (See article on this page.)

harm. And, for that matter, a happy, well-fed adult will not, either.

A Notorious Fruit

THE news that chemists are seeking a way to prevent apples committing suicide, when in cold storage on ships, draws attention to the fact that the apple is the world's most notorious fruit.

It was an apple which caused all the trouble in Eden.

According to Greek mythology, an apple started the Trojan War. Paris awarded the apple of victory to Aphrodite, and then the trouble started.

Atlanta, the Swift of Foot, was undone by an apple.

William Tell became famous when he shot an apple off his son's head.

Sir Isaac Newton discovered the laws of gravity when an apple fell on his head while he was sitting in his garden. And for two hundred years his theory, which has since been discredited by Relativists, deceived the world of science.

With such a record, it is just as well, perhaps, that an "Apple a day keeps the doctor away."

Day In The Life of a Private Secretary

By W.J.

I WONDER how many people really know what a private secretary DOES, apart from the usual shorthand and typing. I know a young lady who does the confidential work for a big city merchant. This is her day.

She arrives, complete with mail from G.P.O. Box, at 9 a.m. This she sorts, checks, and passes on to the various departments.

At 10 o'clock she rings her chief at his home. This is to remind him that certain jobs have been left over from the day before, and to find out how long it will be before he condescends to come into the office.

Long queue of salesmen, travellers, etc., who MUST see the chief at once, tactfully and politely got rid of.

Chief arrives at 11 a.m. Secretary reminds him that he should have taken his medicine an hour ago, and prepares same for him.

Gets His Lunch

TOGETHER they go over the day's appointments, letters, etc., and she goes to lunch for half an hour.

Three times a week she prepares luncheon for her chief and two of his fellow-business men in the office, sometimes joining them if they are discussing important matters.

After lunch chief and friends have a round (or several) on the nearest golf links.

Secretary telephones links and several cafes as important business has cropped up. Cannot find chief, so does her best with matter and phones him from her home at night.

Shops With Auntie

ON busy afternoons she takes the chief's sister and aunt shopping, signing the accounts herself.

On wet afternoons it is her business to take chief's invalid brother to some show, and also go with him to the hospital, where he is receiving treatment.

Apart from this she interviews all clients before allowing them into presence of the "boss," chooses and sees to the despatch of the weekly box of flowers for the chief's fiancée (she does this with fiancée's consent).

Makes certain that the bi-weekly bridge school can all meet, and be able to produce a substitute for any absent member. Reminds her employer when it is necessary that he buy a new suit, or hat, checks up on his weekly gains (or losses) at the races, and takes his important clients to afternoon tea or a cabaret if he is too busy.

It is her business to be present, at, and arrange the monthly dinner of the staff, attend to all complaints and irregularities that arise, and make herself generally useful all round.

For this she receives £4/10/- per week, and enjoys every minute of her day.

Launching a Tram

AFTER years of vexation and much talk, Sydney is at last to have new trams. They resemble the comfortable Melbourne cars in design.

Sydney conductors have had the worst job in the world for some years. The new-type corridor cars will be very welcome to them.

There will be no more hanging outside on the footrail like monkeys. With the new trams Sydney will lose a race of men who have been the world's best balancing acrobats.

When the first one is "launched" from Randwick workshops this week a brass band will play it out of the sheds.

The tram will not need a conductor on its birthday gala trip, as the passengers will be specially invited guests of the Transport Commission.

Her Unique Gift

IN her new book, "More Memories," Lady Oxford, better known as Margot Asquith, turns the biting edge of her pen on herself.

"My sort of looks are the kind which bore me when I see them on others," she writes. "I have never cared for a hooked nose, or for eyes set close together, nor for a little mouth. My nose was not so bad before I broke it, while hunting, but now it is more like a limb than a feature.

And with these words Lady Oxford reveals herself as possessing a unique gift about which the poet Burns wrote:

"O wad some pow'r the giffle gie us To see ourselves as others see us."





He caught the laughter in their blue eyes and the rapture on their pretty lips, and it meant nothing to him.

Something in the WIND



IT'S no use asking Blair to come. He's desperately afraid of summer holidays," said Peter Conway. "Is he afraid of getting drowned?" "He's afraid of falling in love. It's not the spring he finds so difficult, it's the sea-side air, and he says no affair that starts like that is genuine."

"Doesn't he take any holidays?" "Yes, but he goes in cold weather. Then, he says, people don't lie about in pretty bathing suits; you don't see lonely platinum blondes beneath red parasols."

"You meet a girl for the first time when she's out in the sleet and her nose is blue. Whereas summer love is like buying a basket of strawberries on the strength of the top row."

"Well, here he is," said Bill, as they heard a knock at the door. "So you may as well ask him."

"Blair," said Peter promptly, "how would you like to come away with me next week?"

Blair looked at him with a steady and appraising eye, and then he brightly said:

"I'd love to."

There was an impressive silence.

Bill Pike looked at Peter, but Peter could not take his eyes from Blair.

"Then have you lost your fears?" "I have insured against them."

"Oh, you were simply afraid of rain?" interrupted Bill.

"I used the wrong term, I have been incalculated."

"Oh . . . Hay fever? Peter said it was . . ."

"There is," said Blair, "one infallible way of guarding against midsummer madness, and one only. That is to fall in love with somebody in town before you leave."

If Blair wanted to be dramatic, he was certainly meeting with success. He

had devised two good curtains, and he had his audience on tip-toe.

"Have you done that?" Peter sounded as though the man were suspected of a misdeed, whereas Blair was really quite proud of himself, as are all men who, having scorned the idea, fall more heavily in love than anybody when the time comes.

"I have done exactly what I said I would do," he stated. "I became fascinated by somebody who looked as though she needed a holiday, and not as though she had been on one all her life."

"Now you can leave me alone with all the bathing belles you like; I shall simply compare them with her absent self, greatly to their disadvantage."

"After an evening in a moonlit garden, with somebody else's sentimental sister, I shall cheerfully go in and have a good supper of sausages, and what greater test than that can you need of my steadiness under fire?"

"Look here," said Peter, "I don't want to go away with a man who'll spend half the holiday writing letters, and the other half looking for the postman."

"You needn't worry. The lady in question has gone home to her people for a fortnight, and as she doesn't want them to be suspicious there is to be no correspondence. In fact, she doesn't realise yet how serious I am. I'll come away with you with pleasure, and I will be genial company."

"I will get a document to-morrow stamped at Somerset House," said Peter, "in case you back out of this."

No hungry boy left alone on a peach farm could be more strongly tempted than a man sitting on the sands of

Worpiegate. This is the place to which artists go in search of inspiration for their summer sketches of Miss 1933, and it comes nearer than any place in England to those sun-drenched beaches in the South of France where everything is colored.

At Worpiegate no fathers sit about in bowler hats and braces, there are no paddling aunts, and no spoilt children. But you do find beautiful young women in unbelievable abundance, all with an unfailing taste for clothes that suit the background.

There are no cinemas or fun fairs, but there are hotels with rose gardens, and putting greens tucked behind trees; the sands are far, firm, and fabulously rich in gold.

On them the fairest, in the land above themselves before the sun, and Blair Kent placed himself in the middle of this scene with the indifference to danger shown by one who lights three cigarettes with one match in a petrol dump.

He sat in a deck chair in a white flannel suit, a person of athletic build and handsome features; his pipe was drawing sweetly, and even as his lazy eyes dwelt upon costumes of verdant green, of dazzling white and vivid stripes, he was in secret contemplation of an image nobody else could see. He visualised Bettina. And Bettina was his darling.

She went to and from the city in the rush-hour in all weathers; Bettina had no lady's maid; she had no time for breakfast in her boudoir; if Bettina wanted her hair done, Bettina had to go on Saturday afternoon, or in her lunch-time.

The first time he had met Bettina he had heard her sneeze; he looked and saw her not prepared for close inspection by a critical male eye; but in a sympathetic, understanding, and admiring way Blair Kent had warned to her, and that was how it had begun.

He looked up just as Peter Conway stopped behind him.

"You know those two girls staying at our hotel. I just did one a kindness; a dog had gone off with their ball, and I got it back. I thought if they had never seen Yule Bay we might drive

over there this afternoon and show them."

"My dear chap," Blair said, "I should never know what to talk about."

"I imagine you would talk about Yule Bay."

"No, I'll go to the links and knock a ball about alone. I'm quite content, but don't ask me to partner odd girls while you go off with their sisters."

"Well," said Peter, testily, "there's nothing to get alarmed about. You'll have to meet other girls some time. There'll probably be bridesmaids even at your wedding."

"Then they will look, I hope, to you for their amusement."

Peter walked off peevishly, but he would probably arrange it somehow. What he really wanted was Blair's car.

Great peace had come to Blair; he bathed with absolute impunity. Within sight, girls like mermaids swam and sported in the sea; he caught the laughter in their blue eyes, and the rapture on their pretty lips. And it meant nothing to him.

Directly he thought of Bettina in a macintosh on a bleak night, this spectacle of sun-warmed backs and garden hats meant no more to him than a bus-ride.

Sometimes Peter by his side would say that he had seldom seen a human creature with more grace of movement than the brunette who had just gone up from the sea, or that he had not heard a cheekier laugh than that of the dimpling lady who had inadvertently

struck him on the ear with a tennis ball, and then had given him a sudden devastating look of breathless penitence—but Blair showed no more interest than he would have felt in the latest prices of the day for Government stock.

At evenings he listened to the band, smoked, read, and could be seen in hotel lounges. But there he stopped.

Once, when looking at him dubiously from the back, Peter thought: "The chap has actually gone stiff-necked. I wonder if serious love has that effect on everybody."

A week had passed when an idea which had been germinating for some time burst into bud in Blair's imagination.

The sun was hidden, and a dull, cold day had dawned.

Looking out upon the scene at Worpiegate, Blair thought:

"Ah-ha! What has become of all

Directly he thought of Bettina in a macintosh, on a bleak night, the sight of mermaids sporting in the sea meant nothing to him.

these beauties now? How will they look in weather of this sort?" Exactly, and that was where Bettina had them cold. And literally cold, because Bettina bloomed in bitter weather, and bloomed well enough for him to fall in love.

He found himself remembering the name of her home town. It was in Kent instead of Sussex, but it was within reach by road. He wagered that Bettina would be out along the seawall there to-day, her hair blown by the wind and her cheeks lacking powder, and he would give no end to see the way that she would lord it over everybody else, in spite of that. It struck him that it would do Peter Conway good to see it.

"Look here, what about a run to Littlesea? No use going on the beach to-day. Let's clear out of it, the two of us."

"I don't know Littlesea."

"But I should like to show it to you."

"Do you know anyone who lives there?"

"Yes," said Blair, "and as I agreed to come with you on this holiday of yours, I think you might agree to-day to come to Littlesea with me."

There was one snag only; on the way the weather cleared; the clouds and bleakness vanished, and there appeared instead a wide blue heaven in which the sun soon did his stuff as usual.

Both men became a little peeved at this—Peter because he now wished he was back at Worpiegate, Blair because he had not been able to get to Littlesea in time.

Said Peter: "Does your friend know you're coming?"

"No, she doesn't."

"Then why don't we turn back?"

"She doesn't know I'm coming," said Blair, "because Littlesea is full of her family and friends, and it was better not to start a rumor. She was going to have this one fortnight at home, and though she doesn't know it yet, probably her next will be a honeymoon with me."

"But now that I've had a week away, I feel an urge to see her. I should like you to see her, too, and we are bound to find her somewhere in a little place like this."

At last they were in Littlesea, and Blair, like Worpiegate, has signs at corners pointing to the bathing beach.

Blair parked the car, then beckoned Peter, and they went towards the bathing hut.

Blair said: "I wish the weather hadn't changed like this. You'll miss the pointed comparison between her and the rest . . . real beauty on the one hand, fake on the other."

"I don't quite understand your implication," Peter said.

"Any girl can get men to look at her if her bathing dress is loud enough."

"And would you call that loud?" demanded Peter.

Blair followed the direction indicated, and he slowed his pace. Finally he stood still; his head was forward on his neck, his eyes were narrowed, and his chin suggested granite.

(Please turn to Page 12)

By HYLTON CLEAVER

Beautifully Waved



This is an actual photograph of our Andree Permanent Oil Wave, done with our new processed Sachets. Note the deep undulating waves, which fall into clustering ringlets at the neck. The charm of this wave is that it gives the hair a soft, wavy effect, so deceptively natural, and is so easy to re-set. . . . You will appreciate, too, the gentle sympathetic treatment of our expert operators. The new machines positively obviate any risk of burning, and tend to give the hair an added lustre, as well as promoting its growth. Shingle Heads 15/- Ringlet Ends, as Illustrated 11/1/-

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SOMETHING in the WIND

(Continued from Page 11)

"THAT yellow one?"

"That yellow one," said Peter. Blair said no more. The girl who wore that yellow one was at that moment slipping off a bathing wrap which fell about her feet; she raised one knee and saw to the fastening of a bathing shoe; her hair was tastefully arranged and in her ears were pendants.

She walked with a sophisticated confidence towards the sea, but when she reached the water's edge she joined a party which had assembled there in every sort of attitude, stopped down, and lay with a cat-like grace beside a young man who immediately offered her a cigarette.

Two minutes later other young men had posted themselves tailor-wise upon her other side; and while Blair watched she was surrounded swiftly by admirers. Once the sound of her lazy laugh even suggested that she had turned aside some compliment.

"Well," said Peter, "is that loud?"

"That," said Blair, "is Bettina."

His tone was that of some Oriental who spells out another's fate remorselessly. That, he might have said, is Kismet.

And then he sat on the sea-wall while his expression featured sullen and unreasoning resentment.

"Then aren't you going to introduce me?" Peter asked, politely.

"I don't imagine introductions would be necessary in a place like this. I suppose you speak to anyone you like and make a date for full moon on the raft."

"I don't see what you have to be so cross about," said Peter. "I spotted her at once, before you did. She is adorable."

"I DON'T want her to be adorable," snapped Blair. "In a yellow thing like that. And I don't want her to be spotted by every ass from town."

"Do you mean me?" said Peter, stiffly.

"I mean everybody."

"Then did you want to marry a frump? Would you rather your wife had no admirers?"

"I wanted to show you Bettina," Blair said, "with a blue nose and in a macintosh."

"Sneezing," said Peter, scornfully: "I don't see why you should wish perpetual colds on the girl."

"Oh, can't you understand?" the tortured man exclaimed. "Anyone can look lovely on a holiday—they simply want to captivate young bouncers for a week or so and then forget them!"

And as he watched despairingly there came the crowning blow.

Closing an animated discussion in approving silence, Bettina offered her lips to the nearest young man, and he thereupon kissed her neatly and decorously, but with every appearance of having won a bet, while Blair, with clenched hands, rose and turned like Napoleon in defeat.

"Very well; after that," he said, through gritted teeth, "we'll go."

In patience Peter followed, hands in pockets. Blair got back behind the wheel, headed his car again for Worplegate; he drove at racing speed and never spoke.

That evening Peter said: "If you are going to tell me now that you are going home to-morrow I shall be furious with you."

"Why should I go home? I'm down here to enjoy myself, and henceforth," said Blair, "I will . . . in earnest."

It is a curious fact, but women do seem fascinated by men who are naturally boorish. It may be that they get too many compliments from other people. But even film stars teach us by their success that the rough stuff will never lose its hold.

During next week, it was plain that there had never been a greater favorite on the beach than Blair. He strode among the aunts and he tramped over them.

He dragged them for long walks over rocks and brought them back with injured feet and unimpaired devotion; he made them swim farther than they liked, and when they called for help and threw appealing glances with eyes of china blue he curtly said they would be quite all right if they would only follow him and not get in a panic.

He danced without talking, but danced till they were wheeled; he took their sunshades to shelter his own face from the sun when he lay on his back, and whether he ever kissed them Peter could not discover, but, if so, they were neither disappointed nor appalled.

He took from Peter practically all attention; he was followed everywhere; and when the last day came and they were seen off from the station, Peter could swear that there were tears in many limpid eyes, a break in many a

husky voice, and at the end they added: "Oh . . . good-bye, Peter . . . nice to have met you, too."

Arrived in London, Blair and he faced one another at the terminus.

"Well, which way are you going?"

"To find Bettina," Blair said. "She was due back yesterday."

"You're still not cured?"

"I've spent the last week seeing if I am. I've tried to find out what there is in midsummer madness. And I still say there's nothing. It's all," he said, bitterly—pausing to find the right word—"a lot of tripe."

"I see."

"I'm going to find out now what in the world Bettina sees in it, and then . . ."

"Then what?"

"There are two courses open. To enter a monastery or shoot myself."

"I'd like to hear from you some time



LITTLE: My wife and I have a common banking account.

BIG: That must lead to complications.

LITTLE: Oh, no! I put it in and she draws it out!

which you decide to do," said Peter, and then he sardonically called a cab. Blair summoned another, and gave Bettina's rooms in Hammersmith as the address.

They had walked by the river. It was a gusty day, colder than it had any right to be. Bettina's face was lifted to the wind; her hands were in the pockets of her raincoat.

She said, as countless girls have in the past, exclaimed to countless difficult young men: "Oh, what's the good? . . . You wouldn't understand."

"Try me, and see," said Blair.

"We started out from different points of view. You're terrified of anybody

you meet on a seaside holiday, and I'm afraid of anyone I don't."

"I don't grasp that."

"I met you here in London," said Bettina, "where nothing ever happens, and where there isn't any romance. It was so rare to feel stirred here that I kept wondering whether the explanation was that you were a novelty, and I saw the thing out of proportion."

"Had I met you on a summer evening at the sea, should I have thought you wonderful, or should we just have skated on the surface, and when we said good-bye not felt much hurt?"

"I couldn't make my mind up about it, and I felt I never should until after this year's holiday. So I went home and gave myself free rein, and there wasn't any doubt about the test. I tried to behave as if I'd never met you . . ."

"You succeeded," Blair remarked, "sensationally well."

Bettina shook her head. "That's just the funny part; I didn't. You were never out of my mind. I've never enjoyed a holiday less."

"I put a damper on everything, and half-way through I nearly borrowed a bicycle and came to Worplegate to find you and tell you so, only I thought that would be weak of me."

Blair looked down at her wonderingly. At last, in a different voice, he said: "Well, I was weak. I did come . . . as I say. Only I saw you kiss somebody, and so I came away again."

This time she really laughed at him.

"In public, on the beach, with everybody looking on . . . whom did I kiss?"

"You can't say it was your brother, because you haven't got one. I know that."

"It was a man I've always known . . . he'd saved my dog from drowning, and I hadn't had a chance to thank him; so in front of everyone I did so then, that day. I kissed him as a reward, just as I would if I had never met you . . . it was a test . . . it seemed to me the most uninteresting experiment."

After a moment, Blair frowned and made his last confession.

"There's one thing on my mind . . . I fell in love with you, as you are now, I hadn't seen you then wearing that yellow bathing thing . . . sun-tanned, and with a blue sky as your background."

"THE fellow I was with said anybody would have spotted you. And, as a matter of fact, he's right. I liked you in the thing myself."

"If I'd been there, a stranger, on a holiday, I should have spotted you, and what I want to say is . . . when we go on our honeymoon . . . say, in about September, I would like you to bring that thing and wear it."

"That yellow one?"

"That yellow one," said Blair. "You are the only justification I can see for anybody going on a summer holiday."

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FOR TRUE DELICACY OF FLAVOUR DRINK Goldenia Tea

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Her HORSES WON Her £20,000

Australian women are just as keen on the "Sport of Kings" as those of any country in the world, but for some reason comparatively few women in this country race their own horses.

In England and America the position is entirely different. In those countries not only are women owners a force to be reckoned with, but many are famous breeders of bloodstock as well.

The leading woman of the Turf in Australia to-day is Mrs. L. R. Buxton, of Melbourne, whose Caulfield and Melbourne Cup candidate, High Brae, is in Sydney at the present time with trainer J. Holt.

AUSTRALIA, of course, has had a quota of successful women owners. In 1915 Mrs. E. A. Widdis led in Patrobas, the Melbourne Cup winner, who also won the V.R.C. Derby, the St. Leger, and a number of other weight-for-age races, with stake-money amounting to some £13,000 for the season.

Mrs. Widdis is the only woman so far to own a Melbourne Cup winner. The same story applies to the Metropolitan, the big Randwick handicap. Only once has that race been won by a woman, when Mrs. O. C. Flemmich saw her colors first past the post on Cagou in 1913.

It is nearly a quarter of a century since an Epsom Handicap was carried off by a woman owner, when Skipper carried the colors of Mrs. J. C. Smith to victory in the classic mile.

MRS. BUXTON, in addition to High Brae, has a number of other horses in training. She has been remarkably successful with Queensland-bred horses, having won a Caulfield Cup with High Syce, and numerous sprint races with Highland.

In the last six years Mrs. Buxton has won over £20,000 in prize money alone.

A Victorian lady also won the V.R.C. Derby in 1908 with Alawa. Miss Robinson, Alawa's owner, raced under the name of Miss M. Gordon, and was the daughter of a well-known western district squatter.

IN New South Wales quite a number of women have registered their colors, but many have gone no further in the racing game, being probably content to confine their interest to their husbands' horses.

A season or two ago Miss Una Clift's colors were regularly seen out at Rosehill and Randwick meetings.

Miss Clift had racing for her such good performers as Chrysolis, Bombita, and Gliray, but she has apparently

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN OWNERS of the TURF

By JOCELYN

dropped out of the game, though still a regular attendant at Sydney race meetings.

A Parramatta woman, Mrs. W. Booth, wife of the well-known trainer, has Tatyoon running in her colors, in conjunction with her daughter, Dot. Another daughter, Miss Valda Booth, is the owner of Caravel Boy, a runner at the last Hawkesbury meeting on Saturday.



MRS. SPENCER BRUNTON, photographed at her home, "Gladwood," Gladswell Gardens. When Mrs. Brunton had a birthday, her husband gave her the racehorse Gladwood as a gift. Mr. Brunton looks upon 19 as his lucky number, as it was 19 years between two of his racehorses winning the Metropolitan.

Trainer Booth, by the way, when he wishes to make a present to his wife or daughters, considers a racehorse an appropriate form of gift, and it is in this way that the members of his family became associated with the turf as owners.

GLADSWOOD, who makes his debut in the Two-year-old Plate. Women's Weekly photo.



MISS GWEN DUGGAN is the proud owner of this equine beauty, Semmak, three-year-old Moabite colt. Miss Duggan is a real sports-woman, as she attends early morning gallops and trials. Women's Weekly photo.



(AT LEFT): Mrs. A. E. Blair. (Above): Chatham, the equine aristocrat, who is her husband's hobby. Mrs. Blair, when she visits him, always gives Chatham three lumps of sugar. Women's Weekly photo.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE TAKES TERRIBLE TOLL

THE Blood Pressure of Australians is higher than that of any of the World's peoples—higher than that of the American negro, whose blood pressure exceeds that of all peoples except ours.

It is a curious fact that the blood pressure of emigrants to Australia increases from the normal in their own countries, and Japanese and Chinese, whose blood pressures have been normal in the countries of their birth, have experienced an increase in pressure after living for some years here—to the level of that of native-born Australians.

In one year, no less than twelve thousand Australians died prematurely from the effects of High Blood Pressure, and included in that number were some of the Commonwealth's most valuable citizens.

Symptoms of High Blood Pressure

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>The most frequent symptoms of High Blood Pressure are as follows:—</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Headaches at the top and back of the head and above and behind the eyes. 2. Head noises. 3. Dizziness, faintness and heaviness of the head. 4. Flashes to head and throat. 5. Heart pain, shortness of breath. 6. Insomnia and nervousness. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 7. Failing eyesight. 8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate. 9. Fear of impending disaster. 10. Irritability and depression. 11. Loss of will power. 12. Bladder weakness. 13. Drowsiness and loss of energy. |
|---|---|

High Blood Pressure, like cancer, gives no early warning of its presence, and these symptoms occur when the blood pressure has been high for some time, so that immediate action must be taken to keep the pressure down to a safe level.

Watch Your Food

As we said before, High Blood Pressure is most frequently caused by toxins and poisons in the blood, and it is important to cleanse the body of these poisons and to keep it free from them when this has been done.

Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking one Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid occasionally after meals. Menthoid being a most powerful natural antiseptic medicine in convenient form, which neutralises and expels the toxins and poisons from the blood stream and relieves the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the Blood Pressure to normal.

For the average case a three months' treatment with Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids is sufficient for this purpose.

Undoubtedly many people make mistakes with the food which they eat. Generally because they do not know that some foods are not good for them and that other foods are actual poisons when disease is present.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are procurable from every chemist and store in Australia in flasks of 80 Menthoids at 8/6 (sample flasks of 30 at 3/6) with the diet chart in every flask.

If you are far from a chemist or store, just pin a postal note to this paper, with your name and address along the margin, and send it to W. James Rogers, Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 3, 345 George Street, Sydney (opposite G.P.O.), and your Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will reach you by return mail, complete with diet chart enclosed.

Be sure to get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids in the green carton, and refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine, which contains no drugs.

When Salt is a Poison

Who would have thought that ordinary table salt, that commonest of articles in the family kitchen, is actually a poison in cases of High Blood Pressure and diseases of the heart, brain, and kidneys?

Yet such is the fact, and it shows how important the question of diet in disease really is, and for that reason a copy of Dr. Mackenzie's Diet Chart is enclosed with every flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids.

Every person who suffers from High Blood Pressure, or Heart, Kidney, or Brain disease, should never use ordinary salt at table, because ordinary salt raises the already High Blood Pressure and causes extra strain on the Kidneys and Heart when they are already weakened by disease. You can get a special medicated Salt called Pressure-salt for your own use at table, which neutralises the effects of ordinary salt used in the cooking of your food, and which will not raise the blood pressure or affect the heart. You can get Pressure-salt of all chemists in green-topped paper flasks at 2/6 per flask.—***

Randwick Probables

Mrs. John Spencer Brunton, another Sydney woman, is the owner of a handsome two-year-old in Gladwood, which is now in the stables of George Price. Gladwood will probably be a runner in the Breeders' Plate at Randwick this spring.

Mrs. Pat Osborne, of Googee, owns Mince Pie, a winner of several good handicaps, and although Mince Pie has been taken out of the Metropolitan he will probably be seen out in some of the long distance handicaps at the A.J.C. meeting.

Mrs. Fazakerley, of Randwick, has Sassanides in her stables. It would be perhaps flattering to Sassanides to describe him as a moderate performer, but a win in his own class is not out of the way in the near future for this lady owner.

MISS GWEN DUGGAN of Randwick, has a rather decent sort of three-year-old in Semmak (a Moabite colt), which has had three runs recently without winning. Semmak ran a good second at Ascot, and followed this up by a fourth to Limarch, Blitzen, and Roxburgh in the Hobartville Stakes. Semmak is a promising colt, and will probably be a runner in the Derby.

Woman Trainer

It is not generally known over here that Inflation, record favorite for the Epsom, although trained while in Sydney by A. D. Webster, is trained in New Zealand by Miss A. McDonald, a registered trainer who each year is either at the top or near the top of the prize-money in the Dominion.

In New South Wales licences as trainers are not issued to women, otherwise, in all probability, Miss McDonald would have brought Inflation over herself for the Epsom.

HOST Holbrook says: The Holbrook Queen Olives are the most popular. They are always so tasty and crisp.***



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10 FOR LETTERS FROM READERS

TEN £1 prizes are to be won each week by readers who send in short, pithy letters on controversial topics of the day or comments on other readers' letters and articles in The Australian Women's Weekly. An "S" coupon, from the competition entry form on Page 43, must be attached to each letter.

SINFUL SYDNEY

I am heartily in accord with the protest raised by the Presbyterian Church against the charges that Sydney is sinful. Our men, women and children take advantage of the glorious opportunities nature has endowed us with, that is why Australia produces such fine and healthy athletes, who are world-renowned.

£1 to Mrs. Emily Moore, care H. McEvoy, Balfour Street, Sydney.

So THEY SAY

Readers' Opinions On All Topics

CONTINUED EDUCATION

The continued education scheme mentioned in your "Points of View" should be practised in every city, town, or village where it is humanly possible, for without it many men and women remain handicapped through life under the illusion that education begins and ends at school.

£1 to Mrs. H. Pearce, Sleepy Valley, Dora Creek, N.S.W.

THE OTHER ANGLE

Kathleen Norris approves of wives who steer their husbands away from sirens. What of the faithful hard-working husbands whose wives had about with other men? Pretty creatures with devoted dance partners or men friends with cars. If hubby objects he is a brute, and few people sympathise with an injured husband.

£1 to Mrs. E. Edwards, No. 4 Holkham Flats, Allison Road, Randwick, N.S.W.

CAREERS FOR WOMEN

It is with the greatest delight I find that eminently satisfactory article on "Careers For Women" is continuing to hold a popular first place.

The new "Complete" Competition is a really first-class "Brainwave" and should prove popular, while the pattern service continues to enchant a vast number of Australian women who vote it THE best page.

£1 to Mrs. R. W. Watson, 117 George Street, Bathurst, N.S.W.

WAKE UP, MELBOURNE!

Wake up, the Melbourne and Victorian Centenary Celebration Committee! The Centenary Celebrations are

Boring Politics

£1 to A.S. Armadale, S.E. 3, Vic.

YOU Australian Women's Weekly is just what we want. It deals with everything of interest to women of all kinds. What I like about it best is its non-political flavor. In my opinion, women are bored by politics. They are so childish that they could only interest men. I like especially your short stories and special article. Good luck to your most interesting paper.

due to commence in 13 months' time. What is being done? The general public does not know. Even the air race conditions are kept dark. How can tourists make arrangements? How can our friends overseas be advised if we cannot tell them?

£1 to Miss Linda Hall, c/o 108 Barker Road, Hawthorn, E.2, Vic.

ADVERTISERS' BOX NUMBERS

The use of newspaper box numbers by advertisers under the Positions Vacant heading should be prohibited. These advertisers, who are ashamed to disclose their identity have the hide to ask for references and of the numbers I have interviewed about 80 per cent. would obviously have great difficulty in getting good character references themselves.

£1 to Miss Evelyn Francis, 1 Belmont Road, Mosman, N.S.W.



IN DEFENCE OF ALSATIANS

I read in "Things That Happen"—"An Alsatian chased a hen to devour it." As an owner and admirer of the breed, I would like to point out the absurd fostering of public prejudice which is patent even in this one sentence. If the dog had not belonged to a breed whose misdeeds a Press, hard put for news, has seen fit to exploit, the villain in this particular incident would probably have been undefined. Certainly the term "devour" would not have been used. Why, then, must particular instance be made of the much discussed Alsatian? If people must report on the lapses of dogs, let them give all breeds the same attention.

£1 to Miss L. Fisher, 9 Campbell Street, Eastwood.

AMAZING

"Amazing" is the word I'd use to describe parents who brought up their baby with a chimpanzee.

Babies love beautiful things. In toyshops they stretch eager hands for pretty dolls and bunnies, and turn with fear from a toy monkey. To have a hideous live chimpanzee for a daily companion would be a real ordeal for a sensitive child.

Evidently the delicate mental development of their little son counted less than the reactions of a monkey.

£1 to G. Moore, 20 Cowper Street, Sandringham, Victoria.

THE WAY TO PEACE?

I think Miss E. Bennett, of the Y.W.C.A., fell very short of the mark when she said in your excellent paper last week that sport and singing would do more for international peace than conferences. She was only half right.

Nations may differ in thousands of ways, but there is one thing every person wants, and that is happiness. This is the universal aim which will ultimately establish world unity.

£1 to B.J. High Street, S.E. 3, Vic.

WHAT £5,000 WOULD MEAN TO YOU

A Home



Luxury



Travel



Comfort



Everything Worth-While In Life All These Things Can Be Yours

This is no flight of fancy—Results prove how easily fortunes are being won for many people.

How Is It Possible? How Is It Done?

THE FAMOUS LUCKY JIM

The Luckiest Man in Australia

Shows What the Magic of Luck Really Means

Wins Colossal Fortunes for His Clients

12 FIRST PRIZES worth £60,000

SECOND PRIZES worth £20,000

THIRD PRIZES worth £25,000

Tens of Thousands of Pounds in Smaller Prizes.

All the above-mentioned prizes were won by this remarkable man for clients from all parts of the Commonwealth. Absolute proof of these facts is available to any person at any time. Sworn affidavits prove the authenticity of this record money winning achievement.

The opportunity is now open to you to acquire wealth, happiness, and independence. Would you, knowing quite well what £5000 would mean to you, let this easy way to fortune pass by? Of course you wouldn't; then send to the FAMOUS LUCKY JIM and let him help you along the highway to wealth and prosperity.

Fortune Is Beckoning—It Is For You

Select any one of the series of syndicates formulated below that suits you best. Fill in the coupon, enclose postal notes with self addressed stamped envelope, and the FAMOUS LUCKY JIM will send you by return mail your share in a ticket in the very next N.S.W. State Lottery, to be drawn with every chance of you being returned a BIG PRIZE WINNER. Fortune is knocking at your door. Open it wide. Opportunity is beckoning. Remember, those who hesitate are lost; don't procrastinate. Send at ONCE to the winner of fortunes, the FAMOUS LUCKY JIM—he will do the rest.

How to Send for the Famous Lucky Jim Syndicates

This series of syndicates has been arranged to suit everybody's requirements, and gives you a better chance to win a BIG PRIZE OF PRIZES.

ONE-SEVENTH SHARE IN STATE LOTTERY TICKET FOR ... 1/6

This can win you £714, or any one of 813 prizes.

ONE-FIFTH SHARE IN STATE LOTTERY TICKET FOR ... 1/5

This can win for you £1400, or any one of 813 prizes.

ONE-FIFTH AND ONE-SEVENTH SHARE IN DIFFERENT LOTTERY TICKETS FOR 2/6



Four One-Fifth Shares in different Lottery Tickets, 5/6.

This means you have four big chances to win £1400, or four more chances to win any one of 813 prizes.

Names and Amounts of BIG PRIZE WINNERS

A. Rosen .. £5,000	F. Gore .. 1,250
J. Jackson .. 5,000	E. Stacpoole .. 1,250
A. Bonnette .. 5,000	T. Alfred .. 1,000
Mrs. Schofield .. 5,000	E. Graves .. 1,000
G. Poite .. 5,000	E. McCauliffe .. 1,000
E. Lazarus .. 5,000	T. Anderson .. 1,000
J. Dugmore .. 5,000	J. Hazlett .. 1,000
B. Raynor .. 5,000	W. Alcock .. 1,000
M. Ryan .. 5,000	M. Bailey .. 1,000
S. Hunt .. 5,000	E. Kerslake .. 1,000
L. Cummings .. 5,000	J. Dugmore .. 1,000
J. Barr .. 4,000	W. Hamilton .. 1,000
W. Dawson .. 1,800	J. Howard .. 1,000
E. Geisler .. 1,800	I. Davidson .. 1,000
J. Xypos .. 1,800	H. Bonn .. 1,000
E. Scully .. 1,800	E. Murphy .. 1,000
F. Hollings .. 1,800	P. Murphy .. 1,000
A. Collins .. 1,800	H. Bowie .. 1,000
E. Ray .. 1,800	M. Peterson .. 1,000
S. Hammond .. 1,800	D. Bertram .. 1,000
T. Swanson .. 1,800	A. Abshouse .. 1,000
C. Cousins .. 1,500	G. Leach .. 375
E. Zaph .. 1,400	W. Ball .. 375
W. Perkins .. 1,250	A. Gunning .. 375
M. Martin .. 1,250	W. Hamilton .. 375
Grand Total, £118,400.	

YOUR INTERESTS ARE SAFE

The Famous LUCKY JIM
Has
Deposited **£5,000**

at the Bank of N.S.W. for the purpose of paying all prize money won by his Syndicates the SAME DAY as Lottery is drawn.

Of course, you can order an interest in as many syndicates as you desire. Each syndicate you join gives you an interest in a separate Lottery Ticket.

Your winnings can be collected the SAME DAY.

Fill in and Post NOW

NAME

ADDRESS

Address: A. J. HOWARD,
BOX 2883, G.P.O., SYDNEY



almost blind with Headache!

—the dread penalty of Constipation!

WHY go on day after day, labouring under the disabilities, the torture, the depression that CONSTIPATION creates, when you can banish them forever by the simple expedient of taking a small dose of CARLISTA every morning?

CARLISTA clears the intestinal tract and keeps it free from the germs that would otherwise find harbour there, and eliminates uric acid from the system.

The results of CARLISTA are quickly seen in bright, clear eyes, a skin free from blemishes and an access of vigor and cheeriness.

Why delay, when so much is at stake? Get a jar of CARLISTA to-day — at least 64 average doses to the jar.



CARLISTA
2/3 MINERAL SPRING SALTS
LARGE JAR
Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores
And at WASHINGTON 11, 5001, PATTERSON & CO. LTD.
108 Pitt Street, Sydney, and Branches

WOMEN'S NEWS AS TOLD BY THE CAMERA



A TALE OF THREE PRINCES: The three pictures herewith indicate the varying fortunes of Royalty these days. On the left is an informal picture of Prince George of England chatting to a friend outside a London restaurant. . . . The couple with the baby are Mr. and Mrs. Bernadotte, photographed for the first time with their daughter. Mr. Bernadotte was Prince Lennart, of Sweden, and renounced his title on being married to a commoner. Recently he has become reconciled with his father. . . . The young man with his foot on the motor car is Louis Ferdinand, grandson of the ex-Kaiser, who is now a motor salesman with the Ford Company in America.



ATTIRED IN SUN HATS and bathing costumes, London children were recently given an outing in Epping Forest.

—Our Overseas Service.



NEW FAST TRAIN. Last week we gave a picture of a new super-fast train being built in America to compete with aeroplane transport. This picture illustrates the lightness of the new aluminium alloy being used. The girl has no trouble in carrying the piece of metal, while the same sized steel is a burden for two men. The lighter material is just as strong.

—Our Overseas Service.



HERE IS FAN mail, if you like. These are entries for one of the popular competitions being run by the Australian Women's Weekly. A large staff is required to handle our mail, which comes from all over Australia, and is convincing proof of the popularity of this new and vital women's paper. Is a letter from you among the pile?

BETTY OF ENGLAND, congratulates Helen, of America. Betty Nuthall (right), of England, graciously extends her hand in congratulation to Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, of the United States, after "Queen Helen" had defeated Betty in the semi-final round of the National Women's Tennis Championship. Note Betty's shorts.

—Our Overseas Service.

SHE MANUFACTURES BALLOONS. Miss Ena Spencer is the only manufacturer of commercial and military balloons in England, and probably the world. She and her brother, Percival (shown here) are the fourth generation of a family of balloon manufacturers. Miss Spencer made her first balloon flight at the age of two. And since then her life has been one long series of ups and downs, but of course she does not mind.

—Our Overseas Service.



Holiday Hats

With a Price Appeal



Country Clients

Kindly Send Correct Head Measurements.

Please place the tape measure around the head just above the top of the ears and forward as that measurement.



Illustrated above is an attractive shady HAT, ideal for holiday wear, made from FANCY BUBBLE STRAW, in white, with edge and trimming of Organdie, finished with colored Satin spots. Price 14/11



A youthful shape in FINE PANAMA, the very thing for the holiday, smartly trimmed with corded ribbon. Ideal for all sports wear. Specially priced at 3/11

Box and Postage for Country, 1/6 extra.



Above we feature a snappy little "SPORTS" PANAMA CLOTH HAT that will give excellent service and always looks smart. Obtainable in white only. Inexpensively priced at 7/11



Featured above is a new SPRING HAT of fine FLORINA STRAW, a drossy shape. May be had in a large assortment of shapes and all colors. Specially priced at 4/11

Box and Postage for Country 1/6 extra.

At left we illustrate a charming large shape in DE-LUSTRED NEORA — very light in weight, all are individually trimmed. Obtainable in all colors, including white and black. Truly marvellous value 22/6

HORDERN BROTHERS

Was Angus Case SIDE-STEPPED?

Literal Truth of Adam and Eve Story Is Involved

By a CLERICAL OBSERVER

Many people will have been disappointed, and some even perhaps annoyed, at the Presbyterian General Assembly in Melbourne having failed to clear up the whole matter of the Angus controversy.

"Why sidestep so important a question?" may be their query. BUT could the Assembly have done anything better? With such unwieldy numbers, and in such a heated atmosphere, could a calmly considered verdict have been reached?

There was another awkward point, though it was not openly raised.

The N.S.W. section was excluded from taking part in the debate, except through two representatives, and presumably from voting on the final issue. In that case, would the vote have been the vote of the whole Assembly?

THE matter is one of some special interest to women, if only on the ground that they have so much to do in the general work and upkeep of the church.

To mothers, it is all-important, because of their anxiety as to what their sons and daughters will believe in after life.

This applies especially in these times, when young folk are apt to catch at some pretext for not believing anything at all.

How Case Stands Now

IT must not be thought that the Melbourne Assembly did nothing.

The case has been referred back to the Sydney Presbytery for review, and provision made for finalising the matter in the event of a further appeal against its findings.

But the members of that presbytery have had opportunity to gauge the gen-

eral attitude of the larger and officially legislative court, for their guidance in discharging the duty now laid upon them. This should considerably help matters.

THE Melbourne Assembly settled at least one matter.

In the course of the debate it was stated that the issue would decide whether the Presbyterian Church of Australia was to become Fundamentalist, or to continue to extend to its ministers the degree of personal freedom in their beliefs allowed them by a provision made some years ago.

By "Fundamentalism" is meant a literal reading of the Bible that regards St. Paul's view of the historic Adam and Eve and of the spiritual consequences of their fall, as binding on all Christian people for all time, along with a similar interpretation of everything contained in the Bible.

However Dr. Angus's case may be decided by the method adopted by the Melbourne Assembly, that matter at least has been now made clear. There is to be no rigid Fundamentalism.

ANOTHER point settled is that the crudities and contradictions of the more rigidly-stated doctrines will disappear, or will not be made binding on any minister.

An instance occurs in Dr. Angus's

Notable Life Closes

Annie Besant, a woman who has been an outstanding personality of the 20th century, died at Madras, India, last week.

HER turbulent, amazing career would take many pages in the telling.

She was a noted social and political worker, and became a prominent figure in England for her work in these directions.

Her association with Bradlaugh in the publication of the KNOWLTON pamphlet, dealing with birth-control, caused a sensation in England many years ago.

Dr. Besant visited Australia in 1922.

teaching concerning "propitiation."

To the simplest mind it ought to be clear that where a propitiation for a wrong is accepted there can be no talk of forgiveness.

And there could never be a propitiation, in the sense of a compensation or equivalent, for a moral wrong. The wrong could never be "bought off." Still further, there could be no transference of guilt from one person to another, or any sense of guilt on the part of the guiltless person.

THESE points are mentioned as illustrating in some sort the newer outlook taken by Dr. Angus, and by many other Christian teachers before him.

It is in regard to these and other similar beliefs that the youth of the day must take its way and make its choice. Religious beliefs must progress, as all things must. There are always difficulties in the way of progress, however; and the faith of those who cannot see the newer light and accept the newer tendencies, should not be too readily flouted or despised by those who can.

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Insists on the Sheerest Stockings never thinks of her teeth and gums and she has "pink tooth brush" !*

SHE insists on sheer-silk stockings to set off her shapely ankles. She couldn't imagine doing without them . . . but to the glamour and loveliness of her smile . . . to the health of her teeth and gums . . . she never gives a second thought.

The brightness of your teeth . . . the attractiveness of your smile . . . are dependent on the health of your gums.

And to be really healthy, gums must have exercise. Without exercise they become soft and flabby . . . bleed easily . . . and "pink tooth brush" develops. Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern foods that give them so little natural work. Keep them hard and healthy and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Each time you clean your teeth with

Ipana, squeeze a little extra on fingertip or tooth brush and massage it gently into your gums. Soon your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer . . . "pink tooth brush" will depart.

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury

*"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" comes from gums that bleed easily, leaving a ring of "pink" on the tooth brush when you clean your teeth. This is nature's warning that your gums are soft and tender . . . that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea, may be on the way. "Pink tooth brush" means that your teeth and gums need Ipana and massage. Now! Before it's too late.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE



1/2, OR IN A SUPER SIZE 2/2, AT ALL CHEMISTS

A TEN MINUTE STORY

In and Out of Society

By WEP

The White CAT



Joe Keems stood for a moment, his head on one side. He seemed to be listening.

He could feel the swift thump-thump-thump of his own heart. He trembled slightly. Those wild, ugly, intolerable suspicions took a sudden new grip on him.

Was Anna alone? She wouldn't expect him back tonight, he reflected. He had had a full week's work to do on that wreck off the north Scottish coast. A full week. That was what he'd told Anna, his wife. But the job hadn't lasted so long as he had at first expected.

Pretty dangerous bit of work, it had been—while it lasted. But Joe Keems was used to danger. He had lived dangerously all his life. A deep-sea diver has to.

Added to the peril of his calling was the necessity of his being away from his home so often—sometimes for weeks on end. Anna had started to complain about that almost from the beginning, almost as if it were his fault.

Joe had laughed. There were times when Anna reminded him of a spoiled child. There were other times—

He began to strip off his heavy oilskin jacket. It smelt, somehow, of the deep places where men of his kind go. He hung it on a peg on the stand and moved towards the stairs.

And once again, as he moved upward in that slow, stealthy fashion, those wild suspicions began to assail him.

Joe himself hardly knew how they had started. Something—just a word dropped casually by a man who hadn't known Joe's real identity—had probably begun it. The man had linked Anna's name with Barton's—Andrew Barton's, Joe, of course, had heard of the fellow—read of him in the newspapers.

Barton was famous—notorious, perhaps—in more ways than one. Rolling in money, people said. Owned several cars. Even a yacht. The "Marguerite," the yacht was called. Joe had seen her once down in Poole Harbor, when she was being newly fitted out for a summer cruise. A beautiful yacht.

Well, if reports were true, Barton had a passion for beautiful things. Beautiful women, for instance.

Joe knew all about that. He had heard things about Joe. And Anna—well, Anna was beautiful. You couldn't get away from that, anyhow.

Joe had often wondered at his luck in getting a woman like Anna for a wife, for Joe had no very great ideas about himself. He was just an ordinary diver.

He had known Anna only two weeks when he married her. Anna was well, a bit foreign, somehow. Not quite English. Joe always thought. Her father had been a Russian, so perhaps.

Rather on the secretive side sometimes. Joe had considered. And just lately Joe had watched her more closely than he had ever done before. For Joe was full of that ugly suspicion.

Sometimes, however, he almost forgot about it. Managed to drive it away. But somehow, it always returned to torment him.

Yet in a way, Joe trusted Anna implicitly. For actually Joe was not the suspicious sort. He lived too desperately for that. And Anna herself—well, Anna had always seemed to Joe to be everything that a wife ought to be. Everything that a decent married woman ought to be.

Often Joe felt ashamed of his own thoughts. "Nothin' to it," he told himself; "just a bit of dirty scandal, that's all."

He moved across the landing. Paused suddenly. Now he could hear Anna's soft, liquid voice. She was speaking, laughing.

With a sudden wrench, Joe Keems dragged open the door. He saw Anna sitting by the fire. She seemed at first to be alone in the room. Then, as his eyes roved hotly round, he started—and stared. And then, rather queerly, he began to laugh.

Something was moving across the floor towards him. And Joe, still laughing in that queer fashion, stared at it as it paced in front of him.

It was a white cat.

"Nothin' to it," thought Joe; "just a bit of dirty scandal, that's all."

Somehow, Joe Keems hated the thing from the beginning. Maybe that was because he was naturally—and rather absurdly—jealous. Joe used to wonder sometimes if Anna thought more of it than she did of him.

She took it everywhere she went, even shopping like a dog. And Anna hated dogs, Quercus.

"Well, I must have something to keep me company when you're away," she laughed, when Joe remonstrated. Joe saw that.

"But—a cat?" he said. "Why not?" smiled Anna. "I've always loved cats. Before I came to England—"

"Anyhow," he grunted, "there's no necessity for you to take the thing everywhere you go. It—it looks kind of silly, Anna."

But Anna only smiled. "Have you ever met a man called Barton?" Joe asked one day, quite suddenly.

"Barton?" Anna lifted her beautiful eyes interrogatively. "No, I think not. Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered," said Joe meekly. His suspicions had almost even a porated by that time.

"But what made you ask?" she insisted. And Joe told her, hesitatingly enough, and with his face red and burning and his voice all husky with shame.

"Whoever could have started such a beastly rumor?" said Anna fiercely. "I'd like to know," growled Joe, his big hands clenched. And then, with unaccustomed violence, he drew her towards him and kissed her. "Of course, I knew all along there was nothing to it," he said. "Just a bit of dirty scandal, that's all."

The call came to Joe Keems in the dead of night. An urgent S.O.S. from the salvage company which employed him. There had been a terrific gale in the Channel the night before. A ship had gone down off the Mountjoy Lighthouse. They wanted Joe Keems to set out there as quickly as he could.

Dressing swiftly, Joe thought: "What a life! No wonder Anna complained!"

He went into the next room, kicking an empty sash across the linoleum. "Curse it!" said Joe bitterly. He wished Anna had been there. He had to hunt about for his things.

Now the ghostlight of his lamp was playing on the sides of the wrecked yacht. Her lettering gleamed down at him oddly: The Marguerite.

He began to think of Barton. Quercus, how some men just went out suddenly. Like a candle in the wind.

Well, he wouldn't play the fool with any other women now. His playing days were done.

Joe's thoughts switched off to his wife. He began to smile faintly, down there at the bottom of the sea.

He hoped she was all right now. Rotten to have had such beastly ideas about her. Joe felt his body grow warm with shame, a hundred and twenty feet down.

He was feeling his way into the wreck now. A splintered partition barred his way. Joe unhooked his hatchet. He began to chop away the shadowy obstruction.

"Found anything yet, Joe?" "No," said Joe, "not yet."

He was inside the cabin, still moving on. Presently he was descending the companion. He saw the cabin door. It was shut. Joe pressed, but the pressure was too great for him to open it. And again he had to use his hatchet.

"I'm inside the cabin," he said. "But I can't see any sign of Barton."

His lamp swept the floor of the cabin. Tables and seats were strewn around in the black gloom inside the wreck.

"MUST have been pretty sudden," thought Joe, and shivered a little at a vision which he saw. Then, as he began to turn away, he said: "No bodies in the wreck. Must have been all on deck when it happened."

He heard his own voice trail oddly away. The booming notes of it faded to a strange, husky, ghost-like whisper inside his copper helmet.

His eyes, staring with a terrible intensity through his front-glass, seemed fixed upon something. It was moving towards him in the weird light. It floated slowly in front of him, through the swaying, slipping walls of eerie silence.

A white cat.

"You pay a trifling deposit, then you make no more payments for six months!"

"Is that so? And who's been telling you about us?"

The telegram was still lying on the table—the telegram which had arrived for Anna the previous morning. Her brother was lying dangerously ill in a London nursing-home. He was asking for Anna.

Anna had gone immediately. Joe himself had insisted on that. He stared bleakly at the empty saucer. Yes, Anna had taken the white cat with her when she went. She was afraid it might starve to death if she left it with Joe, not knowing when Joe might be called away.

Joe got out to the salvage tug in less than two hours. The firewhite of the dawn was just showing then.

They began shoving the diving-suit on him almost as soon as he stepped on board. The sea was then nearly as smooth as glass and favorable for diving operations.

"What boat is it?" Joe asked, just before they screwed the big copper

helmet on his head and attached the underwater telephone.

"The 'Marguerite,'" somebody informed Joe. "Yacht, I reckon. Struck something in the gale and went down like a stone, so they say. Not a soul saved."

For an instant a queer look on his face, Joe Keems held off the helmet.

"The 'Marguerite'?" No one saved, you say? Was — was the owner himself aboard?"

"Sure," Joe. "That's what all the fuss is about. I reckon. If it was just you or me that had got drowned—"

"I suppose I've got to look for bodies?" asked Joe.

"Sure," grinned the other. "Some people are worth money dead or alive. I reckon. It's his body you got to find, Joe."

The green light of the surface dimmed to dark as Joe went down. Presently his leaded boots touched the bottom. He turned on his underwater lamp; stood peering through the dark green twilight of the seabed.

The bottom was practically sand, with hardly any weeds showing. Joe moved forward slowly, ponderously, the pale ghostlight of his lamp sending a solitary gleam in front of him.

Again he paused. Now, as he stood there at the bottom of the sea, he could see the blurred outlines of the wreck itself, lying twenty fathoms deep under the Channel.

He began to move towards it. A voice came down to him through the telephone attached to his helmet: "You'll know Barton when you find him. Joe. He had a big scar on his left cheek."

"I'll know him," said Joe, still moving on.

Now the ghostlight of his lamp was playing on the sides of the wrecked yacht. Her lettering gleamed down at him oddly: The Marguerite.

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A white cat.

—AND I SAYS, OH SHE SAYS THAT YOU SAY THAT I SAID THAT HE SAID TO —



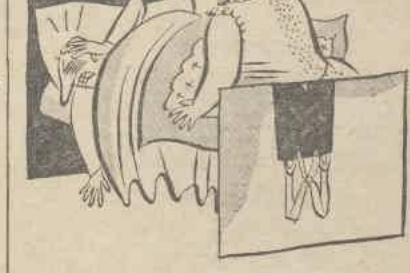
MY DEAR, YOU'LL BE TOO TIRED TO GO TO AUNT SARAH'S TOMORROW IF YOU DON'T GET SOME SLEEP



AND THEN OF COURSE SHE SAYS THAT I SAID NOTHING OF THE KIND SO I SAYS RIGHT BACK THAT—



NOW DON'T YOU WORRY, DARLING, I'VE BEEN ASLEEP ALL THE AFTERNOON WHILE YOU WERE AT WORK



Things That Happen

A Strange Dream

ON the 11th day of last January I dreamt that my brother met with a serious accident on a lonely country road, and that I was attempting to lift a motor bike off him, and calling for help. At last, two men came to my aid and we released him.

Two days later, when we met, he told me he was going to collect some money owing to him. I asked him not to go and told him about my dream.

He laughed, said he was not superstitious, and off he went.

Just as in my dream, an accident happened to him and he was 11 weeks in hospital, his shoulder blade being shattered.—E.W., North Winton, Vic.

Waiting

MY sister and I entered the smoke lounge of a popular Sydney restaurant and found the only two unoccupied chairs separated by an attractive-looking man hearing middle life.

So concentrated was his attention on the entrance that he did not notice our very obvious attempts to pull the two chairs together.

We guessed that when "she" came she would be young and fair.

Presently "she" came. Instantly he was galvanised into life, all attention and devotion. "She" was quite old and calm, and very sweet.—Mrs. F. J. Mel-drum, Northbridge, N.S.W.

Seeing a Snake

IN the country, at the age of six, I was going to a neighbor's home. My mother cautioned me to beware of snakes and bravely arming myself with a stick, I declared that I could kill any snake.

Crossing a paddock I encountered one coiled up asleep. Deadly aim was taken. At the childish blow the reptile sprang to life with a hiss. I'll say I ran—for home and mother.—R. Harvey, Omeo, Victoria.

At the Show

HAVING decided on my new frock for the local show, I sent to a firm in Sydney for it to be sent to me ready-made. On the day of the show I saw three dresses exactly alike in style, and color adorning my three closest friends.

We had kept our frocks a secret from one another, none of us having the least idea what the others were having. We spent the day dodging each other as the effect when we were together was certainly conspicuous.—E.J., Con-dobolin, N.S.W.

Exploits of Cocky

IT has been very amusing watching the exploits of a cockatoo that lives at the back of our home. Cocky takes the pegs out of the clothes on the line, and the other day he capped his tricks by letting three centuries out of their cage.—Miss J. Halford, Willoughby, N.S.W.

Please Read These Rules

ALL incidents sent to Things That Happen must bear short titles, giving a clue to what the story is about. Items must be true and must not have been published before, or have been submitted to other journals. A prize of £1 will be paid for the best entry each week, and others used will be paid for at our usual rates.

Forced To Go Slow

A VERY popular but shy friend was about to be married, and several friends had decided to take photographs.

Fearing the bombardment of cameras it was agreed that her new husband and self should run to the car when they left the church.

On coming out, however, the bridal pair were met by a Scot piper skirling his bagpipes. True to her word the bride attempted to run but her progress was barred by the hairy Scot, who, with a broad grin, set the pace very slowly while the cameras did their work.

In front of the car were two more pipers and, as the chauffeur could not run over them, the bride's plans were again frustrated.—"Blue Eyes," Hurstville, N.S.W.

When the Secret Came Out

A YOUNG couple decided to get married, not tell anyone, and continue with their everyday jobs as usual.

They went away to Melbourne and were quietly married.

Nearly a year later the secret came out, when an electoral officer sent a card of registration to the bride and the postmaster, knowing of only one Mrs. X., sent it on to her (the mother-in-law).

Then things got busy, telegrams flew in many directions, and there was a lot of explaining to be done.—Rosemary Lane, Geelong, Vic.

A Boomerang Car

SOME months ago a friend of mine sold his car through a city auctioneer with the idea of later buying a smaller and more economical one.

Recently he advertised for a "slightly used" car, small and economical.

Next morning the first car offered to him was the very one he had previously sold. He did not re-buy it.—M. Campbell, Sydney.

THE HUB'S

Extraordinary Offer of Corsets, Corselettes, Controlettes and Brassieres!

1. Wrap-On

Wrap-on Corset with back front, in Tea Rose Brocade. Strong boning and underbust of material, and elastic sections. Sizes: 24 to 34 ins. Usually 12/11.

HUB PRICE 8/11

2. Controlette

Berlel Controlette in Pink Brocade. Brazelette section of neoderm lace. Firm boning at back and extra boned section at front. Well woven elastic panels, and adjustable shoulder straps. Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32 ins. Usually, 21/-

HUB PRICE 12/11

3. Back-Lace

Extremely strong Back-Lace Corset in fancy figured material—Tea Rose shade. Firmly boned. Elastic section at bust and foot of skirt. Reinforced front, with suspenders attached. Sizes: 24 to 34 ins. Usually, 14/11

HUB PRICE, pair 9/11

4. Side Fastening

Side fastening Wrap-on Corset in handsome design—Tea Rose Brocade. Firmly boned throughout, and strong elastic panels. Sizes: 24 to 29 ins. Usually, 10/6

HUB PRICE, pair 7/11

NOT ILLUSTRATED

Suspender Brassiere

Long Suspender Brassiere, in cellular cloth. Cut with diaphragm control. Elastic inserts at waist. Four suspenders attached. 4/11

HUB PRICE 2/11½

Free Fitting Service

The Hub's Berlel trained Corsetiers—Mrs. Mann—are available at all times to give personal fittings free of charge.



5. Front-Lace

Berlel Front-Lace Long Corset, in Pink Brocade. Fitting well over hips and firmly boned throughout. Small elastic sections at bust and foot of skirt. Sizes: 27 to 36 ins. Usually, 26/11

HUB PRICE 17/6

6. Wrap-On Corset

Wrap-on Corset in medium depth, in Tea Rose Brocade. Firm boning and elastic panels. Sizes: 24 to 32 ins. Usually, 6/11

HUB PRICE, pair 5/11

The HUB Ltd. 393-5-7 PITT ST. SYDNEY

Grand OPERA Season PLANS

A musical event of great interest is to take place next Tuesday night, when the Australian Broadcasting Commission starts its first opera season with Boito's "Mefistofele."

FROM then on, once a week, there will be opera performances until 26 have been given. Twenty different operas will be broadcast during this time, and six of these will be new to Australia.

"Mefistofele," which opens the season, has not been performed before in Australia, according to Franco Izal, the producer. Boito's musical conception of Goethe's famous work is very different to Gounod's "Faust." It follows closer to Goethe's story. In "Faust" there are no hell scenes, but in "Mefistofele" these play an important part.

Principals singing on Tuesday will be Lionello Cecil, Faust; Leonore Gotsch, Marguerite; Franco Izal, Mefistofele; Ernest Gibb, Wagner; Evelyn Lynch, Eleanor; and Evelyn Hall as Marta.

A chorus of 40 and an orchestra of 36 will provide the background. All are Australian artists.

The story of the opera will be told, as the action moves, by one of the 2FC announcers.

FRANCO IZAL explains that only some of the operas will be performed in English, as it is not always possible



SIGNOR IZAL

to make a translation which will suit the rhythm of the music.

The new operas to be heard are all by famous composers. There will be Verdi's "La Forza del Destino," a story of Spanish domination in Naples. His "Ballo Maschera," "Aida," and "Il Trovatore" will also be heard.

Bizet, whose popular "Carmen" will be performed, only composed three operas, according to Signor Izal.

His first work, "The Pearl Fishers," which won him the highest award in a Paris opera competition, will be broadcast. It is described by Franco Izal as much better than "Carmen," and more melodious.

Another new opera will be "Iris," by Mascagni, whose better-known "Cavalleria Rusticana" will be among the 20 operas broadcast. "Iris," in the opinion of Signor Izal, is the composer's best work. It is a three-act drama dealing with life in old Japan.

A set of three short operas, known as the "Trittico," by Puccini, will be one of the most interesting features of the season. They are "Sour Angelica," the action of which is in an Italian convent—no men take part; "Il Tabarro," a French love drama of working-class people on the Seine; and "Gianni Schicchi," a humorous opera about a fight over a dead man's will.

Puccini's "Tosca," "Butterfly," and "La Boheme" will be heard, too. "Tosca" is to be the next performance after "Mefistofele." It will be sung, from 2FC, on Wednesday, October 11. The sixth new opera will be Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," which deals with an episode in Venetian history.

Other operas to be performed will be Rossini's "Barber of Seville," Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci."

Among the well-known singers who have been engaged, but who are not taking part in the first opera, are Nora Hill, who will sing Gilda in "Rigoletto," the third opera, Nance Geoffrey, Gladys Evans, Ada Boyde, Oliver King, Walter Kinsley, Frederick Foxley, and others.

KOOKABURRA RECORD

SO excellent is the reproduction of the kookaburra's laugh on a new Columbia record just issued that it is quite believable that wild kookaburras would be deceived.

The record is "Jacko," the Broadcasting Kookaburra. It consists partly of the recorded laughs of Jacko, a tame kooka, and partly a descriptive talk about Australia's national bird.

It is a great pity that the talk and the laughter are so interwoven. Most people would only want to hear the talk once, but they will want to hear the laugh many times. One side of the record should have been (laugh) and the other (talk).

MUSIC and RADIO

By ROBERT McCALL

CHORAL devotees are going to have a night out with a vengeance next Saturday, October 7, the forces of the Royal Philharmonic, the Welsh Choral, and the Hurstville Park Choral Societies are joining for the occasion to create a massed choir of 1000 voices. The conductors of the respective societies will take turns on the rostrum in a series of popular ensembles from opera and oratorio. Molly de Gunst, Raymond Beatty, and the Bondi Beach Concert Band will add spice to the occasion.

FROM Sydney broadcasting stations the English tenor, Stuart Wilson, has been having a merry old time. This unusually fine artist has given, as I compute it, about five consecutive (and stimulating) radio programmes, and there are more to come. Much as I welcome these recitals by our talented visitor, I fear for the patience of the disinterested listener. Mr. Wilson faces the microphone in Melbourne for a national concert on Monday evening, October 2. Roy Shepherd (pianist) and the orchestra will collaborate.

OTHERWISE my radio advice is that you should tune in on Wednesday night, October 4, to "Les Cloches de Corneville." The gay tunes by Planquette are ideal antidote for depression.

THE name of Eileen Joyce has been creeping into the daily Press lately. It is being "splashed" in the columns of the British papers. Eileen Joyce, at the age of 21, is hailed by the critics as a genius of the piano. She is showered with important engagements. She is an Australian. Perhaps you have read of her discovery by a passing priest some 10 years ago away in the never-never of Western Australia. She was strumming at an old broken-down instrument. The priest placed her in a convent, then, fired by the child's obvious

Unique Achievement

ITALIANS and Australians combined last week to give Lionello Cecil, the Australian tenor of Italian fame, a warm welcome when he arrived in Sydney on a six-months' contract to the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

He will sing Faust in "Mefistofele" next Tuesday, and will be principal tenor in the other operas to be broadcast. Mr. Cecil is a unique Australian. His real name is Sherwood, and he is a Sydney born, Sydney Grammar School educated Australian, with a mother and two sisters at Bondi. But he has won fame in Italy as a singer, and has been performing there 20 years.

He is the only British singer who has ever won a scholarship at Milan Conservatorium.

talents, townspeople subscribed a sum which took her to Leipzig. She worked and worked. Her own gifts did the rest. I was prompted to write this little reference to Eileen Joyce, because I have heard forward samples of phonograph records by her. They are brilliant, and I understand are to be issued in Australia.

MISS LENA WARD, the organising secretary of the Associated Music Clubs (Margaret Street, Strathfield) tells me that the Rose Bay Club opened its season during the week. In an auditorium richly decorated in flowers a large audience heard Miss Elsa Corry, Miss Vita Wareham, Messrs Alfred Cunningham and Dudley Breerton. Mrs. Walter Swinson was the guest of honour.

More Wins Since Last Week Astrologer's Clients Won Again in Last Lottery

Zella adds to wins which already include £5000's, £1000's, £100's, £50's, £40's, £30's, and scores of minor prizes.

In last week's issue of the Australian Women's Weekly was reported the amazing success of Mme. Zella, the Sydney Astrologer, who is winning fortunes for her clients in the N.S.W. State Lottery. Since then Madame Zella has added still further to her wonderful record, as, in the 154th N.S.W. State Lottery, drawn just before this week's issue went to press, she won £50 for 7 of her clients, in addition to minor prizes for many other members of her Syndicates.

Those who did not read the article about Madame Zella in last week's issue will be interested in the following details:

Madame Zella came to Sydney after practising Astrology in America and Europe. She was engaged by the organisers of the Kindergarten Union of N.S.W. (Inc.), a charitable organisation, to conduct Syndicates in connection with the N.S.W. State Lottery, to raise funds for their cause. In announcing her appointment, Madame Zella said that she hoped to be able to demonstrate that science—the Science of the Stars—should be able to take the place of luck in winning Lottery cash. Whether there is anything in this unusual theory or not can be best judged, perhaps, by the results which Madame Zella has obtained.

Amazing Wins

Her first "Science of the Stars" Syndicates were formed for the 112th drawing of the N.S.W. State Lottery. Success was immediate—in that drawing she won cash for many of her clients.

When the 115th Lottery came, however, she surrounded Sydney by winning the first prize of £5000 for her clients. Since then she has gone from success to success, and her recent wins include the second prize of



Week after week Mme. Zella wins cash for her clients in the N.S.W. State Lottery.

£1000 and hundreds of minor prizes—£150, £50, £40, £30, £20, £10, and £5. In every Lottery it is the same. Week after week she points changes for big amounts to clients for whom she has won cash. If you cut out this article and send it to Madame Zella, as described below, a cheque for you may be amongst the next batch which Madame Zella posts.

£1715 FOR 2/-

By joining Madame Zella's syndicates you will receive a one-seventh share in a ticket in the first available State Lottery—a share which may win £1715 in hard cash for you. In addition to that, Madame Zella will send you two tickets in the "Sunbeams (No. 2)" Art Union, in which the first prize is valued at £1000 and she will send you, also, one of her famous character Horoscopes.

Character Horoscopes

By knowing the exact date of your birth (day, month, and year), Madame Zella can calculate the position the stars occupied at that time, and thus tell you what influence they may exert in your life. In the character reading she sends you she will give you all kinds of interesting information and advice, which may assist you in various phases of your life.

JUST DO THIS

To get your one-seventh share in a ticket in the next available Lottery, four tickets in the "Sunbeams (No. 2)" Art Union, and your character Horoscope, just cut out this article and send it with a postal note for 2/- and an envelope stamped (please don't forget this) and bearing your name and address, and a sheet of paper showing the exact date of your birth (day, month, and year), to Madame Zella, Dept. H, Box 43177, G.P.O., Sydney ***

£75 for COUPLETS No. 2

First Prize £50

Quick Money for Witty Lines

So popular has The Australian Women's Weekly "Couplets" competition proved that special accommodation has had to be provided for the tremendous mail which is pouring in from all over the Commonwealth with entries to "Couplets No. 1."

"Couplets" provide the easiest, free, big money competition ever offered to Australian readers.

THERE is positively no entrance fee, and there is no correct solution to worry about.

All you have to do is to make up lines that rhyme with any three, or more, of the first lines supplied each week, and you have qualified for a cash prize of £50 or a worthwhile cash consolation award.

Nobody can afford not to go in for this wonderful competition. It costs nothing, so, whatever happens, the reader cannot lose. Moreover, somebody has got to win. Remember that! It might be you.

Prizes will be awarded for what the judges consider the best "Couplets."

During the series of Couplets competitions, the second of which starts this week, The Australian Women's Weekly will publish each week ten first lines for readers to work on.

Here are this week's first lines. Be careful to treat each one separately. Competitors are required to supply couplet lines to rhyme with at least three of these first lines.

Hooray! The spring is here again.

"You worm!" she replied, fixing him with a glare.

When Dad and Mum and Dave came down.

"Where have you been?" I said to the boy.

She's started spring cleaning, so heaven help me.

"Help, help! I'm drowning," the surf girl cried.

Take a pair of sparkling eyes.

I parked my husband in the street.

So early in the morning, before the break o' day.

Mabel is our typiste and she always comes in late.

READ THESE CONDITIONS CAREFULLY

Only one entry from each person can win a prize. But you can send in as many entries as you like, providing each set of three couplets is accompanied by a "C" coupon, clipped from the competition entry form on Page 43.

Write your first lines and their corres-

ponding couplets on one side of one sheet of paper, with your full name and address at the top. Entries submitted under "pen-names" will not be considered.

It is not necessary to send in ten couplets, but you must submit at least three. The Editor's decision will be final in all matters relating to this competition.

When more than one reader sends in the same winning entry, the other two or more couplets submitted will be taken into consideration in selecting the winner.

Closing date for "Couplets No. 1" is October 7. Results will appear on October 14. "Couplets No. 2" close on October 14, and the results appear the week after. Endorse all envelopes containing entries, "Couplets." No other matter must be enclosed. Address to Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.

XMAS Parcels SCHEME

THERE is still time for readers to take the opportunity of sending a parcel of Australian goods to friends in the United Kingdom as a Christmas gift, under the Empire Marketing League scheme.

There is a selection of three parcels, valued at 12/6, 20/-, and 30/-, and any of them will be delivered free to the recipient's home in any part of the United Kingdom except the Irish Free State.

The 20/- parcel is proving the most popular, and contains butter, cheese, preserved pineapple, peaches, apricots, crystallised ginger and pineapple, mango chutney, dessert prunes, saltanas, currants, raisins, salted peanuts, one bottle of wine, and one dozen eggs. Each parcel, whatever its price, contains a piece of coral from the Barrier Reef.

Orders for parcels should be sent without delay to Mr. J. S. Strong, Box 3433, G.P.O., Sydney.

HORT Holbrook says: Since 1798 the House of Holbrook has brewed Pure Malt Vinegar. It is mellow and fragrant.***



THE SOFTEST
POWDER
IN THE
WORLD

A Gentle Dusting of this Exquisitely Perfumed Powder will keep her cool, comfortable and free from Perspiration Odour.

This modern miss has discovered a wonderful secret. She has found a way of making bath-time freshness stay with her all day or all evening.

And her secret is simply this. After her bath comes a dusting of this powder—really made for the tenderest baby skin—a fragrant shower... silky soft and soothing... that not only makes her comfortably cool, but keeps her so.

You too will delight in the refreshing daintiness that this superlatively fine powder affords. Made from the finest quality talc, and containing a mildly antiseptic ingredient, it is the best powder you could possibly get for your skin. Get a tin of Johnson's Baby Powder from your chemist. Price 1/6.



D13-33

Johnson's BABY Powder
A SUPERLATIVELY FINE TOILET POWDER—BEST FOR YOU

A Product of Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of surgical dressings, Zo Adhesive Plasters, etc.

Wash Linen
with



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...OXYGEN CHARGED

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Ask for the new
**Equalizer
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Now **2/6** Box
of 12 Pads

A RADICAL innovation!.. Not a mere improvement in sanitary protection... but something new, different. Kotex, with the New Patented Equalizer, gives 20 to 30% greater protection. The centre equalizer not only thickens protection but makes it more adequate, more comfortable—and edges stay dry.

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Kotex only—offers this special shaping making it possible to wear the closest fitting gown without the slightest revealing line.

If your DRAPER or CHEMIST cannot supply you, write Kotex Australia Limited 339-343 Crown St., Sydney N.S.W.

How shall I tell my daughter? Many a mother wonders. Now you simply hand your daughter the story booklet entitled, "Marrying My Twelfth Birthday." For free copy, address: Miss Lillian Cheek, 470 G.P.O., Box 2589EE, Sydney, N.S.W.

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280 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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"TASSAN" SHAMPOO CRYSTALS For That Dandruff They Complain About. Ask Your Chemist for Six Months' Supply 3/6 or two months' supply, 1/3. Sole Manufacturer:

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Sydney's Only Baldness Specialist,
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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

BE Your Own NAIL Doctor

Learn this New, Simple Way
To Finger-tip Beauty — At
LITTLE Cost

THE beauty of the hands rests on their suppleness, smoothness, and fineness of the skin—and the shape and condition of the nails.

In Paris, women whose nails have been damaged by the constant probing of manicure implements are flocking to the nail doctor. Among other things, this article tells you how simply Mme Boiret, recognised head of the profession, keeps the nails of her lovely hands in perfect condition.

BEAUTY-CULT seems to become more and more scientific. The latest is the nail-doctor—a profession headed by a French woman, Mme Boiret, who strongly condemns the use of nail-file, cuticle remover, and other manicure aids.

Mme Boiret says that modern women have ruined the natural shape of their nails by constant clipping of the corners so that, were they allowed to grow, they would take a fan-like spread. Also, that the constant cutting of the cuticle coarsens and thickens the texture, and that the tender new nail is often bruised and badly damaged by the probing of manicure implements.

Mme Boiret herself has the loveliest hands. She tells me she rarely does anything but round off her nails in a natural curve with an emery board. The rest is done by massage and the use of creams. As we are discovering in almost all branches of beauty culture, nothing can be done without health. The leading beauty specialists admit the failure of cosmetics and hair lotions unless the patient is in good condition. So must nails be healthy to be beautiful, and all the manicuring in the world will not produce really well-groomed hands unless the skin is a healthy color and the nails pink and unblemished and strong as the result of a good circulation.

The nail doctors are quick to diagnose any weakness of nerves, digestion, or

Beauty Will Write Of Beauty!

WE have arranged with lovely Gwen Munro, Australia's chosen film girl in the Paramount Beauty Quest, to write intimate articles on beauty from the world's greatest film colony—Hollywood.

Since Gwen has made a study of beauty culture, is herself a beauty, and will be surrounded by outstanding beauty, she will have much to say of vital interest to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

constitution by the condition of the nails; and to have good nails the diet must be closely watched.

From a beauty point of view, Mme Boiret says that few women pay sufficient attention to the shape and line of their hand, and, though they would be horrified at the idea of choosing a gown or hat without thought of it suiting them, they surrender their hands with confidence to the manicurist who has one standard pattern.

It is time women realised that no detail is too slight to serve in order to express individuality. Hands are the most important of all, and much care should be taken to see they are as soignée and becomingly thought out as your hair-cut.

By MURIEL SEGAL,
Our Special Representative
in Europe.



Beautifully formed hands with tapering fingers and delicate filbert nails. . . . No more probing manicure implements for lovely Shirley Grey, of Paramount. Creams, massage, and the emery board keep her hands exquisitely attractive.

Hands Out— For Beauty Care

Even the busiest hands may be lovely with kind and regular daily care.

By EVELYN

Since Muriel Segal, our special representative in Europe, has opened up the subject of hands and nail beauty, I thought it might be fitting to have a further talk with you this week on the matter.

BEAUTIFUL hands attract as much admiration as a beautiful face. Any actress will tell you that hands can be more expressive than voice or face, and that the correct use of her hands is one of the first things she learns in her training for the stage.

As it is up to us to make the most of any good points we possess, any woman who has beautifully shaped hands, and neglects them, deserves to be relegated to the ranks of those women who are doomed to remain in the background. Hands, of course, are indicative of character. They reveal many things to the psychologist. But it does not need a psychologist to tell that a woman who does not take proper care of her hands is lazy, careless, and apathetic.

Hand Massage for Beauty

MASSAGE is a wonderful hand beautifier. It induces suppleness, keeps the hand smooth and soft, and will correct defects like over-prominent knuckles. Use a massage cream if your hands are dry, and a talcum powder if they are moist. In the latter condition, especially if they are continually moist, try this at night: Plunge them first into hot water for a couple of minutes, then immediately into cold for a brief period. Especially do this if you are going out.

The Stitch in Time

IN the first place, prevent your hands getting soiled or blemished unnecessarily. Rubber or leather gloves should be worn when doing housework. Tiny rubber guards protect the fingers of typists and writers. And, of course, the gardener never manipulates the rake or hoe without her gardening gloves.

Wherever possible, avoid using soda in water. Use soap flakes instead. And always rub in a little cream or special hand preparation after having your hands in water a great deal. For washing, use warm, not hot, water, and a good superfatted soap. Rinse off all soap and always dry very thoroughly, pressing down the cuticles.

For Brittle Nails

IF your nails are brittle and break easily, soak finger-tips in warm olive oil every night for two or three nights in succession, and bind up each finger with soft cotton bandages. This sounds complicated, but it is an excellent way of curing the trouble.

This olive oil treatment is also good for healing split fingers and for softening hard skin which sometimes forms at the sides of nails and spoils their appearance. Stains on the fingers can usually be removed with lemon juice or peroxide and rosewater mixed in equal quantities. Orange juice is as good as lemon juice. Film stars use tomato juice for bleaching fingers and nails. And, by the way, dry mustard rubbed on hands, moistened with warm milk, will remove stains or scents caused by peeling or scraping vegetables.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME BY A DOCTOR



What Is the Cause of Madness?

NO one knows; all that is known is that there are certain factors responsible to a degree, though many people overcome these influences and remain normal mentally in spite of obvious disadvantages. First there is heredity, but the influence of this is difficult to estimate. Thus, going back five generations, one has over sixty direct ancestors as well as thousands of collaterals. No one can check all these. In any case, it is extremely improbable that at least one of these has not been peculiar, if not insane.

However, one thing is certain, and that is that certain stocks are unstable mentally, and this instability can be handed down to each generation. Mentally afflicted people should not have children. In each succeeding generation the breakdown tends to come earlier. Perhaps this is Nature's way of eliminating the stock. An odd sporadic case of insanity in a family means nothing.

Then there is the vexed question of head injuries. There is no doubt that injuries to the head sometimes result in permanent mental effects following. This is so well known that, if anyone becomes afflicted mentally, everyone casts their minds back to recall some head injury he received earlier in life. But everybody falls on their head some time or other during life, so this evidence is generally not of importance.

THERE are certain times of life which seem times of special stress, and where the number of cases of mental disorder is larger than at other times.

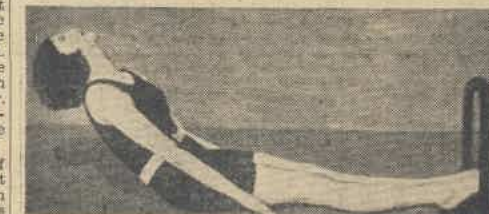
The first of these is the period of adolescence, when great changes are coming over the body and mind of the individual as he or she changes from a child to an adult. Another time of stress is childbirth, and occasionally insanity follows quickly on labor. A third time of great stress is the time of the change of life. It is not probable that these life stresses are sufficient in themselves to affect the mind; some other factor is necessary.

Insanity is much more common in single people than in married people. Perhaps this is because unstable people don't marry as a rule; but there is prob-

What Is Shingles?

SHINGLES is a skin eruption technically known as herpes. It is an allied word to surcingle, and the rash often girdles the body like a surcingle. Usually, however, only half of the body is affected and the condition runs as a line of little sores, from the backbone round one side or other to the midline in front.

The cause is some affection of the nervous system. It usually occurs dur-



BACK RAISING is invaluable for keeping the body fit and firm. Take care to lift the shoulders before raising the head.

ing the course of some illness and sometimes results from worry.

Herpes can also occur as isolated sores, especially on the lips. So-called cold sores are really herpes. The condition frequently occurs in association with chicken pox. Sometimes it gives rise to considerable pain, which may persist long after the sores themselves have cleared away. The pain varies with the age and tends to be mild in children and severe in elderly people. Elderly people are most usually affected.

ably more to it than that, and marriage and children seem a steady factor.

Sexual perversions are popularly supposed to be a cause of insanity, but this idea is putting the cart before the horse. Such perversions are early symptoms of insanity, and not a cause.



MISS MARIE LA VARRE,

The Beautiful Theatrical Star now appearing with great success in "The Quaker Girl." is another of the lovely stage stars who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

Skin Quality

THOSE clear, transparent skins, fine-textured as the petals of a flower—how are they achieved? And how preserved? Cosmetics, however skillfully applied, cannot disguise an unhealthy skin; greasy, clogging creams but help to mask blemishes. That your skin may possess the fine, luminous quality that is so lovely, it is necessary first to clear it thoroughly of all impurities.

Mercolized Wax is the simplest, safest, and most effective beautifier of complexions. It absorbs and thus removes impurities; clears the skin and keeps it clear. Mercolized Wax is guaranteed not to contain any form of mercury and does not encourage hair growth. Regularly night and morning use Mercolized Wax, as it is invaluable for Windchaps, Freckles, Sunburn, Surface Skin Imperfections, and an Ideal Powder Base.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

Mercolized Wax



Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

NORMA CARPENTER climbed the 10 miles to the chalet on her second day at Kosciuszko?

Rabbi Cohen says it is better to have a free mind with fixed actions, than a fixed mind with free actions?

Mabel Brooks gives presents on her birthday?

According to Dr. Martin, a pet phobia may not matter much, but one must not indulge too many?

Dr. Micklem takes long walks in French's Forest?

"Doone" officially opened last Thursday, so that the girls would be there in time on Monday?

Audrey Hancock's frequent trips to Newcastle have culminated in an engagement to literary and yacht Jacky Mathews?

Dr. Robert Godsall removes his collection of china when daughter Elizabeth has a party in the drawing-room?

Still Hungry

The justly famous bell-ringers of St. Mark's are asked to the rectory on special occasions. The other evening they were invited by the acting-rector, Rev. F. T. Perkins, who forgot to tell his wife. There were no extra provisions in the house, and, Darling Point being far away from shops, nothing could be done about it.

"I suppose the rector used to give you supper?" began the acting-rector, after the style of "Have you anything on to-night? No? You will be cold!"

"Yes," chorused the bell-ringers, in pleasant anticipation, "he always used to give us supper. He used to call us 'The Hungry Army!'"

Humor and the 'Ologies

Ralph Piddington, who has, together with his wife, lived in tents and eaten kangaroo tail soup in all sorts of outlandish parts of Australia, in pursuit of scientific knowledge, is now in London, and writes that he hopes to obtain a fellowship for anthropological research this year, and then return to Australia.

Until recently he had been concentrating on psychology rather than anthropology, having just published "The Psychology of Laughter," which is highly praised.

Mr. A. B. Piddington, his father, says that he quite understands the choice of subject, as humor has always been Ralph's strong point. When only six he defined a fisherman as "a man who is too lazy to do anything, and too energetic to do nothing."

Governor Rides a Racer

Now that Peter Pan is out of things, the Governor, Sir Philip Game, will be unable to back his favorite. But, at any rate, he has had one thrill in connection with racehorses lately.

When at Broken Hill last he had a few miles ride on Ruisdael, a local racer, along the Wilcannia Road. Previously Ruisdael had been used by the mounted police, who were acting as his escort.

Home-Making

Mrs. Arthur Hicks, like Desdemona, perceived she had a divided duty. As wife of the chief inspector of the Bank of New South Wales in the Far North, she used to make Brisbane her headquarters, so that Mr. Hicks could come home occasionally from his visits to far-off places.

A few months ago her two boys, one a lawyer, and the other studying law in Sydney, begged her to make a home here. So she took a flat in Springfield Avenue, and in between bridge playing has made a home with such success that the student has successfully passed his final law examinations.

Mrs. Hicks is also the mother of Mrs. J. D. L. Gaden, of Manning Road, Double Bay.

The Vacant Chair

Applications will be received shortly for the Chair of Anthropology at Sydney University, which falls vacant at the end of the year.

It is rumored that neither Professor Radcliffe-Brown, Bronislaw Malinowski, nor Thurnwaldt, who are world-leaders in this subject, would be averse to occupying it.

Spring Cleaning

When the Museum authorities appointed Elsie Bramell, B.A., to their Ethnological staff, they evidently forgot the overpowering urge to spring-clean that causes every woman to turn things upside down from time to time.

The Ethnological exhibits, which had been undisturbed for years and years, are now undergoing thorough and long-needed revision, and, when necessary, reinforced with further material from the obscurity of outside sheds.

The cause of all the upheaval is sadly termed "The Wrecker."

Craze for German

Ever since a letter arrived from Joyce Beazley telling how German is all the rage in London, Claudia Beazley and Jean Kennedy can hardly be dragged from their German books, and are becoming really proficient. Claudia, at least, has hopes of going abroad next year. All this in spite of "Doone's" latest distracting attraction—a wireless donated by Mrs. Gomer Williams, of Garah, mother of the beautiful Maisie, to cheer the boarders in the evenings.

Adding to Store

Margaret ("Honey") Hodson is finding that in London one must not only be beautiful and intelligent, but also trained in some special accomplishment. In spite of her acting talent, her husband sometimes chaffingly remarks that while other girls are all writing, "art"ing, or excelling in sport, Margaret stops short at being able merely to talk intelligently about art and literature.

"However, I will surprise him some day," says Margaret. And she probably will, for she has the power in her hands if she would only try, being, with only little training, already a very skillful artist.

Pioneering

One of the five men at present engaged in cutting a seventy miles road through the Central Australian desert, Mr. Norman Lowe, has adequate claim to the title of pioneer—especially as there is no water throughout the whole seventy miles, and the hot weather is now due.

The expedition's discoveries, it is hoped, will prove of great value to Australia. Last week loads of black treacle stuff were levered out of the ground with iron bars, and sent away for assaying. Mr. Lowe believes a wealthy oil deposit has been found.

In between times the expedition visits the Hermansburg Mission, buying native weapons and admiring the wireless sending station. They play cricket every Sunday, and tennis every week day.



Which way do you feel in the new "slacks"?

Our "First Ladies"

Mrs. S. M. Bruce is the fifth to be the "first Australian lady in England." The others were Lady Reid, Mrs. Andrew Fisher, Dame Mary Cook, and Lady Ryrie.

All the High Commissioners, except Sir Granville Ryrie, have been Prime Ministers.

Lady Reid, whose golden hair and slim figure are still so much admired, spends much of her time at Oriana, Macleay Street, Sydney. Mrs. Fisher, like Lady Reid, a widow, has retired into private life.

Dame Mary Cook (who was decorated for war work as well as social work) is living quietly with her husband in Bellevue Hill. Lady Ryrie, being one of Judge McFarland's five daughters, always loved the social whirl, and is a splendid hostess.

Shuns Publicity

Mrs. Bruce is so quiet and retiring—she cannot be persuaded to speak in public in any circumstances—that for years many people thought Mr. Bruce must be a bachelor. She is restful and unassuming in her manner, quietly, but always smartly, dressed, and tall and graceful.

However, she applies herself to golf very enthusiastically, and can quite hold her own in competition play. She entertains a great deal for bridge, and is a voracious reader. Taken suddenly ill after the Ottawa Conference, necessitating a long convalescence, she is now said to be quite recovered.

Pupil Now Teacher

During all the Dr. Angus controversy, Eben Newman has been quietly assisting with the Doctor's class in New Testament subjects at Leigh College, Sydney, and teaching the Methodist students.

Rather an ostrich policy, for Eben himself learnt from Dr. Angus, whom he very much admired.

Given Too Much Rope

Marie Byles, a Sydney solicitor, has proved that one can support a weight heavier than oneself even in the trying circumstances of mountaineering. When in Canada, she joined an Alpine club. One day a party of members, including two who had never climbed before, roped themselves together and started off. Miss Byles thought the person behind her was pulling rather heavily on the rope, but, for a time, said nothing.

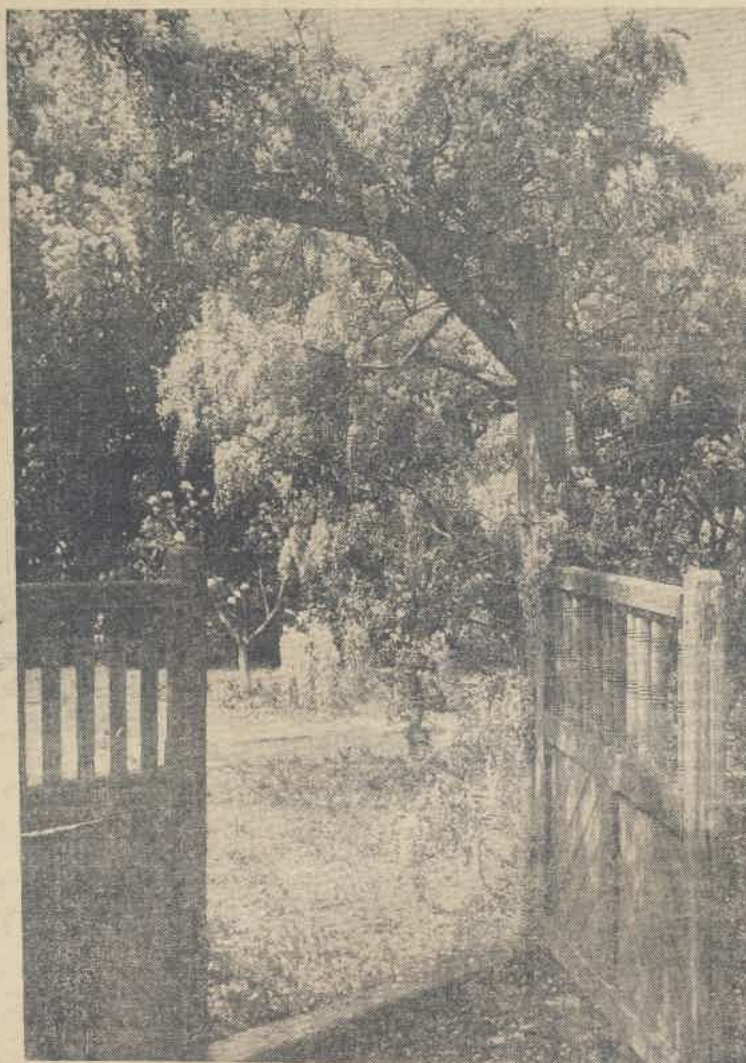
At last she decided to see who it was who was so constantly in need of the emergency cable. She looked back, and discovered that one of the new men was calmly pulling himself up the mountain hand over hand by its means!

Racing Whispers

Dermid failed in a moderate flying field at Victoria Park on Wednesday at odds on. Johnnie Donohue will get a nicer price in the Epsom on Saturday.

Waltzing Lily is to give the Randwick meeting a miss. They say the Melbourne mare likes the rail on her port side instead of to starboard.

Premier Sydney jockey Jim Pike will represent Melbourne in the Derby. If Break Up is the goods, Pike can be depended on to do the rest.



WISTARIA, shown in this beautiful Canneaux study, is flooding our gardens with its beauty. Its mauve-blue flowers and delicate foliage run riot over ordered porch or tumble-down cottage in equal glory.

WELL-KNOWN WOMEN in Their GOWNS for the RACES



MRS. HECTOR CLAYTON, who rarely misses a race meeting, chooses a tailleur in one of the new coin-spots silks that are a feature of the new spring mode. Her hat, bag, and jaunty bow at the neck in white organdie, form a striking finish to the ensemble.



"SWEET SEVENTEEN" and—still at "Doonee," Joyce is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin Rowe, and her organdie gown is charmingly befrilled.



MRS. M. WESTON, an English visitor, who, with her husband newly arrived from the East, will be present both at Randwick and the Melbourne Cup. Her wardrobe includes this hat from Molyneux, and wrap from Revillon, for race wear.



MRS. G. K. KRYGER, whose artistic home at Aston Gardens, Bellevue Hill, is the setting for so many delightful cocktail parties, displays the very newest note in her race gown and bag to match, for both bag and gown have been cleverly stitched.



MISS JOAN WARDELL, who recently returned from Europe, wears this charming toilette. She is the daughter of Dr. Wardell, of Darling Point.



£50



£36



£25



£20



£15/15/4



£12/10/4



£10/10/4



£8/6/4



42/4

Quality is the Keystone of a Diamond's Value

A diamond is chosen for its beauty, which is expressed in quality—fire, colour, brilliance, and freedom from flaws. The size of a diamond or the fact that it is offered at an extremely low price does not necessarily mean that it represents good value.

"Fx. and R" Diamond Rings are definitely outstanding value, because they reflect perfection of quality, design, and workmanship, and are offered at most reasonable prices.

Inspect and critically compare the value and beauty of "Fx. and R" diamond rings at our Hunter Street showrooms.

Fairfax & Roberts Ltd.

"The oldest Jewellery House in Sydney"

23-25 HUNTER STREET.

The PAGEANT Of SPRING

WINTER tailleurs will be superseded by crisp organdies and the intriguing disclosures of the new season's fashions at the Spring Meeting at Randwick. Though this event does not present the same milestone of fashion as the Melbourne Cup, the fashions that grace the lawn offer a forecast of those for the classic Cup in the southern State, and the presence of many interstate visitors will give added interest.

Gloves of beruffed organdie, slimly fitting velvet and satin, that caress a dainty hand and slim wrist, will be de rigueur for the festive days ahead. Even cobwebby lace will be fashioned to disclose a peep of bejewelled fingers and tinted nails.

Femininity will be the hall-mark of the pageant of spring.

The FASHION PARADE by Jessie Tait

WHITE and NAVY Color SCHEME for a HOLIDAY Cruise

It is always a problem to know what to take with you on these short holiday cruises that have become so popular. The most important thing is to take as little as possible; to choose materials that will not crush, and ones that can be laundered.

What to Wear on Board Ship

T-O-DAY there are no such things as genuine travel clothes. Ocean liners turn themselves into sunny beaches at the top and their interior life is given over to the pursuits we

The practical topecoat of white flannel or any heavy woolen is the first essential. The cut of such coats remains about the same year after year. That is, mannish and buttoned-up, with a comfortable collar and pockets. Navy and white checked or other small patterned tweed would be equally smart for this coat.

The Always-Useful Suit

The suit or the skirt and sweater ensemble is another essential. The suit may be chosen because it is easy to achieve transformations with blouses. We have a white wool skirt very plainly tailored and worn with a navy jersey sweater. Any colored sweater will look well with this skirt and one may have all manner of blouses; plain tailored

Sports Frocks

A heavy crepe-de-chine is best for sports frocks; linen and pique look smart, but they will crush so much. A white dress can be varied by tying a large navy square printed with white spots, either around the neck as a scarf, or across the shoulders. There are innumerable ways of changing a white dress; with striped or colored belts, handkerchiefs and scarves.

For the Top Deck

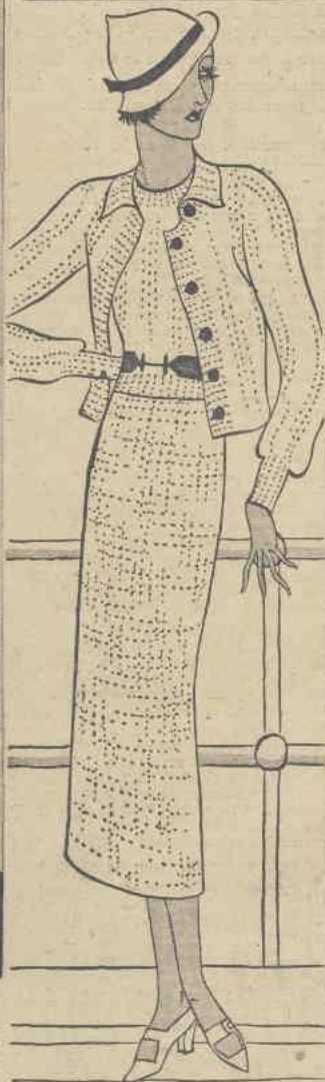
A wrap-round beach dress could be worn for sun-baking on the top deck, as well as for sports. Linen, pique, or sponge cloth make these frocks, which have outvalued beach pyjamas. Made in one piece, with a high neck in front; a very low back and wrap-round skirt which ties at the waist, these frocks are free and cool, only necessitating a pair of shorts or bathing suit beneath a navy ground printed with white spots, or navy and white stripes or checks or plain white or navy linen—all look equally dashing, especially when worn with a large scarlet or emerald green handkerchief tied carelessly round the neck.

Shoes and Hats

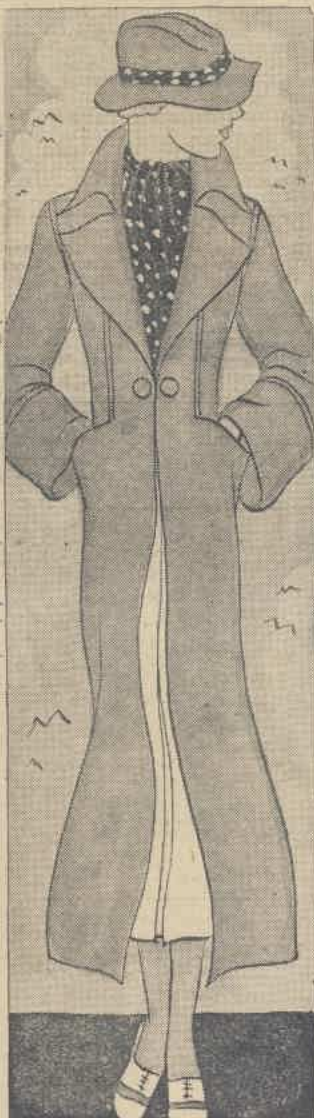
Hats and shoes are of great importance. A medium-brimmed white panama or a fine white felt of the slouch variety looks best. Plain and spotted hat bands can be changed at will. A pair of white buckskin lace-up shoes, with or without an overhanging tongue, with rubber soles and low heels can be worn with everything and used on all occasions. A navy and white court or lace shoe with a Cuban heel for walking about, and a pair of rubber soled shoes for sports.



A HEAVY white crepe-de-chine dress with diagonal tucking. The square shoulder effect is new. The large handkerchief is navy blue crepe with white spots.



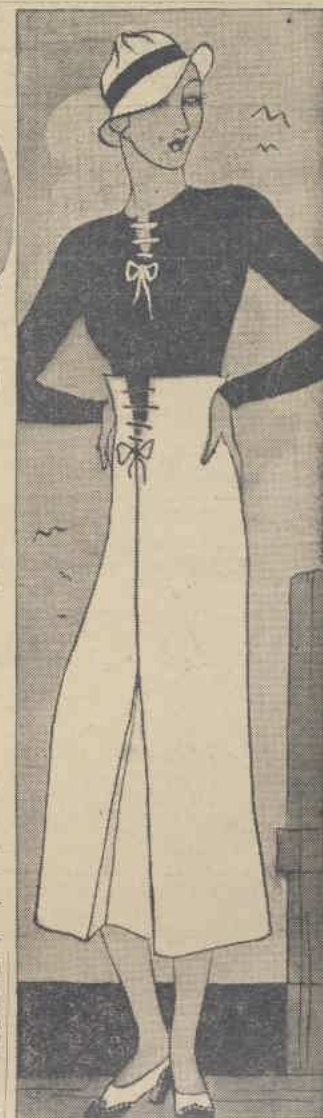
STRING in a sporting mood. This suit is bright yellow and has navy wooden buttons and a navy string belt.



WHITE SPORTS COAT in heavy Angora woolen. The hat is of fine white felt. The scarf and hat-band are of navy crepe with white dots.



BEACH DRESS of navy and white striped pique trimmed with bands of plain navy linen. The neck is high in front. The dress is made in one piece; the skirt wraps round and ties at one side.



SKIRT of white flannel and sweater of navy jersey. The skirt laces up the front with navy wool cord, and the sweater with white. The hat is of fine white panama with a navy band.

Miss Jessie Tait

well known from the frocking of so many J. C. Williamson Ltd. shows, gives a review of fashion prospects for the coming season.

Paris Snapshots

LARGE wide-brimmed hats trimmed with satin bows or feathers recall pre-war days, and are being worn by some smart women in Paris.

GOLD is again fashionable for jewelry. Huge gold bracelets are slipped over pull-on gloves for day wear; large gold clips set with topazes hold scarves and sashes.

THE hat with a big tuck down the centre front of the crown is smart for formal or sports wear. Reboux shows a big felt hat with a wide tuck, out of which sprout ostrich feathers!



SUN-BAKING blouse of yellow and white striped pique with yellow bands. Tailored blouse of white crepe-de-chine with an embroidered monogram in navy blue. A gingham blouse in navy and white. White buckskin sports shoe with rubber sole. White buckskin and navy calf combine to make this sports oxford. Canvas deck shoe in navy blue and white.

White is the Favorite

As you are taking as little as possible a color scheme is the first thought. White undoubtedly looks best for aboard ship wear. Nothing looks so refreshing as a white frock; nothing so cool as all-white costumes, splashed with scarlet, navy blue, black or brown.

String Instead

The new string color could also be used as a basis in the navy blue or brown touches. This would be better for cooler weather.

Complete Wardrobe For a Trip

The clothes sketched on this page should be sufficient for a short trip for daytime wear. We will take white and navy blue for our color scheme.

ones, made of shirting crepe-de-chine; fine jersey shirts; gingham blouses are cool and very smart.

A suit of string will be very practical. The one sketched is in bright yellow with navy belt, etc. This will look well under the white coat, and will vary the color scheme. It will be admirable for sitting about "on deck" as it will not crush—and it will be cool for sports.

CLEAR, petal-like SKIN

See How Quickly it Now Returns to Tired, Weather-worn Faces

Modern Cream-and-Powder Technique Supersedes Old-fashioned haphazard methods.



EYES that look at life serenely, eyes like moorland pools, or like lones buds at twilight... sparkling eyes... and eyes thoughtful with golden dreams of happy days. Until you know the effect upon your eyes of the Cream and Powder you use for your complexion you will never know your greatest beauty.

Young Skin Possess Certain Attributes

Old Skin Lack... Your skin is a world of living... and of dying cells. When the cells are young they contain certain substances—certain qualities that old skin do not possess. And on "old" skin may be found on young shoulders, "cell starvation," or "cell stagnation," may affect both young and old.

Soapy Face Creams—Harsh, Clogging Powders "Dry Out" the Skin

Ordinary vanishing creams merely hold powder in place and serve no other effective purpose. They clog, they dry—they AGE the skin. When to these had effect the further disability of clogging, heavy or "drying" powders is added, to skin, however strong, can remain flawless. Today, more than ever, feminine faces need guarding against inferior toilet preparations. Quality does not mean high price. Facial Youth Cream and Golden Youth Powder are not expensive, yet no finer quality is made. THIS IS A FACT.

TOGETHER, FACIAL YOUTH CREAM & GOLDEN YOUTH POWDER ARE IDEAL

Facial Youth contains ingredients that soothe, refresh, youthfully improve the skin. Golden Youth Powder, instead of "caking" the face, gives a smooth, frost-like film that on a young flower-petal. No hard mask-like film, but the dewy softness of Youth. Together, Facial Youth Cream and Golden Youth Powder form the ideal basic make-up. Avoid toilet aids that clash—try these two fascinating, rejuvenating cosmetics together for a week and see the vast, thrilling improvement in your appearance. The new freshness in your skin will light up your eyes—you will look, not only younger, but more attractive in every way. Every good chemist and store sells Facial Youth Cream and Golden Youth Powder at very moderate prices... A better skin now awaits you!



MUST Keep in STEP Says W.C.T.U. President

MRS. J. KNIGHT, the retiring president, who is not standing for re-election, gave a very comprehensive survey of world-wide and local temperance activities in her presidential address. She stimulated interest by her comments on the present position of the W.C.T.U.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union is in conference at the Presbyterian Church, Chalmers Street, this week.

The conference started on Monday, and sessions have been arranged for twice daily.

A number of country women are included among delegates from 52 branches.

betterment of conditions for women and children.

"For instance, it took a leading part in the movement for women's franchise, and, as a consequence, many were attracted to join the union who might otherwise have hesitated to do so had the banner carried only the one word 'temperance'."

"As the years went by, more women's societies had been formed with varying objectives, some entirely philanthropic in aim, others more limited in scope, but one and all having in common a desire for a betterment of conditions for women and children."

"The result of this has been," said Mrs. Knight, "that many of our former supporters and helpers have left our ranks and joined up with these newer bodies."

"Possibly a contributing factor to this had been a changing public sentiment about the use of alcohol, and people had conceived the idea that the W.C.T.U. was out-of-date, old-fashioned, and lacking in its appeal," she said. "But the need for an active and vigorous campaign was as great as ever."

"If the W.C.T.U., under its present guise, fails in its attractiveness, if we find our methods are not as successful as those of some other women's societies, then we must consider the possibility of altering our methods."

"Provided it does not clash with any of our principles, it is worth while considering whether we cannot follow similar lines to those of other associations in order to win more popularity and more moral and financial support in order to attract more women to our ranks," she concluded.



MRS. B. PECK, hon. secretary of the Burwood team working for the Far West Health Scheme. —New Talma.

HOLIDAYS For SOLDIERS' WIVES

TO have provided a fortnight's rest and change for 797 dependents of ex-servicemen during the past year, in spite of extreme shortage of funds, was the achievement of the A.I.F. Wives and Children's Holiday Association, as revealed at the annual meeting this week.

This brought the total accommodations at Purlough House, Narrabeen, up to 10,287 since it was opened in 1919. There is still a large waiting list, with many applications from country districts as well as from the suburbs of Sydney.

The meeting was held at Government House, and Lady Game, who is patroness of the association, spoke highly of the work accomplished. Colonel F. A. Maguire will be president again this year.

Thrilling Health! Through Yeast!

Half-Sick, Tired, Weak People Find That Truly "Yeast is Life"

Probably no scientific discovery has caused such attention as that of the importance of vitamins in our food. Research has shown that much of the prevalent ill-health, "half-health," pain, and weakness is due to the lack of these vital elements. Many leading health specialists commend yeast, which is especially rich in energy-and-health-giving vitamins. Good results have been obtained by plain yeast, but in no case do the results compare to those obtained from Cream of Yeast, which is the superactive yeast, made more valuable by combination with other valuable medicinal agents. Men and women who have tried Cream of Yeast report a startlingly quick return to thrilling health and vigor—headaches, indigestion, nervousness, depression, tired feeling, gone in a few minutes; sallow complexion, con- valesced to healthy glowing color; pimples and blackheads cleared—all in quick time! Many who were once forced to rely on Aspirin to keep going now find Cream of Yeast not only far superior, but actually cheaper, results considered. Chem- ists say the wonderful efficacy of Cream of Yeast, with its surprisingly small cost, is converting thousands.

Colds & Sore Throats FREE Relief Demonstration and Instruction Pamphlet for CATARRHOS Medicated CIGARETTES

Send your name and address and 1d. in stamps to Catarrhos Manufacturing Co., Dept. A1 18, O'Connell St., Newtown, Sydney.



Supreme in quality and flavor. Pick-me-up Sauce gives zest to the meal. Prove this delightful appetizer with your meals. Perhaps you prefer a sweet sauce?—just ask your grocer for LANCASHIRE RELISH

GUILTY AND DIDN'T KNOW IT "STEVE"

by STEVE

THERE WAS A MAN NEXT TO ME ON THE TRAIN THIS MORNING. AND DID HE HAVE "B.O."! I HAD TO MOVE TO ANOTHER SEAT.

OH, YOU NOTICED IT, DID YOU?

WHY DID SHE GIVE ME SUCH A FUNNY LOOK. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND GIRLS—OR MEN EITHER. SO STAND-OFFISH AND UNFRIENDLY

LATER SHE FOUND OUT WHY IMAGINE HER COMPLAINTING ABOUT SOMEBODY ELSE'S "B.O."

POOR GIRL—SHE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW OFTEN SHE OFFENDS

IT'S A SHAME. SHE'S SUCH A LOVELY GIRL EXCEPT FOR THAT ONE FAULT

WHY DIDN'T I USE LIFEBOUOY LONG AGO? IT AGREES WITH MY SKIN—AND HOW CLEAN I FEEL

"B.O." (BOOY BOOR) ENDED—HAPPILY ENGAGED.

OH, TOM, AREN'T THE GIRLS AT THE OFFICE DARLINGS TO SEND ME SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GIFT?

YOU'RE CERTAINLY THE POPULAR LITTLE LADY WITH EVERYBODY, INCLUDING ME!

BE SURE YOU DO GET LIFEBOUOY Substitutes cannot give you real protection

A LEVER PRODUCT

Don't Forget

WITH the co-operation of the combined committees of the Limbless Soldiers' Association and the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children, the Bowlers' Ball, which is organized by the Bowling Association of N.S.W., will be held on October 26, at David Jones. A number of debutantes, all of whom will be bowlers' daughters, will be presented to the Governor and Lady Game, by Mrs. James Wall. The president of the committee is Mr. T. H. Heath, and honorary organizing secretaries Mrs. W. J. Hurry, Miss Eileen McLoughlin, and Mr. Norman Myers.

OCTOBER 3 is the date selected for this year's Handwick Race Ball, at the Palais Royal, funds of which are for the Catholic Charities of Handwick. Mrs. B. B. Moch is the president of the committee, and Miss Eileen Corry (P.X.462) and Miss Eileen Tier (P.X.428) are honorary secretaries.

AMONG those who will be hostesses at the Hopwood House Race Week dance and bridge party, on October 7, for the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, are the following: Lady Harriet Lady Waley, Mrs. James Ashton, Mrs. Ewan Gore, Mrs. Von Tiedeman, Mrs. H. C. Donovan, Mrs. J. K. Smyth, Mrs. Maurice Guiton, Mrs. Percy Christmas. The number of tickets to be sold will be limited, and early application is advised to Mrs. James Dickson (hon. secretary) or the hospital secretary.

PYMBLE P.L.O. ex-students will hold a golf day at Avondale on October 27. All old girls and their friends are invited to play. Miss Nancy Gillespie is the hon. organizer.

DIKED up with the Speed-boat Tourney, a big Public Service Ball will be held in the Blaxland Galleries on October 15. Well-known members of the Public Service will work for the success of the evening. Mr. Clifford Hay is hon. secretary. Mr. C. R. Chapman hon. treasurer, and Miss Agnes Scobie and Mr. Thos. E. Shonk hon. organizers.

MATER MISERICORDIAE HOSPITAL'S annual ball will be held at Warrigrah Hall, Neutral Bay, on October 21. The president of the ladies' committee is Mrs. P. J. Leahy and joint hon. secretaries Mrs. Gregory McKerr, Mrs. J. E. Coyne and Miss A. Conway.

THE A.L.P. Youngster Set annual ball will take place at Mark Foy's Empress Rooms on October 14, instead of, as previously arranged, at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries on September 23.

TO raise funds for the New South Wales Home for Incubables' Lift Fund, and the Far West Children's Health Scheme, the Picnic Ball will be held this way on October 6. Its setting will be the Palais Royal, and the joint hon. secretaries are Miss Betty Higgins and Miss Norman Daggard.

ON October 27 the R.M.S. Grouties will be the scene of a ball to raise funds for the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children; for the Homes for Incubables; and the Australian Mothercraft Society. Lady Game is the president of the committee, and the hon. secretaries Mesdames A. H. Nathan, J. G. and K. S. Spenser. The Grouties Company will be responsible for all expenses, including supper and decorations.

A GARDEN fete in aid of the Rachel Foster Hospital and Battalion Memorial Red Fund, will be held on September 28, from 2.30 to 3.30, at "The Highlands," Walford, the lovely home of Mrs. A. J. Harder. Dame Mary Higgins will open the fete at 3 o'clock.

LINK that Binds Eighty SOCIETIES

Mrs. Marie L. Farquharson, who held the position of honorary State Secretary of the National Council of Women of N.S.W. for seven years, considers that her work has entitled her to make a claim which is unique—that she knows the aims and objects and has been in close personal touch with over eighty women's organisations.

By MRS. MARIE FARQUHARSON

I CLAIM that I know human nature from every angle. It is no idle boast. A close study of the varied work of affiliated societies with the National Council of Women, and contact with many of their members, has given me that privilege. The membership of these societies numbers thousands of women, each contributing in her own way to the betterment of humanity.

In order to understand something of the varied activities of these societies, let us classify them broadly into groups, many of them common to all States.

Mothercraft societies, both Plunket and Tressilian, the Royal Welfare Society, and the Ashfield Infants' Home, are indirectly facing that age-old problem of infant mortality, while the Citizens' Association, Feminist Club, Professional Women Workers, and others have made special investigation into the national problem of maternal mortality.

Workers in the Kindergarten Union are seized with the importance of the welfare work they are doing in the community by caring for so many little children. Day nurseries fill a wonderful need, and are managed by committees of social workers.

The care of crippled children of the outback and of the metropolitan area is undertaken by the Far West Children's Health Scheme and the Society for Crippled Children, respectively, while the Federation of Mothers' Clubs for Infant Schools does much valuable work



MRS. M. L. FARQUHARSON.
—Howard Harris photo.

in supplementing the equipment of these schools.

PERHAPS the best known of all the organisations caring for the mental and physical welfare of girls is the Young Women's Christian Association. The name of the Girls' Friendly Society indicates the work it does, while the Girls' Realm Guild, an organisation of many years' standing, helps the girl to help herself.

Old Girls' Unions are established primarily for the renewing and cementing of school-day friendships. Some have established educational activities.

The Racial Hygiene Association has a definite educational aim. By constant agitation the Prisoners' Aid Society has obtained many improvements for the physical and moral welfare of the women inmates of gaols. The Travellers' Aid is as practical as its name. So is the Good Film League and the Housewives' Association.

Very well known is the Country Women's Association, its network of branches having unlimited scope for its activities. Each branch is a separate entity in that it can work for the particular needs of its own district.

University women graduates, headmistresses, teachers, and trained nurses are all organised, while the Salvation Army, Women's Christian Temperance Union, auxiliaries for Red Cross and soldiers' dependents, mission and benevolent associations, and church groups, work for the cause dear to their hearts. Migration committees, those controlling hostels, and those working in the cause of peace, are other groups.

Though women's clubs are, in the main, social, some of them have extended their activities to embrace civic study.

The review will show how varied are the interests of women, and how much they are trying to make the world a better place in which to live.

Our BUSH Nurses at WORK

Highlights of adventure there may be in the work of bush nursing, but they are not found on every track.

There's lots of hard work, days of loneliness, long journeys and rough travelling recorded in the diary of a bush nurse.

CERTIFICATES from every training school in the world would not avail if the woman undertaking the work did not have many personal qualities necessary for the tasks ahead of her.

Bush nurses work under totally different conditions from those of their city sisters. They have no one to supervise their labors, and conse-



quently must be self-reliant and independent. Only those who have inherent sympathy for country people, or who have themselves lived in the country are really suitable for the work.

The hours are long, a nurse in a sparsely-populated district sometimes having to work two or three successive days and nights with no other break than that of travelling from one patient to another.

Although a Bush Nurse does not attempt to take the place of a doctor, where she has a wide enough knowledge she may literally do so in serious cases of illness until a doctor arrives, or until the patient can be conveyed to the nearest township.

Where accidents occur her assistance is invaluable and may save the loss of a limb, or even of a life.

N.S. Wales Has 42 Centres

There are 42 Bush Nursing centres in New South Wales, from each of which the nurse pays a daily round of visits. Some centres are fortunate in that they have a motor car for use on the journeys, but in centres where a car is not available, the nurse cheerfully saddles her horse.

Patients sending for help are supposed to provide the means of conveyance, but in many cases there is only a bullock dray available, so once more the horse proves a good friend.

The centres are controlled by committees who endeavor to raise funds for the maintenance of their nurse, and when they are unable to do so the association gives assistance.

Last year over 38,000 miles were covered, collectively, by the nurses who attended more than 10,000 patients, making 17,162 visits. Included in these were 365 midwifery cases, and 574 ante-natal visits.

The difficulty of housing the nurse is being overcome in the centres where there is a lack of accommodation by the establishment of small nursing homes, which are controlled by the local committee who appoint the bush nurse as resident manager. These homes, registered under the Private Hospitals Act, serve as emergency wards, and are of great value to residents in remote centres affording easier nursing facilities in case of accident or emergency, till permanent relief can be obtained.

Many mothers, who live perhaps 20 or 40 miles from the centres where the bush nurse is stationed, receive nursing attention in these homes.

Lady Game, who is patroness of the N.S.W. Bush Nursing Association, is keenly interested in the work and her mother, Mrs. Hughes-Gibb, of England, a member of the N.S.W. Bush Nursing Association, in a recent letter written to the association said that it was her earnest hope that the number of members would increase and that supplies would flow in so bountifully that there would be no hindrance to the steady growth of the organisation to meet all demands.



BUSH nurse need to be good horsewomen, for their journeying is often over very rough country. On the left is shown Nurse Martin at Forrest (Vic.), who looks after the big Cape Otway district. The other nurse is shown setting out on her visits, and also at her home, Ghinnin, G.H. N.S.W.

Big CHANGES In VICTORIA

A big change is evident in the Bush Nursing Association, which has been in existence in Victoria for fifteen years. This is the rapid growth in the number of hospitals in the last year or two, compared with the number of centres. There are nine new hospitals, while one new

called upon to perform heroic deeds, to ride miles on horseback in all kinds of weather, or to extricate her car from mud perhaps three times in a day.

Particularly fine work has been done this year in the Otway Forest and South Gippsland among the new settlers and their families.

During the year bush nurses attended 13,476 cases including 4333 in hospitals and 8151 in centres. The gross income of the centres was £29,410.

The subscription for a householder, his wife and family up to the age of 18, varies from £1 to £3/10 according to the number of subscribers, the usual charge being 30/- a year.

The centres serve as baby health centres, 6364 visits having been paid in 1932-33.

Settlers in the Mallee have made a big fight to retain their centres, with the sympathetic help of the Central Council. Some of them have held dances where supper was buns and treacle, to raise a little money to keep the centre going. One philosophic secretary wrote, "We are holding a sports meeting, but we don't expect to make any money because there's no money in the district."

Sir James Barrett, who is connected with so many organisations for the betterment of mankind, is the honorary secretary and adviser of the Association, and Lady Mitchell is its president.

Lady Mitchell's trips through the country centres and the outback for the Bush Nursing and Country Women's Associations have so endeared her to settlers that children, dogs, cats, horses and even pigs are often to be met christened "Elisabeth," "Lizzie," or less familiarly, "Lady Mitchell," in her memory.



BEAUTIFUL cottage hospitals are springing up in the Victorian centres. This is the Toora Hospital, South Gippsland, opened this year.

centre has been opened and four closed owing to financial difficulty.

THE increase in the number of hospitals is traced indirectly to the depression, and the fact that people find the subscription to Bush Nursing Hospitals a sort of insurance. The Bush Nursing Hospital is cheaper than a private hospital, and often saves country patients long and painful journeys. Twenty-three private hospitals have been taken over by the Association at the request of the hospitals, the districts and the medical practitioners.

The Association includes 68 centres, comprising 30 nursing centres and 38 hospital centres. It is now the largest employer of trained nurses (a staff of 78 with 10 relieving nurses) in Victoria, and the salaries are the highest for nurses in the State—an expense in which the Association feels justified owing to the responsibilities the nurses are called upon to shoulder.

The increase in the number of hospitals, improvement in roads, and the use of motor cars are making the bush nurse's task less arduous, but there are still outlying parts where the nurse is

Mental DEFECTIVES Big National PROBLEM

Serious problems continue to engage the attention of women at the weekly conferences arranged by the Australian Federation of Women Voters. The third of these was held at Challis House, Sydney, on Monday.

THE two important subjects of "The Problem of the Unfit," and "Reductions on Armament" evoked keen interest but the first appeared to be the one on which the audience was most unanimous.

All agreed that it was a national problem, and one which would spread were its evils not more fully realised and combated.

Mental defectives could be divided into four classes, stated Mrs. L. E. Goodison (Racial Hygiene Association). They were (a) idiots who could not protect themselves; (b) imbeciles who needed others to manage their affairs; (c) feeble-minded who required care and supervision and received no practical benefit from education; and (d) moral defectives in whom the mental strain showed in criminality.

For the first two classes there was no place except asylums, but for the feeble-minded much could be done in proper farm colonies.

The manual labor they performed there minimal; their sexual propensities, and if they were segregated, they would in time die out. At present they, with the subnormal, were looked after by the State until 18 years of age, when they no longer received the care and

IDEAS VARY

THE necessity for the control and care of the feeble-minded is agreed upon, but not the best methods of dealing with the problem, as conference showed.

supervision so necessary that crucial age. Many afterwards went into hospitals for the insane, and their doom was then sealed.

"Women should press for legislation that homes should be provided for these unfortunates," Mrs. Goodison considered, "for, although the initial expense might be large, the homes would in time be self-supporting."

STATISTICS on the matter varied, for the medical officer in charge of the Education Department considered that one per cent. of the school population was mentally deficient, while another authority stated that it was two per cent., which was in line with the English figures.

The three methods which would ultimately eliminate the mentally unfit were segregation, sterilisation, and the prevention of breeding by syphilitics, Mrs. Goodison said.

Special Court

As a result of observations at the V.D. clinic, the authorities were considering the establishment of a special court formed of three doctors, one of them an alienist.

Mrs. Goodison considered that when the court was established, the homes for these irresponsible persons would materialise.

MRS. E. Griffith pointed out that there were two institutions in New South Wales where mental defectives were being looked after under the supervision of the Education Department. Mrs. Ruby Duncan, who also spoke on this subject, advocated "After-Care Homes," so that mental defectives would not be thrown on the world at the age of 18.

"This is a national problem!" Mrs. B. Rischbeth (W.A.) stated in outlining a resolution relating to mental defectives which had been passed in 1930 and submitted to Mr. Scullin at Canberra. Mr. Scullin had pointed out then that under the present Federal Constitution, the Government had no power to deal with the problem. It was therefore necessary, Mrs. Rischbeth said, for every State in Australia to co-operate in their aims.

Astounding Theory

In Western Australia a psychological clinic which had done excellent and unique work in throwing light on the subject had been closed by the Government through lack of funds.

A theory which astounded the hearers was that of Dr. Furneaux of U.S.A., as expounded by Dr. G. Boelke.

From experience Dr. Furneaux had seen that no abnormal children were born when mental defectives of sound moral character married. In spite of protests from members, Dr. Boelke maintained that it was a proved fact.

Addresses and discussions on disarmament appear on another page in this issue.



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Bonds
that unite
many
nations

That interna-
tional organisa-
tion, the
Y.W.C.A., never
seems to stand
still.

In Australia
it has advanced
with the times,
developed along
lines to meet
local require-
ments, and all this without sacri-
ficing its ideals or objectives.

EVEN though the customs of nations
are different, the aims of the
Y.W.C.A. are the same, and one of the
greatest gifts of the association to the
world, is its aid to peace.

Groups of girls and women uphold-
ing the same ideals of fellowship and
service, meeting in world conferences,



THIS IS NOT an international sport, merely some
Y.W.C.A. girls enjoying an umbrella race.

Crimean War; the other, a prayer circle
for young women.

These societies later combined to form
the Y.W.C.A.

GROWING pains in the Y.W.C.A. Mel-
bourne, have demanded a drastic
remedy, and this year the association
made a big decision and bought prop-
erty adjoining their present building in
Russell Street.

At the annual meeting the general
secretary, Miss Irene Glasson, pointed
out that a considerably larger
budget would be required for the
coming year, and that all reserves would
be needed to finance the scheme for ex-
tension.

A new dressing shed and new boat-
house at Albert Park are other pur-
chases made this year.

The association's membership in Mel-
bourne totals 1323, with 514 in the senior
division and 256 in the girls' depart-
ment. Six hundred and ninety-two
women and girls have been placed in
jobs, and 1344 employees' applications,
and 1328 employers' applications re-
corded.

It was found this year that a higher
standard of employment had been of-
fered, especially in domestic work.

Nine voluntary helpers in the inquiry
office have handled 2145 letters, 1317
papers, 200 packets, 3360 additional
staff mail, and 4020 library books dur-
ing the year.

A SPECIAL appeal is made from the
world-fellowship committee for
funds. One hundred and fifty pounds
has been promised every year to-
wards association work in India, Japan,
China, and Korea. Eighty pounds is still
needed for this year's contribution.

THE Sydney Y.W.C.A. has increased
its work tremendously since it ac-
quired the present building in Liverpool
Street. More than 5000 guests regis-
tered there last year. Its membership
includes 1300 senior girls, and 200 in
the junior departments. Through the
medium of its unemployed typists'
classes, positions were found for 128
girls last year.



MISS L. M. FOWLER, president of
Sydney Y.W.C.A.

learn to realise each other's problems,
and thus an understanding and recog-
nition of each nation's work is secured.

To recall the origin of the Y.W.C.A.
it is necessary to turn back the pages
of time to the year 1855, when in Lon-
don there began two movements—one,
the first corporate service by women for
women, a hostel for nurses during the

WORLD-WIDE Catholic WOMEN

Efforts to promote an interna-
tional organisation of Roman
Catholic women with Rome as its
headquarters have advanced a
step further as the outcome of
the Federated Council of Catholic
Women held in Brisbane recently.

Recommendation along these
lines was one of the outcomes of
the conference, reports Mrs. John
Barlow, who, with Miss Mary
Roche, attended as delegate from
N.S.W.

THERE are organised bodies of
Catholic women in every State of
the Commonwealth working along the
same lines, but under different titles.

The Catholic Women's Association,
Sydney, of which Mrs. Barlow is pres-
ident, is the oldest of these groups in
Australia, and it is affiliated with similar
groups in New Zealand, South Africa,
Washington, Boston, New York, Edin-
burgh, Glasgow, Dublin, London, and
Rome.

Catholic women's societies in Australia
federated after the Eucharistic Congress
held in Sydney a few years ago. Mrs.
John Barlow was first president, and
Mrs. B. O'Loughlin (Adelaide) the second
president. The office is now held by
Mrs. J. McDonald (Melbourne), who
presided at the conference in Brisbane.

Other interstate delegates to confer-
ence were Mrs. Michael Magar (S.A.),
Miss O'Sullivan, Mrs. and Miss Ryan,
and Miss Bride (Melbourne).

Mrs. Barlow, on her return to Sydney,
was enthusiastic about the success of
the conference, and the interesting
papers that were given at it. But she
was even more enthusiastic about the
hospitality of the Brisbane people. In
addition to the hospitality accorded by
Church people, the National Council of
Women, and the Victoria League were
most kind and attentive, she says.



Baby's soft sensitive skin needs very
little irritation to make it painfully
chafed and sore. To take the soreness
away immediately and restore baby's
skin to healthy freshness, smooth REXONA
Ointment on the chafed skin and use
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ringworm, cracked lips,
sunburn, "Sucker's Foot,"
bulla, pimples and all
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THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY



ANCE fans have become so blasé that no mere ball, but only those decked out in fancy ballets, comic bands, and other novel spices, have been able to lure them from their homes.

With the approach of October, and the gradual petering out of the season, this apathy is becoming noticeable in another way. Whereas we used to come home

day, at which the record number of two hundred were present, and promise of over £40 obtained in an hour.

A TRIUMPH of feminine ingenuity over stern reality describes the gala matinee of Tuesday at the Theatre Royal in aid of the Blind Institution. William Street. Tableaux representing the different stages of China, arranged by Mrs. Sterling Levis, Marie Bremner's "Au Clair de la Lune," Alex Burlakov's violin solo, and the performances of Patience Cay, Hilda Holmes, Gwen Pierce, Thelma Yin, Myrline Collins, and many others, completed the fine programme.

misled vividly colored cakes for supper to console the losers, and, what with one thing and another, roped in about 400 for their "Evening in Japan."

ALTHOUGH when singing her "Indian Love Call" Princess Paleomoon (Vivian de Lottie) had to trip to and fro in size five moccasins instead of size two, all the "Rose Marie" material being now in South Africa and not another pair being procurable in Sydney, nobody at the British Empire Pageant in the Town Hall on Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday evenings could guess this or any other little deficiencies, so completely were they hidden beneath the general artistry of the production. Even the deadening effect of the heavy curtains surrounding the stage was countered by amplifiers. Mrs. C. V. Baily must have had the heart of a lion, for we can imagine hardly anything quite so miraculous as acting as producer for 650 amateurs, and remaining sane. All Sydney seemed to be present in one capacity or another. Miss Preston Stanley (organiser), Lady Julius, Mrs. B. S. B. Stevens, Lady Walder, and Mr. James Brash were others who had large fingers in the pie, the tangible results of which will aid various charities.

EX-STUDENTS' dances are hardy perennial, for no matter how poor the season the crop never fails. They have been held ceaselessly throughout the winter, and there still remain a few to be wiped off the list. Among such dances held recently was that of St. Catherine's College "Old Girls," at the Arts Club, when the official party was entertained by Mrs. C. J. Knight and Mrs. Mulhearn, in the absence of the nightingale, Mrs. C. Hardcastle.

—:: By Jane Anne Seymour ::—

Hubert Fairfax, Phyllis and Kirrie Cade, and Noreen and Patsy Dangar are only a few of those who are adding private gaieties to the many public functions. The Union Club and the Australian Club are both giving parties.

THE Quota Club is a sort of feminine Rotary Club, admitting to membership only one representative to any group. The club assists worthy causes, and arranged a party on Wednesday night at the Torii Cafe to help Canon Hammond's Pioneer Homes Scheme.

NOT Little Red Riding Hood, but a tiny girl and boy from the Carlingford C. of E. Homes, handed Lady Game a basket of strawberries, apples, and typically English flowers—a change from the everlasting bouquet—at the fete on Tuesday in the Chapter House. Miss Jane Brennan, who, with Mrs. A. B. C. Bourke, had charge of the Ladies' Central Committee stall, brought flowers from "Arron Park," Bowral, including the exquisite Poeticus narcissus. Miss Brennan also made piles of jam, from the ubiquitous marmalade to the shyer shaddock, set in painted crockery, in duel with Mrs. Hare, who submerged her produce stall with still more piles. The Carlingford girls demonstrated their lace-making under the guidance of Miss Thelma MacCartie and Miss Dolly Bignold, joint secretaries, was another great success.

AFTER David Maddison had played the piano to Lady Harvey a year ago, Sir John Harvey took him on his knee, and, worn out with the excitement, the little fellow fell asleep. But he is six now, so nothing like that occurred at his first platform appearance.

impression on his chest throughout the whole afternoon!

IN a four-roomed cottage, innocent of roof doors, and windows, Professor Anderson Stuart fifty years ago began to lecture on bones borrowed from a Sydney medico, owing to the non-arrival of the ship carrying the medical school equipment. During the lecture the amused workmen lolled over the window-silla smoking and declaring it was indeed "the rummiest show they ever had seen." Then, in 1887, "My Medical School," or "Stuart's Folly" in the shape of a large and beautiful Gothic building, appeared in the University grounds. This week Sydney University celebrates not only the jubilee of the Faculty of Medicine, but the completion of still another medical building.

"I SAW a bit of stuff that looked like a rock, a slice of starfish, and a piece of a fish's backbone, on the desk, and, in desperation, wrote an essay on 'The Sex-history of a Polyposis,'" said Cyril Ritchard, speaking at the Gallery



SALOME, commonly known as "Sally," shakes hands with her mistress, Miss Nancy Stewart, daughter of Professor and Mrs. J. D. Stewart, in the garden of their home at Strathfield.

with the milk, now our tendency is to go out with it. If a ball begins at 8 p.m., nobody arrives until nine-thirty; if at nine, at ten-thirty, and so ad infinitum.

THIS was particularly apparent at the Air Force Ball at the Blackland Galleries. Arriving at eight o'clock as suggested on the invitation, we were warmly welcomed by the band, but otherwise sat in lonely state for an hour and a half. Then the special Air Force Band with due formality formed itself into line (time, twenty minutes), the carpet was unrolled across the floor (time, fifteen minutes), the Vice-Royal party arrived, and we were in the thick of everything. Apart from the bandman who had draped himself in a tiger-skin rug the red coats of the army men were conspicuously gay among the nine hundred present. The Governor and Lady Game, and other members of the large official party, spent much of the evening looking on at the passing show.

SNEAKING in a thought ahead of the surfing summer season, the Royal Motor Yacht Club, Rose Bay, had its opening races on Saturday afternoon, and its opening ball at the clubhouse the same night. First the afternoon, when about three hundred, the largest attendance for years, arrived to watch races they could just as well, though with less prestige, have seen from anywhere in Rose Bay. Very amusing people, yachtsmen. They handicap their races so that, as far as can be arranged, all boats will arrive home at the same moment.

YEARS ago, at the Domain Baths, before he ever thought of a stage career, Syd Beck used to stuff out his arms, walk up and down the spring-board, and be an "emu." Recently, with the help of Ella Shields, he made the disabled soldiers at "Graythwaite" laugh as much as the Domain swimmers used to.

A WONDERFUL time, and I got rid of my husband for a fortnight, was how a recent visitor to Furlough House, Narrabeen, expressed her thanks. The letter was read aloud at the annual meeting at Government House on Mon-

STOCKS and sweet peas from "Lodwell" were given by the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. R. C. Hagon, to decorate Lady Game's table at the Hospice Ball at Mark Foy's on Tuesday, and bouquets were donated by three different florists to Lady Game, the Lady Mayoress, and Mrs. M. J. Slattery (president), respectively. As our hair has now got quite beyond us, we decided to attend the ball and pick up a few hints. For the girls, we were told, were to have their hair specially dressed in the hope of winning a pair of silk stockings, or, if lucky enough to be chosen "Belle of the Ball" by Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard, a marcel wave. Also, for the prettiest pair of shoes in the room, a still prettier pair, imported French with lovely high heels, was promised. Unfortunately, we still look like a pen-wiper, nor are our feet improved.

WE admit in shame that under our very noses for a whole year the "Sponge Sandwich and Scone Championship of Sydney" has been going on, in a bi-weekly series of sponge sandwich and scone competitions throughout the suburbs, and we didn't know a thing about it. How it has all come out now is that we were invited to the "All Sydney" cabaret at the Wentworth on Wednesday, in aid of the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children, Darlington, when the prizes were to be presented. This year there were over 170 finalists to demonstrate their efficiency not only in cooking, but in barn-dancing, to have their horoscopes read, and generally have fun.

WE hate to think how the prize for the guessing competition on board the "Kitano Maru" this Thursday would look in some flats that we know, for it is a replica, in cake, about six feet high, of Sydney Town Hall. One supposes it will become the winner's cherished heirloom unless she is a bridge head, when, of course, it can soon be worked off in supper. As a rule, the cook prefers to make his cake a reproduction of the institution which will benefit from the ball, but it was felt that perhaps a Town Hall (the Lady Mayoress is president of the association) would look nicer than an anti-tuberculous institution in a drawing-room. Mrs. Bill Coyle and Mrs. M. E. Palmer, and Miss Miller, too, pro-

Miss Dorothy Moss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Moss, of Strathfield, who has announced her engagement to Mr. W. Wallington, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wallington, of South Hurstville.

IT is only on special occasions that Sir Philip Game wears his decorations; but, at the State Assembly on Monday, he honored New Zealand by being present at the Dominion ball with them. Owing to space restrictions it was not possible to dance in the vestibule, but the Maori gods, New Zealand silver fern, and the poi and haka dances provided pleasing "atmosphere." In fact, the organisers need not have worried about whether Lady Game would be interested, for she not only smiled, but laughed unreservedly throughout the haka. As the Younger Set has only been formed a few weeks there were a lot of friendships to be made at the party, although there were many well-known New Zealand folk present.

ROUND about race week many festivities group themselves every year. Mrs. Wilfrid Fairfax, Mary Harvey, Mrs. S. A. Smith, Mrs. Hunter White, Mrs.



MRS. J. C. LAUTENBACH accompanied her husband, Captain Lautenbach, on the homeward journey of the "Van Rees," and is the only woman aboard. She hopes to return to Australia next year.

ance, under the critical eyes of Rosemary Game and Rosemary Budge, at the Forum Club. Thinking he might get dirty coming all the way from Pymble, Mrs. Maddison dressed him hurriedly in town. David played a programme of Bach and Beethoven, an encore number of his own composition, received gifts of sweets and a balloon, then rushed to his mother to have a pin removed from his blouse which had literally been making a deep



BARBARA CHAPMAN, who, after completing two years at finishing schools abroad, is looking forward to her first attendance at a spring race meeting. She is the daughter of Mrs. G. Plomley, Double Bay.

Girls' party on Sunday last at Palling's upon "My Most Horrible Experience." That was how Cyril decided he would make a better actor than doctor. Madge Elliott was also present, Misha Burlakov danced a Javanese dance, Mr. Gilbert Unsworth gave some character studies, and Dorothy Purdy presented her play, "Roulette."

I WONDER if any count has ever been made of the daffodils that have come from Mr. Pitt's garden, Wentworth Falls? For many years past these beautiful flowers have been given by him to be sold for various charities, and hundreds of pounds have been raised in this way. On Monday yet another sale was held in the vestibule of the Theatre Royal, this time for the Blind Institution, William Street. It was arranged by Miss Lorraine Smith, Lady Matland, and her sister, Miss Cook.

THOUGH there will be many who will rejoice at the thought of a holiday overseas for Mrs. E. A. Thomas, there will be hundreds who will combine with their good wishes for the trip an inward fear for their own well-being. Among these will be the elderly gentlewomen at "Rosebank," the Church of England home at Glebe Point, for Mrs. Thomas has brought a tremendous amount of happiness into their lives. She has also been an untiring worker for many other church activities, including the Mothers' Union, the court work associated with it, and the Homes for Children, Carlingford. Mrs. Thomas plans to leave for England early in 1934.

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BLACKHEADS, OR ANY EMBARRAS-
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low tints may be very welcome as
a setting for moments, or hours,
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ing little item in the handbag,
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what an extra
thrill there
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the requisite
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touch for 13/6. It has a reliable
clasp as an added attraction, and
gleams in a multiplicity of shades.ONE of those desirable arrangements
that combines effect with utility is
this small floatbowl at 2/-. It forms an
admirable receptacle for those small
flowers that are so difficult to arrange.
It has a novelty centre that depicts the
cutest gnome under a mushroom of
handy dimensions.**Being the weekly
diary of Saide, a dis-
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fashion are full of intrigue, and
our ever resourceful cameraman
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infinitely more convincing than
my pen could essay.[T]S a clever little gadget that
lurks below, for it not only
proffers a cigarette, but the
wherewithal with which to light
it. The price of this lacquered
trifle is £2/10/-.FOR a slim white arm emerging
from a dainty spring gown,
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bracelet is de-
signed in erin-
old. The price
is 7/6, and the
shades may be
chosen at will
from a colorful
array.**£250 CASH
FREE**A mother living in Sydney sent a St. Margaret's
Lucky Christmas Card to her son who was
travelling. It was delivered to many towns, but
just missed him each time and had to be for-
warded on. Some of the towns are shown here.
Can you tell them?Read the meaning aloud, then write it down and
the name will become clear. Your solution can
win you any of the £250 in cash prizes next
month, and will also give you a chance of
winning prizes valued at £5000.**PLEASE READ THIS:****Cash Prizes**1st £100
2nd £50
3rd £25
25 at £1 . . £25
100 at 10/- . £50**TOTAL PRIZES****£250**Only six towns need be named, but pre-
ferences will be given to those with the
right answer.
Names must be filed in in the space pro-
vided.
The first prize of £100 will be awarded to
the competitor who sends in the correct
solution. A second prize of £50, third
£25, and the other 125 cash prizes will be
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rect solution.
In the event of a tie or ties, the judges
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representatives of the Press) reserve the
right to award extra points for sentence
and presentation, or make an award, but
only one prize or share of a prize will go
to one competitor or one household.
The judges' decision with regard to all
questions relating to the competition.whether before or after the award will be
final and legally binding. Competitors
can enter only on this distinct under-
standing. Any competitor competing
under a false or assumed name may be
disqualified.
No correspondence will be entered into
and no interview granted either during
or after the competition.
Each entry must be accompanied by a
postal note for 1/- and a stamped ad-
dressed envelope.
The correct solution has been placed in
the Safe Deposit in the results of the
Bank of New South Wales, and will be
opened in the presence of the judges.
Entries from this paper must be received
by 6 p.m. on October 23, 1933. Results
will be published in the "Sydney Morn-
ing Herald" on November 1. Full list of
winners posted to all competitors.**LUCKY XMAS CARD VALUED AT £5000**Every entrant will be given a special St. Margaret's Lucky Christmas Card, which
gives an opportunity of winning prizes valued at £5000. This is, in addition to the
£250 cash in the Competition. Only one Christmas Card will be given in any one entrant
or household.The Secretary, St. Margaret's Hospital,
Travellers' Trunk Competition, Desk W.W.L.
Box 2558H, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Here is a postal note for 1/-, with a stamped addressed envelope, and my solution of the Traveller's Trunk Competition.

1
2
3
4I agree to accept the Judges' decision as final and legally binding. Please send me the St. Margaret's Lucky Christmas
Card which may win me prizes valued at £5000.NAME STREET
TOWN STATEA special prize of £2/2/- will be awarded to the person who sends in the first correct solution opened from
this paper.**CLEVER IDEAS
HINTS FROM READERS
CLEVER IDEAS**TO STOP tomatoes from breaking up
when frying, sprinkle them lightly with
vinegar.—Mrs. C. S. Brown, Raymond
Terrace.WHEN RAKING the ashes from a
grate or a fireplace, hold a sheet of
newspaper in front with one hand while
cleaning the grate with the other. This
will create a draught, and the dust will
fly up the chimney instead of coming
into the room.—Mrs. V. Cantwell,
Victoria.WHEN COOKING rice, sago, tapioca,
oatmeal, or other cereals or grain, rub
the inside of the saucepan with butter
before putting in the water, and no
food will adhere to the pan.—Mrs. E.
Challenger, Hawthorn, Vic.DAMP BOOTS will take a polish
quickly if a few drops of kerosene are
added to the blacking. This will also
keep the leather free from cracks.—Miss
L. Kennedy, Strathfield.THIS FISH scaler is a great little
worker for housewives. Take a piece of
wood 12 inches long and 1 inch wide
(one of the children's old rulers will
do), tack two tops from sauce bottles to
one end. This simple idea will take much
of the unpleasantness from a task no
one likes.—A.P. Liddcombe.AFTER BUYING a new hair brush
it is a good plan to steep it in water
for about 24 hours. This will cause the
wood to swell, and after this process
the hairs will not fall from the brush
while it is being used.—Mrs. V. Cantwell,
Wattle Flat, Vic.IF FLY paper falls on furniture or
leather, face downwards do not try to
wash it off, but rub butter along the
surface and no harm will be done.—
Mrs. J. H. Allen, "Iona," Lake Ceredigion,
N.S.W.A PATTERNED dress or overall will
wash better if it is first soaked in water,
to which half a packet of epsom salts
has been added. Hang up the garment
without wringing and let it thoroughly
dry. Then wash in the ordinary way
and the colors will neither run nor
fade.—Miss Cook, Thornleigh.ALWAYS CUT
potatoes length-
ways to roast, and
they will cook much
quicker.—E. Moss, 7
Curtis Street,
Bacanbayan.WHEN BEANS
are cheap, get a
good supply and
prepare them as
for eating. Place
them on trays or
paper out in the
sun for a couple of
days, and then store them away in a
dry place in preparation for the time
when they are scarce and expensive.
Before using them, soak overnight and
cook as usual, and you will not be able
to tell the difference from beans just
picked.—Mrs. E. Little, Bathurst.A GREAT saving is effected in the
gas bill if persons would turn the gas
on very slowly when about to light it.
If it is turned on full and the light
applied it causes an explosion which
forces the gas in the pipe back to the
meter, giving the regulator wheels a
sudden shock; and the rebound sends
them on with renewed energy, for which
gas has to be paid for. This is a scientific
fact well worth considering.—Miss Bell,
20 Denning Street, Coogee.GIVE YOUR stocking-darner a coat
of white enamel. The white shows up
the holes clearly and makes night darning
less strain on the eyes.—Mrs. Fow-
ell, "Woodside," Castlemore Road,
Penrith.

The Old Gardener says—

Go NATIVE in Your GARDEN

"T'S a funny thing, Miss, but although your garden has a good assortment of flowers there isn't one which is not a foreigner to Australia. And it's the same with most people's gardens.

"The native flora don't get a look-in. That's why people are always going to the bush and spoiling the countryside by cutting these flowers from the fields. If they grew them in their own garden it would not be necessary.

"The Australian native flowers are very beautiful. They are not as showy as the more common foreign varieties, but they are much more lovely. Anyhow, that's what I think, Miss. . . other folks might think different. In the bush they do not always strike the eye, and city visitors who drive through the countryside often miss them altogether, but get out of your automobile and walk in the fields and you will be surprised at the variety of lovely flower folk hiding away in the grasses.

"Now, Miss, lend me that pencil for a minute and I will write down a list of native flowers you can grow in your garden quite easily. Here they are:

The Plannel Flower (Actinotus Helianthi), Christmas Bell (Blandfordia Nobilis), Spider Flower (Grevilla), Christmas Bush (Ceratopetalum Gummiferum), Red Bottlebrush (Callistemon Lanceolatus), Honey Flower (Lambertia Formosa), Heath (Epacris), Honey-suckle (Banksia), Five Corners (Styphelia), Fly Bush (Zeria Laevigata), Native Rose (Boronia Serrulata), Native Fuchsia (Correa Spicata), Yellow Dog Rose (Hibbertia Vulvula), Boronia Floribunda, Boronia Pinnata, Ice Cream (Scaevola Juncea), Geebung (Personia), Ten Corners (Stenanthemum Finicolum).

"You can get the seed from your nurseryman if you cannot gather it from the bush yourself.

"It's my honest opinion, Miss, that the best way to protect native flora . . . and, mind you, they are in grave danger of dying out . . . is to encourage people to grow these flowers in their own gardens.

"Australian flowers can be raised from seed very easily, Miss. If you are getting the seed yourself, and you can have a lot of fun doing this . . . gather the dying flowers, but not the dead ones. When you get home, put them in a paper bag and hang them up in a cool place. In a few days the pods will burst and they can then be passed through a fine sieve.

"Of course, you can only do this with small seeds. Larger kinds need different handling. Hard-coated seeds should be plunged into boiling water, and left to soak until it is cool, just before planting.

"Bony or wooden seeds should have their outside covering removed and should be planted immediately in case they get too dry. Some of the native flowers have winged seed. These must be collected before the pods burst.

Dear Fish Cause Boycott

The high price of fish in Australia has always been one of the worries of the housekeeper. With the surrounding oceans teeming with life, the better class of fish is retailed at prices beyond the reach of the poorer classes.

THE question has become a serious one in Sydney, where a boycott was declared of trawler fishhead by the Retail Fishmongers' Association.

Flathead are the bone of contention in New South Wales, and as there are two sides to every flathead there are also two sides of the dispute.

For the past eight weeks fish have been extremely scarce on the coast, and the trawler owners naturally expect a bigger price than when the fish are not so elusive.

The Retail Fishmongers' Association believed that the trawler people were holding back their supplies, and in support of their contention point out that big department stores in Sydney were advertising flathead at lower prices than obtain wholesale in the fish markets.

They want to find out where these supplies are coming from, and to this end they declared a boycott on trawler fishhead until the owners agreed to accept 32½ a large box (about 65 lbs.). This works out at about 1d. a lb.

The trawler owners are ignoring the boycott, which they consider is only a half-hearted one, and assert that they are clearing all their limited catches at 42/6 a box.

OSTERHOLM says: Shake the bottle, remove the stopper. Ah! My Waterbury Sauce has such an appetizing taste.***

otherwise they will be off and away on the breeze.

"Sure I can give you the names of some of those, Miss. . . Hakea, Waratah, and Xylomelum.

"Sow your native seed in boxes, Miss, in bush mould, or finely-sifted soil. Be careful to have plenty of drainage, cinders, pieces of broken pots, old grass or lumps of cow manure in the bottom of the box. Drainage is an important factor. . . have lots of holes bored in the boxes.

"When the plants are large enough to handle, set them out into places where it is well drained. Dig a hole and fill in with good natural soil mixed with burnt wood ash, gradually increasing the fertility of the soil in a way that will not hurt the young plants. To increase fertility add well-rotted cow manure, a little blood and bone, and leaf mould.



EVERY WEEK and every function seems to bring to light another charming Australian girl. This is Miss Edna Starat, of Sydney, who has just celebrated her 21st birthday.



BRAINWAVES!

(Conducted by L. W. LOWER, who awards 10/- each for the best entry each week, and 1/- each for others used).

MISTRESS (angrily): In the time it takes to tell you to do the work I could do it myself.

Maid: Yes'm, and in the time it takes me to listen to you, so could I!

SON: Dad, what is bankruptcy?

Dad: Bankruptcy, my son, is when a man puts his money in his trousers pocket and lets his creditors take his coat.

10/- prize to Mrs. J. H. Allen, "Iona," Lake Cargelligo, N.S.W.

PROUD Suburban Dame: You know my husband plays the organ.

Depressed Acquaintance: Well, if things don't improve my husband will have to get one, too.

EDITOR: Why, my dear sir, this con-founded stuff is not poetry. It's just an escape of gas.

Young Poet: Ah! Something wrong with the metre?

FIRST Actress: Before I was half-way through the audience was sitting there open-mouthed.

Second Actress: Oh, nonsense! They never yawn all at once.

JONES: I would not dream of treating my dog like I saw Smith treating his wife!

Brown: What was he doing?

Jones: Kissing her!

CHILD: What was the name of the last station we stopped at, Mummy?

Mother: I don't know. Don't bother me, I'm reading.

Child: Well, it's rather a shame you don't know the name of that station, 'cos our little Jimmy got out there.



NEAR YOUR EYES
Little wrinkles here are danger signals — youth needs guarding.



AT YOUR MOUTH
Here's the place for finely etched lines — smooth them away with supercreamed Lux Toilet Soap.



YOUR NOSE
Watch carefully for blackheads and large pores — thorough cleansing will prevent them.



YOUR THROAT
Dry skin will wrinkle while you are still young — supercreamed soap nourishes the skin.



Youthful loveliness need not fade...

Use LUX Supercreamed TOILET SOAP and the years cannot steal your youth!

Whether you are 20, 30 or 40, it is the age of your skin that counts—not your birthdays. You have the charm and freshness of youth if your face is smooth and soft, free from tiny lines and drawn, ageing skin.

Now is the time to make up your mind to keep your skin young—don't wait for the years to leave their mark. Lux Toilet Soap is supercreamed to protect the soft, youthful contour of your face, to check lines and wrinkles, to smooth out the ones that may be there.

Your skin needs the supercreaming of Lux Toilet Soap. This is the name of a special process of blending skin cream into the soap as it is made. This wonderful cream is readily absorbed by the skin and has the same effect as the natural oils. These oils keep the skin soft and unlined, but they tend to dry out as the years go by and then there's the danger of wrinkles. That is why your skin needs the regular, twice-daily creaming that Lux Toilet Soap gives.

THE SCREEN STARS ARE WISE IN THE WAYS OF BEAUTY

They choose Lux Toilet Soap because its supercreaming guards youth.



Beautiful Evelyn Brent keeps her skin exquisitely smooth and young. This is her advice, "To keep youth, guard complexion beauty, use gentle, soothing Lux Toilet Soap regularly as I do."



Pretty Sidney Fog has the sparkling loveliness of youth. She says, "I want to keep youthful charm. Lux Toilet Soap because it keeps my skin smooth and soft."

Only a thoroughly pure soap could be so white!

The finest, purest of ingredients are used to make this luxurious soap—the slightest impurity would show in its flawless whiteness. You'll love its delightful perfume, too—like the scent of flowers on the wind.



LUX Toilet Soap (SUPERCREAMED)

Keeps the skin free from wrinkles

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED

8120-8



"Young brains
and bodies
get tired
too!"



Prices at Chemists and
Stores in Capital Cities
in the Commonwealth.
3/- and 5/3 a bottle.

CHILDREN, like parents, have a hard job these days in keeping "up to the mark." So many lessons, so much sport, and then homework to be done at night, when young bodies and brains are often weary. When children are nervy and tired, nothing is better for them, nothing safer, than Clements Tonic — the great natural restorative that feeds the blood and nervous system. Read what this mother has to say about it.

"Good for Children When
Lessons Worry Them"

Nelson, N.Z., Jan. 29, 1933
"Just now I am giving Clements Tonic to my children. It is so good for them if their lessons worry them at all, even if they only take a dose at night or going to bed."

—(Mrs.) D.H.

(Original letter on file for inspection)

For "Nerves," Lassitude and Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Loss of Energy, take Clements Tonic without delay.

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4-203

Science Wins!

A
LAXATIVE
must be
GENTLE
to be safe
for a
WOMAN!



• Your system needs a laxative! A gentle, efficient laxative that will lubricate the entire body. Avoid pills, salts and ordinary purgatives. Their action is too severe. Instead, take Lubri-Lax, a preparation containing Petrolatum. In a natural manner, Lubri-Lax produces a regular, gentle bowel activity. It keeps the system clean... It is safe... it is the only lubricating laxative, and doctors recommend it.

SECURE A JAR TO-DAY!

BEWARE!
Ask for Lubri-Lax by name—
avoid all substitutes.

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OBTAINABLE AT
ALL CHEMISTS AND
STORES.

2/- and 2/9
per jar.

For SUN-SPLASHED Windows



*Curtains of Color, Freshness
and Charm... Curtains that
You can Make ever so Easily,
and so Cheaply!*

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

Curtains are the most fascinating things about a house. I love the way they flutter so gaily in the breeze when we roll up the shades and open our rooms to the sun... the way they lend dignity and beauty, or feminine charm, to rooms when the sun goes down, and softly-shaded lights shed their gentle radiance.

CURTAINS for spring! Sheer curtains, gay curtains, frilly curtains, luxurious curtains. The possibilities are endless; and the gorgeous materials showing in the shops just now make you want to toss aside the heavier kinds and drape your windows with the lightest, gayest, filmy curtains in keeping with the season and fashion.

If you will glance at the accompanying sketches, you will note the fascinating variety in treatment and type. We will take each one in turn, commencing with No. 1 window, on the top left.

For the Lounge

THEATRICAL gauze is so charming that you feel like having it in every place possible. It is being used more and more to-day in Australia for summery curtains of every description. A natural shade was chosen for the curtains of window No. 1, which are finished at the top with a casing and frill, and at the bottom with a deep border of moss green.

For the Bathroom

BATHROOM curtains come in for their share of attention during the spring season, and the smartest ones you could wish for are shown in window No. 2.

Make them of some stiff material in any color you desire, but make them in two sections. A half-inch hem is used at the sides, and a deep four-inch one for the bottom of each section. The upper curtain is finished at the top with

a casing and frill, and the hem hangs over the top of the lower one.

For the Breakfast Room

THE clever, yet so simply made, organdie curtains displayed in No. 3 window are carried out in a three-shaded ombre effect. Of course, the lightest shade is at the top. They are made of three flounces of organdie, each cut one and a half times fuller than that above it.

Before attaching one flounce to another, turn up on the right side a half inch of the material to which it is applied, so that the under side will have a neat finish. The gathered section, finished at the top with a cord, is set on over the turned back hem.

The Young Girl's Room

THE inevitable choice for the young girl's room will be dainty organdie curtains in pastel shades, like those in window No. 4. The clever pointed trimming is simply made by folding a number of two-inch squares of the material diagonally, overlapping them slightly and sewing them along the raw edge. Turn up a narrow hem on the right side of the curtain and insert the trimming carefully finish with ties as shown.

For Bedroom or Dining-room

SHEER nets are exquisite for window draping. The ones shown in No. 5 window are especially attractive. The curtains are of cream net, and the valance is of taffeta. All the edges on

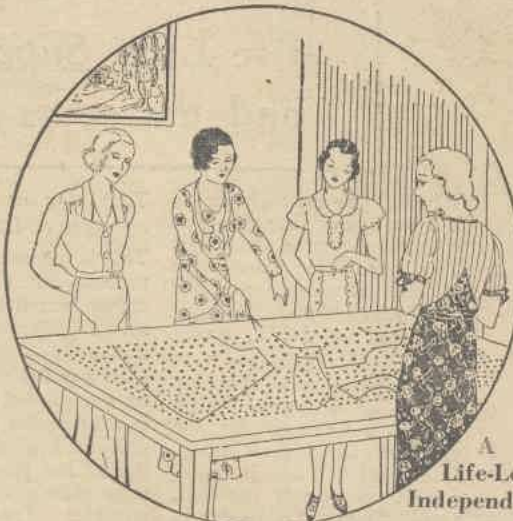


*Simplicity,
plus charm, is
exemplified in
the arrangement of the sheer sum-
mery curtains illustrated above.
Note also the five new and delight-
ful ideas for curtains. Read the
article for descriptions.*

both materials are finished by pleating. The net for the ruffles should be cut eight or nine inches wide, which allows for the seam and pleating. A good fullness for ruffles should be allowed. This takes away any meagre look from the finished job. The tie-backs are also of net, with narrow ruffled edges.

The curtains are tied high, as you will note. The taffeta valance, of a color to harmonize with the room in which they are used, is finished at the top with soft box pleats. These curtains have a beauty and dignity that makes them correct with the more formal furniture, as well as the luxurious variety.

A Profession Every Woman Needs



A
Life-Loss
Independence

There's Money for Ladies who
can cut and make Stylish clothes

JUST THINK! How much you could SAVE making your own clothes!
How much you could EARN making clothes for others!

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GUARANTEE SUCCESS OR REFUND MONEY
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Address
If you want Postal Instruction, place cross here
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SYDNEY—Canberra House,
Box 2424 MBL, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Manchester
Unity Building,
Box 282, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE—Shell House,
Box 219, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Courier Building,
Box 1219, G.P.O.
PERTH—Orient Line Building,
Box 482, G.P.O.



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RABBIT
and all kinds of skins
dyed to latest shades
and dressed and
made into smart
Chokers, Coats and
Hats, at lowest
prices. 1 FOX SKIN
DRESSED, DYED, AND
MADE UP READY-TO-
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NETTLEBERG'S
Old Established Furriers.
COR. ELIZABETH AND BOURKE
STREETS, MELBOURNE, CL.



WX151—Sports frock of white pique with contrasting jacket. There is a panel right down the front of this frock. Material required, four yards of 36-inch for frock and one and three-eighths yards of 36-inch for jacket. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX152—Dainty summer frock of crepe-de-chine with frilling round skirt, sleeves, and collar. Material required, four and three-quarters yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX153—Smart frock of figured cotton material and short coat of the same material as the contrasting bodice. Material required, three and a quarter yards 36-inch for jacket and bodice, and two and three-eighths yards 36-inch for frock. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX154—Smart frock of figured linen with collar and sleeve pieces of organdie. Material required, four and a half yards 36-inch, and five-eighths yard 36-inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX156—Silk taji sports frock with contrasting revers of plain organdie. Material required three and three-quarters yards 36-inch, and half a yard contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



WX157—The latest craze, Black Linen, is illustrated in this neat little sports frock which is panelled back and front. Material required, three and a half yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



WX158

WX159



WX160

WX162

WX162—Organna blouse with magyar sleeves. The front neck piece and the sleeves are trimmed with pleated trimming. Material required, two and seven-eighths yards 36-inch, and one and three-quarters yards of pleating. To fit a 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX161—Linen skirt with two box-pleats in back and front. Material required, three and one-eighth yards 36-inch. To fit size 40-inch hips. Width at hem, two and three-eighths yards. Other sizes, 36, 38, 42 and 44-inch hips. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

OUR Fashion Service presents a delightful selection of ensembles for outdoor wear. There are street suits and sports frocks that would be charming in the new washing fabrics, which look so effective and launder so well.

For the small girl there are two dainty wee frocks with quaint fastenings to lend interest, while the lad's suit is a serviceable tailored affair.

The blouse pattern at right shows a very smart sleeve treatment that is quite new this season, and a tailored skirt of slimming line is a further useful suggestion.

Our free pattern is just that type of useful frock for the girl in her teens. Softly falling short sleeves and an unusual rever on the collar are the attractive notes of the frock, which is cut to fit girls between the ages of twelve and fourteen years. All hems and seams must be allowed for in the cutting.

WX159—Child's easy to iron frock of white pique. This frock opens out flat, being simply tied at the front and not stitched down in any way. Material required, one and three-quarter yards of 36-inch. To fit size 6-8 years. Other sizes, 4-6 and 8-10 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9/1d.**

FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon, free patterns may be obtained on personal application at our offices as follows:—
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 221 Pitt Street.
MELBOURNE: "The Age" Building, 230 Collins Street.
 When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and stamp for postage to the following address only:—
 Pattern Dept. The Australian Women's Weekly, G.P.O. Box 406W, Sydney.

Name
 Address
 Pattern Coupon, 30/9/33.

Our Stock Pattern

FROM our service department this week we illustrate a well-cut pair of bloomers. This pattern is one that will always be exceedingly useful, for it is designed to give just that flare that ensures the longest wear.

Take advantage of our pattern department. It comprises a complete range of all these garments that are in constant demand, such as baby's layette, pyjamas, dressing-gown, schoolgirl's tunic and blouse, boys' knickers and shirtwaist.

Just write in for the pattern of an every-day garment you are wanting. Our patterns ensure economical cutting and satisfactory results. The price of stock patterns is 9/1d for sizes to fit 12 years and under, and 1/1 for sizes over 12.

WX160—Boy's tweed suit consisting of jacket and trousers. Material required, one and a half yards of 54-inch. To fit 6-8 years. Other sizes, 6-10 and 10-12 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9/1d.**

WX55 (Stock Pattern)—Ladies' full bloomers with gusset. Material required, one and three-quarters yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



An informal study of Jocelyn Howarth, who has scored a signal success in her initial screen appearance as Joan Enderby in "The Squatter's Daughter." (Below) Jocelyn Howarth and Grant Lindsay, who is cast as Wayne Ridgeway.

"The SQUATTER'S DAUGHTER" Depicts TYPICAL Australian

Undulating plains and the delicate LIFE tracery of bush trees silhouetted against the skyline, the droving of sheep in the open country and the shearing in the sheds, the humor so characteristic of the Australian bushman, and the tragedy that is ever in the offing, are vividly portrayed in "The Squatter's Daughter."

A desperate fight against the encroaching, consuming bush fire, and the luxury of a gorgeous swimming pool, followed by an hilarious dance at "Waratah," present a striking contrast typical of the extremes of life outback.

By SAIDE PARKER

CINESOUND STUDIOS have given us a film that is more than an item of entertainment; it is a very fine exposition of life on an Australian sheep station, or rather on two neighboring stations, "Waratah" and "Enderby."

Each comprises a pleasant and essentially comfortable homestead, with acres and acres of the most picturesque country one can imagine. It forcibly refutes the semi-civilised aspect of Australian life that we are led to believe is the common conception of it in England. At the general rally at "Waratah," when "Ironbark," its grand old host, has summoned his neighbors to meet Mr. Carlisle, a visitor from England, the afternoon diversions at the swimming pool are worthy of the best traditions of Hollywood. At the succeeding party that night one sees typical Australian men wearing evening dress without giving the impression that they are uneasy regarding the propriety of their starched shirt-front. The girls, too, are charmingly frocked, and walk and dance with delightful poise.

The story centres round Joan Enderby's struggle against heavy odds to retain the property which her father has bequeathed to her and her crippled brother. Jocelyn Howarth, as Joan, is very appealing, both as the practical bush girl in riding kit and as she appears at the party in a very smart even-

ing gown of silver lame. Owen Ainsley, as the crippled brother, Jimmy, who is forced to leave the major share of responsibility to his sister, is excellent throughout.

At "Waratah," the adjoining property, a conspiracy between the owner's son and Fletcher, the unscrupulous manager, aims to drive the Enderbys from their beloved homestead. The advent of a handsome stranger, Wayne Ridgeway, played by Grant Lindsay, is met with deep suspicion and a belligerent manner by the fair Joan. Ridgeway, however, contrary to the fabled idea, is a sheep in wolf's clothing, and eventually takes the war, so to speak, into the enemy's camp by going to "Waratah" and seeking employment.

The unexpected return of the owner of "Waratah" throws a further spanner into the works, for the grand old man of the bush, affectionately known as "Ironbark Andy," would not give the slightest consideration to any scheme against the interests of his neighbors.

"Ironbark" (W. Lane-Bayliff) becomes blind, and by this means is able to gather very vital facts regarding the movements afoot. Just how he foils the machinations of his son and manager form a dramatic and utterly unexpected denouement.

The dauntless Joan, in the meantime, has received an excellent offer for 3000

hands to drive the mob some hundred miles across the bush. Pursued by the flames of a bush fire, the girl endeavors to reach the river, and, when it seems that it is utterly impossible to save the sheep, she sends one of her men ahead, and, with the remaining two, embarks on a desperate attempt to beat back the flames.

"IRONBARK" arrives with timely aid, summoned from neighboring properties, and eventually, after further heart burnings, in which Jimmy Enderby and his fiancée, Wayne Ridgeway, Fletcher, and last, but most heroic of all, Bidgee, the kelpie, are involved, the sheep are saved.

Character roles by Dorothy Dunkley, Katie Towers, and Fred MacDonald provided incidental humor throughout the story. Claude Turton, as an Afghan hawker, and Cath. Ester, as Zeinah, his daughter, in love with Jimmy Enderby, added to the drama.

The final scene depicts Joan and Wayne strolling down a laneway lined with delicate peach blossom. They pause, and Wayne slips a diamond ring on an unprotesting finger. Together they will own both "Waratah" and "Enderby."

"I will want some young chaps to help me," says Wayne, with a grin. With a mischievous smile, Joan replies softly, "I suppose you could advertise for them, Wayne."

PRIVATE VIEWS

Films are seen by our critics at trade screenings arranged by film distributors. The reviews, therefore, sometimes appear on this page considerably in advance of releases in metropolitan theatres in the various States.

"THE LODGER"

A PARTICULARLY weird character is Ivor Novello in "The Lodger," and a superb actor. Throughout the whole picture Novello gives the impression of being the notorious insane criminal who kills women in the most outrageous ways. Everything points to his being the criminal and he lets you suspect him all the time. Whenever he leaves Mr. Buntington's residence in the middle of the night a murder is committed. Elizabeth Allen takes the part of a telephoneist, who is chased about by Jack Hawkins, a budding reporter. But Elizabeth Allen's affections are elsewhere. She is in love with Ivor Novello. A remarkable thing about the picture is the implicit faith Elizabeth Allen places in Novello. Although arrested for being the terrible criminal he escapes, and plans to meet her at the dead of night in the middle of the park. How any girl could go alone to such a secluded spot is a mystery, but to meet a suspected insane murderer, who it is known is a victim to sudden impulses to kill, well, is amazing! The picture is one succession of horrors, and is much too long. A touch of humor is added to the picture by A. W. Baskcombe, who takes the part of Mr. Buntington. Barbara Everest is also in the cast, and plays the role of Mrs. Buntington.—British Dominion Films.

"HALLELUJAH, I'M A TRAMP"

PATHELO, yet most amusing in places, is "Hallelujah, I'm a Tramp" with Al

for by Al Jolson, who in the meantime gets a job in a bank. All goes well till one night Jolson takes Morgan home in an inebriated state. Morgan confides in Jolson, telling him of his love for Madge Evans. Poor Jolson is broken-hearted, and takes Morgan to her. On seeing him, Madge Evans miraculously regains her memory, and rushes to his outstretched arms. Jolson makes a sad exit from the scene, leaving Morgan and Madge Evans in fond embrace. The last time the audience sees Jolson he is back on the road with his gang, heartily singing "Hallelujah, I'm a Tramp."

Chester Conklin adds to the humorous side of the picture. He is the man who picks up old newspapers in the park with a long stick. The picture on the whole is excellent entertainment, but towards the end drags a little. There is no doubt about it—Jolson in these sort of roles is a superlative artist.—United Artists.

"WHEN LADIES MEET"

THE settings in "When Ladies Meet" range from a millionaire's boathouse to a rambling and picturesque remodelled farm house. Ann Harding and Robert Montgomery have the co-starring roles and the other principals are Myrna Loy, Alice Brady, and Frank Morgan. The acting is of the highest order, with the speech of all a joy to the ear—soft, clear, and distinct. The photography, too, is a triumph. But, surmounting everything, is the story—tensely dramatic from the first flash to the final fade-out, without the suggestion of a departure from possible, real-life events.

Alice Brady will be remembered from the old days of the silent films, but throughout her career she has certainly never been more successful in any role than she is as the excitable friend with the heart of gold and tongue of quicksilver.

The story reveals an entirely new conception of the eternal triangle, and, though the girl whom recent legal procedure would no doubt designate the inter-esser, and the wife are both sorely distressed, it is the man who eventually pays. He is revealed as a trier whose affections consequently lose all value for either



ANN HARDING and Robert Montgomery, co-starring in "When Ladies Meet."

Jolson in the role of a tramp. Madge, wife or girl friend. Robert Montgomery has a misunderstanding with Frank Morgan, and endeavors to end her life by jumping over a bridge. Al Jolson goes to her rescue, a desperate struggle ensues, after which Jolson manages to wade ashore with Madge Evans in his arms. As a result of the incident Madge Evans loses her memory, and is cared

for by Al Jolson, who in the meantime gets a job in a bank. All goes well till one night Jolson takes Morgan home in an inebriated state. Morgan confides in Jolson, telling him of his love for Madge Evans. Poor Jolson is broken-hearted, and takes Morgan to her. On seeing him, Madge Evans miraculously regains her memory, and rushes to his outstretched arms. Jolson makes a sad exit from the scene, leaving Morgan and Madge Evans in fond embrace. The last time the audience sees Jolson he is back on the road with his gang, heartily singing "Hallelujah, I'm a Tramp."

ISABEL ELSOM Tells Us of NOEL COWARD

"IN those days," said Miss Elsom, "he was a very serious young man indeed. He felt that he would never be able to accomplish anything worth while, for he was quite convinced that no one would ever take him seriously."

"I think that bitterness—though that is perhaps too strong a word to use in connection with such a delightful fellow—has served to sharpen his naturally brilliant wit, and its influence is apparent in all his dialogue."

"You know he really has an inordinate sense of humor and some delightful stories are told of him. For instance, when his first play, 'The Young Idea,' opened, he sent two tickets to Bernard Shaw. That gentleman wrote a brief note in reply to the effect that, as he and Mrs. Shaw were leaving for the South of France for two weeks, he was afraid he would not have an opportunity to see the show. When the show had been running for four months Mr. Coward sent four tickets to Mr. Shaw with the following invitation, 'Do come along and bring all your friends!'"

Miss Isabel Elsom, the famous English star, who recently came to Australia under engagement to J. C. Williamson Ltd., is tall and fair with a softly modulated voice that is very charming. Her association with Noel Coward has extended over a period of years, dating from the days when the now famous actor and playwright was seen in very small parts, an inconspicuous juvenile of some eighteen summers.

ling in the East who, on being shown the various and varied accommodation offered by a certain boarding-house keeper, looked askance at the beds? The latter urged their claims to utter cleanliness, 'I should think that bed is clean, why Noel Coward slept in it two weeks ago!'"

"I thoroughly enjoyed playing in a Coward role. One finds oneself completely lost to everything but the part. They can be a touch too realistic. Last week, in our fight at the end of the first act of 'Private Lives,' I found myself with a lump like a pigeon's egg on my forehead and two lovely black eyes next day!"

"Just the same, I am a tremendous admirer of Coward's work, and look forward each night to playing the roles."

Leading To Your Partner's CALL in BRIDGE

By FRANK CAYLEY

Any player who consistently leads the highest card of a suit named by his partner must submit to the indignity of being classed as a novice.

I REALISE that, in making this statement, I risk offending, or at least wounding, the pride of many allegedly good players, but it is high time somebody took the risk—so here goes.

The principles I am about to expound apply equally to auction or contract.

Good bridge players do not always lead the highest of their partner's suit, because they know it to be a losing proposition. Let us suppose the spade suit to be distributed thus:—

S: K 8 2				N. E. S: A J 10 4			
				S.			
				S: Q 9 6			

Now, if East had called spades and had been over-called with a higher bid by South, what should West lead?

Observe the result of leading out the king. South must make a trick with the queen.

Now see what happens if West leads correctly and plays the two of spades. East wins with the ace and returns the jack. If South covers, the king is played and the declarer cannot win a trick in the suit. If South does not cover, then the jack wins and the queen loses to the king on the next lead.

Do not lead the highest of your partner's suit when holding three or more cards headed by one of the four top honors. Keep your high card until the lead comes through the declarer.

With only two cards of the suit, lead your highest, and do the same when holding three small ones. With a four-card length, the fourth best is usually advisable.

There are, of course, certain exceptions. With an honor sequence such as Q J 10 4, lead the top of touching honors.

It does not matter very much whether the bid is a suit or no trumps; but in the former case it is not advisable to lead a low card from ace and several small cards. Lead the ace in a suit call, but the small card in no trumps.

Now lay out the following hands (a genuine deal):—

S: 10 8 5 4				N. E. S: 7 3 2			
H: K J 8				H: A 7 6			
D: Q 9 4				D: 8 7			
C: K Q J				C: 10 9 7 6 2			

S: K 9.
H: 4.
D: A J 10 6 5 3.
C: A 8 5 3.

The bidding went as follows, both sides being vulnerable:—

SOUTH. WEST.		NORTH.		EAST.	
1 D		1 H		2 N.T.	
3 D		Pass.		3 N.T.	
Pass.		Pass.		Pass.	

East has to lead, and, presumably, will open his partner's suit. If he selects the ace, North-South make "three no-trumps" with ease. If he plays a small card (the six), North-South will go down five tricks. Work it out for yourself and see.

It is regretted that questions cannot be answered by post.

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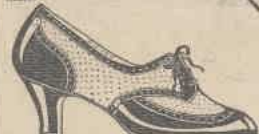
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On the stage Miss INCE STANGE in expression like dances with Corps de Ballet, also Albert Casson and Concert orchestra playing "Famous English Melodies."

PICNIC Days are HERE AGAIN!

How eagerly we Australians, big and little, grasp the first opportunity, seize upon any excuse for a picnic! And now that days are lengthening, with Old Sol getting stronger—and summer, after all, not so very far away—well . . . !

Here are well-planned suggestions for those who go by car, train, or launch, for those who love to stretch their limbs a-hiking in the warm sunshine, and some excellent tips for all bush lovers who delight in billy tea and a chop or two, with potatoes baked in ashes.

WHEN motoring it is an easy thing to pack hampers and cases with food, while skillet saucepans, as well as a small stove, can be brought along to cook a hot meal in a few minutes. To save time and trouble and be in readiness for any emergency outing, it would be a good plan to equip a case with durable and light knives, forks, salt and pepper shakers, plates and cups which will not rust or break.

For those who travel by train, tram, or launch, it is as well to choose light suitcases that can be easily and lightly packed. These days one can purchase at a low cost parchment cups, plates, forks and spoons, salt and pepper shakers, paper serviettes, cloths, and greaseproof paper, also air-tight, waxed paper to wrap foods—all of which can be destroyed when used.

Every true Australian delights in an open fire. When potatoes are baked in the ashes, and chops, steak, or sausages are held on a green stick over the fire, one experiences a delightful sense of adventure. Billy tea "à la Australian" is really one of the chief reasons why we've wandered so far from home. Of course you know how to place your billy on two stones with the fire between; that a couple of green twigs placed across the top will prevent the smoke from getting to the water; and that the tea (preferably in a bag) should be inserted the moment the water starts to boil briskly.

Bushmen drop it in, return the lid or sticks, and allow it to stand in a warm spot for three or four minutes. Then, with a stick, give the billy three sharp raps on the side to settle the tea leaves.

Tips For The Hiker

CHOCOLATE is a food, and can be substituted for pudding. Fruit salad can be taken in a small carton or glass jar with a good top. A lettuce leaf or two wrapped round your sandwiches keeps them perfectly fresh, and may

then be eaten as a salad. Nuts and dried fruits are both nourishing foods which can be easily carried whole without much trouble. See that all food is quite fresh and carefully wrapped in greaseproof paper.

Some Helpful Suggestions

Pack in your hamper the salad ingredients and fillings for sandwiches; bread already cut and wrapped in waxed paper; then everyone can help.

Take biscuits instead of bread. They



POTATOES in their jackets, baked in ashes, are just delicious. Cut open as shown, add pepper and salt, a dab of butter, and allow this to melt before eating.

make nice canapes with a savory mixture piled on top.

Home-made Aberdeen sausage (see recipe), to serve with lettuce, celery, potatoes, tomatoes, radishes, and cress, with the mayonnaise in a jar.

Fricassee Chicken

Chicken, 1 onion, 1 carrot, parsley, peppercorns, salt, lemon.

Disjoint the chicken, put into a saucepan with sufficient water to cover, with the onion, salt, peppercorns, a piece of lemon-rind, and carrot, and boil. Then simmer until tender. Lift out. Strain the liquor and add 1 cup milk to 1½ cups of stock. Blend 2 tablespoonsful flour with cold milk to make into a paste; then add to stock and milk. Stir until it boils and simmer 5 minutes. Return the meat to saucepan, add the chopped parsley and 1 tablespoonful lemon juice. Pack this into a vacuum flask, or put into a billy, and reheat when needed.

By MARGARET SHEPHERD



FRESH AIR and sunshine, nourishing and festive food—picnic days are here again! Read the article on this page, and plan for the day.

Aberdeen Sausage

One pound lean steak, ½ lb. bacon, 2 cups bread-crumbs, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon Worcester sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, ½ onion, salt, pepper, olives, gherkins (if liked).

Put the steak and bacon through a mincer, also the onion. Add the breadcrumbs, beaten egg, finely chopped olives, gherkins, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well together, and turn on to a floured cloth, sausage shape. Tie at both ends. Put into a boiler, cover with boiling water, and cook gently for 2 hours. Remove cloth and cover with crisp, brown breadcrumbs. Serve cold.

Spice Fruit Cake

Three-quarters pound flour, ½ lb. butter, 1 lb. sugar, ½ packet spice, 8 eggs, 1 teaspoonful carbonate soda, 2oz. lemon peel, ½ lb. currants, ½ lb. sultanas, 1 gill milk.

Beat eggs well. Prepare the cake tin, lining sides and bottom with greaseproof paper. Cream butter and sugar; add eggs, one at a time, mixing well; then milk, followed by sifted flour and soda, alternating with fruit. Put into tin and bake in a moderate oven 1½ hours. This picnic cake carries well.



THIS DELICIOUSLY flavored Aberdeen sausage can be cut into slices and eaten with buttered bread, or served with salad. (See recipe.)

Spread on bread or dry biscuits, and top with slices of tomato, sprinkled with pepper and salt.

Cream Cheese and Ginger

Quarter cup finely chopped crystallized ginger, ½oz. cream cheese, salt and pepper to taste, cream.

Mix cheese with a fork, add salt and pepper to taste, and enough cream to soften. Then add the finely chopped ginger. Mix well. Pile on buttered biscuits or bread.

Picnic fare should be well balanced, for there must be a certain amount of real nourishing food provided, while at the same time something rather festive is usually expected.



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We, therefore, invite you to come along and see our Special Hot Water Section—wherein practically all the leading makes of gas-operated water heaters may be seen in actual operation. If you are unable to call, and would like information or advice on these, or any other gas appliances, please 'phone our Showroom Supervisor (M.6503).

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Winners in the Best Recipe Competition

For variety, economy, and versatility in cookery Australian women are outstanding—judging by the recipes which have literally poured into the homecraft section of The Australian Women's Weekly this week.

THE judging was no easy task—they all seemed so good. But FIVE £1 prizes had to be awarded. Next week YOU may be one of the Big Five. You can enter this popular contest to-day! Here are this week's five £1 winners:—

SYLVIA SPONGE CAKE

Four eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup s.r. flour, 1 teaspoonful butter, 4 table-spoonful boiling water, essence of lemon or vanilla.

Prepare sandwich tins ready for use. Beat eggs and sugar together for 20 minutes, add self-raising flour, and, lastly, butter dissolved in boiling water.

Cook in a good oven for 20 minutes. When cool, add filling of whipped cream and jam. This is a deliciously light sponge.

£1 prize to Mrs. M. Hennessy, High Street, Prahran, Victoria.

CARAMEL BANANAS

Six bananas, 1 cup brown sugar, 3 table-spoonful cream, 3 dessert-spoonful butter, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, extra ½ pint cream.

Peel the bananas, split them lengthwise, and place in a hollow serving dish. Make a caramel sauce by cooking the sugar, cream, and butter until thick. Remove from the fire, add vanilla, and pour over the bananas. Immediately before serving, when the caramel sauce has cooled, cover with the whipped cream, flavored with vanilla.

£1 prize to Mrs. I. S. Ashcroft, Bathurst Street, Liverpool.

DELICIOUS MEAT DISH

You can use the cheaper cuts of steak or chops and make them tasty and tender this way—Two pounds meat, 2 table-spoonful vinegar, 1 heaping table-spoonful each of sugar and mustard, 1½ table-spoonful flour or cornflour, salt and pepper to taste, 1½ cups of water. Mix the flour, mustard, sugar, and salt to a smooth paste with a little of the water, then add the remainder of the water and the vinegar. Place the meat in a pie-dish, pour the mixture over it, dust with pepper, and allow to stand for 1½ hours. Then bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour. I have often cooked the steak or chops in an enamel saucepan over a gentle fire instead of in the stove. Serve very hot, with the liquid in which the meat was cooked poured over. This is a delicious way of cooking meat, and

£5 in Prizes Again Next Week!

HERE'S your opportunity to win one of the big prizes in this most interesting and exciting competition.

Five £1 prizes are offered each week.

Simply send us what you consider to be your best recipe or "dish" most favored by the family. Address your Entry: The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney, and marked "Best Recipe Competition."

You may be a winner next week.

gives quite a Continental touch to the meal.

£1 prize to J. Paynton, Garden Street, Hawthorn, Vic.

SPICED APPLE PUDDING

Two apples, cut into dice, 1 lb. currants, 2oz. sultanas, 2oz. candied peel, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 1 table-spoonful brown sugar, 1 table-spoonful raspberry jam, 1 cup water.

Mix all ingredients in basin and let stand for 1 hour. Now grease pudding basin with good dripping, and sprinkle thickly with brown sugar. Line basin with good pastry, leaving enough to cover top. Steam 1 to 1½ hours. Serve with boiled custard.

£1 prize to Mrs. C. M. Marsh, Davidson Avenue, North Strathfield.

GOLDEN APPLE DUMPLING

Take a large apple, cut it in half, and scoop out the whole of the core. Fill this hollow with marmalade, put the apple together again, and place it in a surround of nice suet crust. Spread a little more marmalade round the apple, then cover the whole again with paste. Tie in a pudding-cloth and boil for 1½ hours. This makes a tempting change from the ordinary apple dumpling.

£1 prize to Mrs. V. Cantwell, Wattle Flat, Victoria.

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MRS. A. Mather: Is that another new hat you're wearing?

MRS. J.: And just you wait till you see the frock I bought to go with it!

MRS. S.: Wherever do you get the money for all these new clothes?

MRS. J.: Well—the truth is, your father and I have begun to watch every penny we spend, and you can't imagine how much we've saved lately.

MRS. A.: I wish Ray and I could economize.

MRS. J.: Then just you ask Ray to get a copy of "The Frisco Man's A.B.C." and study your income and expenditure month by month.

MRS. S.: Where can you get this book?

MRS. J.: At all Newsagents and Stationers, or send two shillings to Box 2002, G.P.O., Sydney. Then you'll have pounds every month.

MOVED LIKE A DOLL

Had to be Helped Off with His Coat

Now as Active as Ever

How happy this man must feel to be strong and fit again, after being a victim of rheumatism for so long. "It is many years now," he writes, "since I was first laid up with chronic rheumatism. Then I had to go about with two sticks. I worked in misery until five years ago. I could only move like a wooden man by turning round altogether. I could not get my coat off without my wife's help. But, thanks to Kruschen Salts, which I have taken regularly now for five years, I am as active as a young man of 25."—E. H.

Why continue to get only temporary relief from rheumatism when you can obtain lasting comfort and remove the cause of your rheumatic torment with Kruschen Salts? Here is a plain statement of the facts:—Two of the various salts of which Kruschen is composed dissolve the needle-pointed crystals of uric acid which have settled in your joints, causing them to swell, ache and inflame. Other ingredients of Kruschen assist Nature to flush out these dissolved crystals through the natural channels. Other ingredients still, prevent food fermentation or decomposition taking place in the intestinal tract, and thereby check the further formation not only of uric acid but of other body poisons which undermine the health.



You may hear it suggested that single salts like Epsom and Glauber are the same as Kruschen. This is not so. Neither contains that vital element, Potassium—the tonic food of the tissues. Kruschen contains an adequate amount of Potassium so that in the "daily dose" you make good the deficiency you fall to extract from your food through modern diet and modern cooking methods. To back up Potassium, Kruschen contains Sodium, the body scavenger, and Magnesium, which builds up the red cells of the blood. Moreover, each of these ingredients is rigorously standardized and tested for purity. Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 per bottle.

FALLING STAR

(Continued from Page 6)

"HES some guy!" Aldens murmured, while the audience broke out in loud applause at one of Dent's loud laughs.

"Good God, what laughter!" Frances rose to applaud, standing over the shoulders of the people who sat in front of her. When she sat back, she sighed deeply. The warmth of her body reached Aldens. She sat close by him, a little closer than before. He put his arm gingerly about her shoulder. He didn't know whether she had noticed it or not. After he had put his hand about her, the film became a little more agreeable to watch.

It was astonishing how one became so lonely after one had been near a girl. Months passed without a girl, alone and away from all joys. Then suddenly one felt one's self close to a girl, close to her throat, and the pulse of all the veins began to beat. It was wonderful! He stiffened a little as he felt the pulse of that strange girl beating under his hand. It was like butterfly-catching.

Frances' little sighs became more frequent, and she leaned a little more heavily against his side. He took his eyes off the screen to look down into her face. But she had hidden it in her hands, and her cheeks were concealed from him. When the automobile accident flickered, she nestled closer to Aldens' shoulder, and he heard a small birdlike cry tear itself out of her. He gripped her a bit more tightly. She became heavier and heavier on his arm, and her hands had sunk away into her lap.

Suddenly he realised that Frances had swooned! He looked helplessly about him and then into her small face, in which he saw something very spiritual and unreal. He stroked her, he shook her; but she hung limp and unconscious on his shoulder. After a moment of hesitation he lifted her on his arm, and excusing himself to his neighbors, he carried her out without attracting undue attention from the people engrossed in the picture.

THE Phoenix Picture Palace was new, and the corridor still smelled of fresh paint and new wood, reminding one of the freshly furnished decorations in the studios. A little breath of night air hung in the corridor where two pages were talking together. Aldens stood Frances up against the stucco wall. Her knees buckled; her head fell forward. He picked her up once again, wondering what to do next. Suddenly, upon seeing the illuminated sign above the door of the ladies' rest-room, he decided to carry her in there, and opened with his foot the freshly lacquered peach-colored door.

Against all expectation, Aldens found no woman attendant. He had to take care of Frances himself. The mirrors, armchairs, porcelain wash-basins and the dressing-tables of the Phoenix Picture Palace were all first-class and new. Aldens put his patient down on one of the chairs and began to rub her forehead with water. He was sorry for her, but also angry. He was jealous of Oliver Dent. Oliver had excited the girl to the point where she had a heart-attack; and he, Aldens, of course, had only the unpleasantness of it. The star had the applause and the adulation of all the people as well as Frances; but he, the "standing" man, was only good enough to take care of her in the ladies' rest-room and play nurse to her, and think what to do next.

Frances began to smile even before she had recovered consciousness. There was a good deal of politeness and good behaviour in that smile.

"Ridiculous," she said, "ridiculous!" And then her eyes opened slowly. The tired eyes looked as though they were slightly intoxicated.

"Excuse me," she said; "I have behaved atrociously."

"Feeling better?" he asked solicitously, brushing his clothes. His black coat was spotted with the paint of Frances' lips. He looked at himself apprehensively.

"Has that damn' film excited you so?" he asked her.

SHE shook her head. It looked as though she with difficulty remembered having seen any of the film. Aldens looked at her wonderingly. She shivered.

"Hush," she said. He took her hands in his. They were ice-cold. He blew into them.

"Thank you very much," she whispered, withdrawing them from his mouth, and shivering again. She felt cold. She tried hard to take hold of herself. "My handbag," she said wanly. Aldens had brought it along. Frances took out the lipstick, pressed her chattering teeth together, and was about to fix her lips up again, when the whole apparatus fell apart on the floor. Aldens knelt down on the peach-colored rug and gathered up the parts. He took his coat off and covered the

bundle of flesh under the silver grey chiffon that had come under his care. Frances received the warmth of his coat with a deep and exaggerated thankfulness. She was on the point of crying. She gathered the coat about herself. There was warmth in that. Human warmth.

"You couldn't walk home," Aldens said speculatively.

"I sure can," she protested, though she was lying.

He thought the matter over. The picture had probably come to an end. Applause had broken out. There were cries and yells, and doors opened and closed. People were walking out, and the corridors were already loud with the voices and talk of the public. Aldens felt rather queer; a young man in his shirt sleeves in the ladies' room with a young woman! Upon that, the door opened, and two ponderous ladies appeared and froze at the door.

"Excuse me," Aldens faltered. "The young lady didn't feel so well."

Frances smiled guiltily. Her freshly painted lips were not at all propitious to disarm the suspicions of the women. The women exchanged glances. They had moist noses and red eyes. Hardogian had probably died. Aldens took his coat from around Frances. He could not stand there without it. And she did her best not to shiver again.

"I am feeling fine," she said.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" he demanded.

She didn't answer.

"Dieting too strenuously?" he inquired. "You girls with your diets and figures!"

She smiled softly.

"Yeah, that's possible. A very strenuous diet, these last few days." It took a few moments before these last words sank into Aldens' comprehension.

"Wait a few moments," he said suddenly. "I am coming back in a moment. I am a fool and an idiot!" And he ran off.

"What now?" he asked himself as he pushed his way through the crowd.

Food—dinner. That's what was needed. And a carriage to take her away. She had fainted because of hunger!

Aldens belonged to that lowest form of humanity in Hollywood that didn't own a car. Better said, his car had been pawned. He had owned three things that could be pawned. His wrist-watch from the good old Berlin days, his dress suit, and the old car. He handled these three things like a juggler. There were rare moments when he was the actual proprietor of these three things. Most of the time one of them, and frequently two of them, were in hock. Sometimes it was the wrist-watch; at other times it was the car. To-day the car was away. While pushing through the enthusiastic crowd on the stairs, downward, he thought hard; and when he had arrived under the white illuminated glass roof he closed himself into the telephone-booth and called Felicien.

Felicien was working in the studio that night. Aldens knew that. Felicien, the draftsman, was a friend who had allowed him to sleep in his apartment the last two weeks.

"Felicien!" he cried, after he had broken through four sleepy secretaries. "Listen, Felicien! Is your car in the studio parking place? ... Good. I need it. ... Keys in it as usual? ... Good, I am taking it. ... Thanks. ... And I need your bedroom, to-night. ... No, no, not that at all. I'll tell you later. ... Is there anything in your ice-box? ... Milk? Eggs? ... Now listen, you surely have milk and eggs in your ice-box! ... That's good. Thanks a lot, Felicien. ... Where will you sleep? ... Now, listen, you will find some place to sleep. Some place in a bungalow. Any woman will open her door to you. ... That's all."

Felicien, the little Frenchman, grinned as he put the receiver down. Aldens he thought, had found something. And so he devoted himself again to the Indian divinity which he was designing for one of the sets.

MEANWHILE Aldens ran bareheaded for three minutes to the parking-place of the Astor studios, and having found "Tuctac," as Felicien called his car, among the three hundred other cars, he fought his way through the other automobiles that were coming from the Phoenix Picture Palace. He was wet through and through by the time he returned to the ladies' rest-room. Frances was still there. She looked at him. She looked at it as if she was ready to be kissed. But Aldens was blind. He half carried her to the car and packed her into "Tuctac," and sped away with alarming alacrity.

"So," he said, after they had come out of the rush into a quieter street. "You want to tell me something?"

"What's there to tell? The usual thing. Hasn't it ever happened to you?"

"Well, that's different. I'm a man. But girls have other possibilities," Aldens said.

(Please turn to Page 38)

ARTIST Petrov PORTRAYS LINGERIE



Every self-respecting night-gown to-day tries to look as much like an evening dress as possible. The illusion comes off rather well with these bewitching creations, don't you think?

Drawing by Petrov

—of Surprising Loveliness For You to Make at Home, Easily and Inexpensively

BOTH the nighties pictured here have a perfect slim-line cut—either of which will give you grace and slenderness. In fact, each one features a subtle cut that in repose has the air of a formal evening gown.

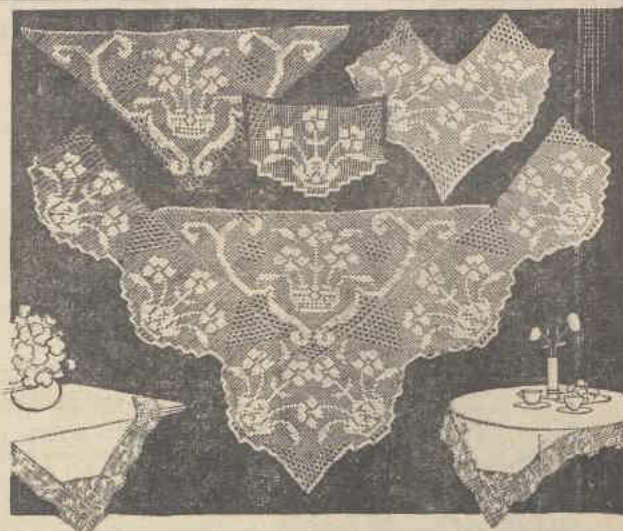
"Ah, but!" you say, "they're probably too expensive!" Not at all. Their inexpensiveness is only another of their charms—devastating charms, I might add.

Take the exquisite nightie with the puff sleeves. How girlish it looks! Patterned-net insets would look as sweet as any lace and wear as well. Imagine ivory, deep cream or coffee-colored net lace against delicate tulle in blue, palest of water-green, flesh, rose-petal, peach or white ecru, silk or satin, or combined with fascinating flower, or gaily printed, voiles or muslins.

And now study the cut and lines of the other bewitching nightie. Note the softness which the rose-patterned lace edging, and the softly-tied bows, give to face and form. Judging by the sketch, one might say that this specific gown was moulded to the figure.

No. 2629 (shown left).—Material required, four and a quarter yards 36in. To fit size 36in. bust. Width at hem, two and three-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 40in. bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

No. 2727 (shown right).—Material required, four and a quarter yards 36in. To fit size 36in. bust. Width at hem, two yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 36, and 40in. bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



Now YOU'LL want to MAKE THIS!

And you can quite easily! Instructions for making can be had by every reader of The Australian Women's Weekly—FREE. Simply write in to us, enclose stamped re-addressed envelope, and printed, very easy-to-follow directions will be forwarded immediately to you.

Exquisite Crochet Triangle and Pauline Lace Surround for a Tea, Luncheon, or Supper Cloth.

THIS original and lovely flower-bowl pattern, in crochet, was expressly designed for The Australian Women's Weekly. Don't you think it perfectly sweet?

It can be used ever so effectively in a circular cloth, in one designed for the refectory type of table, or in the

more generally used square-cut cloth. The miniature sketches indicate the manner in which the crochet triangle and lace surround can be inserted and used for round and refectory tables.

There is an enduring charm about crochet. The hours spent in working are never wasted. It repays you a hundredfold through years of hard wear and washing.

A table set with crisp snowy linen, and featuring this rich, Pauline lace design will never, never fail to attract your friends. It will over and over again call for unstinted admiration and praise for your enterprise and skill.

You can see how effective your own afternoon tea, luncheon, or supper cloth would look on any type of table, by the miniature sketches shown above.

The original was worked in No. 80 Mercer crochet cotton. The widest part of the scallop measures 5 1/2 inches, and the triangle 9 inches by 18 inches. A coarser cotton would make a wider lace.

Remember, instructions for making are FREE to all our readers. Just enclose, with your request, which should be addressed, to Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney, a stamped, re-addressed envelope. Clear, printed directions will be mailed to you immediately.



DOES it pay to make things at home? Of course it does. Especially so when the desired article cannot otherwise be had. The home-lover can often provide the right kind of draperies for any one of her rooms, from given suggestions. Make at trifling cost lovely cushions and charming breakfast, luncheon or tea cloths. The girl or woman who must needs have dainty lingerie can make her own and introduce individuality and chic, given a pattern and directions. So watch this page, week by week. Always, worthwhile suggestions for your interest and enterprise are given.

TURN Spare MINUTES into Charm this SIMPLE WAY

Just consider what novel and artistic effects could be obtained by introducing a series of these exquisite and simply worked little crochet medallions into your lingerie. Moreover, crochet work is a delightful and restful way of spending spare minutes which even the busiest among us do have.

If you haven't used the crochet hook before, you can start now! There is always someone round to set you on the road. How proud of yourself you'd be if, for instance, you worked sufficient number of these medallions to decorate the neckline of the lovely nightie pictured at the top left of this page. As you know, the pattern of this garment is available.

The more enterprising person, of course, with an eye on her linen cupboard, would use this Cardiff design for enhancing d'oyeys, table centres, runners, etc.

Materials: Crochet cotton No. 30 and a No. 5 hook is used for this lace.

Abbreviations: Chain, ch.; treble, tr.; double crochet, d. cr.; slip-stitch s.l.s. A picot is 5 ch., catch back into first of 5 ch.

The Motif.

Crochet 10 ch. and join into a ring. 1st round: Make 4 groups of 6 tr. into ring, with 5 ch. between each group. Join.

2nd round: 3 ch. (for 1 tr.) 5 more tr. on tr., 5 ch., 1 d. cr. in loop of 5 ch., 5 ch., 6 tr. on 6 tr. Continue all round and join to 3rd ch. (for 1 tr.) at beginning.

3rd round: S.l.s. over 1 tr., 3 ch. (for 1 tr.), 3 tr. on next, 3 tr., 5 ch., 1 d. cr. in loop of 5 ch. on left, 5 ch., 1 d. cr. in next loop, 5 ch., 4 tr. on 4 tr., as before. Continue all round and join.

4th round: S.l.s. over 1 tr., 3 ch. (for 1 tr.), 1 tr. on next tr., 5 ch., 1 d. cr. in loop on left, 5 ch., 6 tr. in next loop, 5 ch., 1 d. cr. in next loop, 5 ch., 2 tr. on 2 middle of 4 tr. Continue all round and join.

5th round: S.l.s. over 2 tr., and 3 ch. of loop on left, 1 d. cr. in same loop, 5 ch., 1 d. cr. in next loop, 5 ch., 2 d. cr. on middle of 6 tr., 5 ch., 1 d. cr. in loop on left, 5 ch., 1 d. cr. in next loop, 5 ch., 1 d. cr. in next loop (after 2 tr.), 5 ch., 1 d. cr. in next loop. Continue all round and join.

6th round: 1 d. cr. in loop on left, 3 ch. (for 1 tr.), 2 ch., 1 picot, 2 ch., 1 tr. in same loop, 2 ch., 1 tr. in next loop. Continue all round and join.

White



It's the rinse in blue water that does it. Wash the linen with ordinary soap or with any special washing powders you like—a last rinse in Blue water is the finishing touch that makes them really white.

Remember! Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

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THE ORIGINAL FRAGRANCE

Direct from England

A touch of Mitcham Lavender breathes an inimitable delicacy of charm all its own. Countless beautiful women, for nearly 200 years, have sought its subtle fragrance.

Mitcham Lavender is the true lavender—the original and genuine—distilled by Potter & Moore since 1749. It is now available in many delightful toiletries at all chemists and departmental stores. Try some—send the coupon below in answer to our special offer.



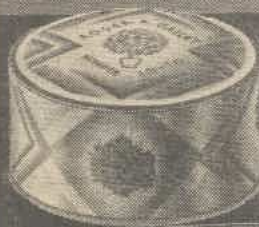
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that virgin bloom!

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10-10
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AT 1/6 AND 2/6

At seventeen loveliness is the reflection of youth. Exquisite in its radiant qualities, it is far too precious to risk its loss through the use of inferior face powders. Enhance your beauty in the present and preserve it for the future by using only the best—Roger and Gallet famous No. 10-10 Face Powder.

Purest... its quality insures the complexion!

In its price range there is none to compare with Roger and Gallet No. 10-10 Face Powder. Its purity and fine texture enables it not only to beautify at the moment but to assure you a protection of skin freshness in the years that follow.

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OF PARIS

No. 10-10 TALCUM POWDER. For use after the bath. Its freshening coolness gives tone to the whole system and prevents odour from perspiration. For men it is an excellent after-shaving skin tonic and every mother knows it is best for Baby... a quality product at 1/6.

No. 10-10 ROUGE. In six smart modern shades—its quality assures its harmlessness when used on the finest skin textures—price 1/6.



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You may send One Entry, or as many as you wish.
Enclose Id. Stamped and Addressed Envelope.

CLOSING DATE, THURSDAY, 12th OCTOBER.

PERMUTED LISTS OR YOUR OWN DIAGRAMS ACCEPTED.



CLUES ACROSS:

1. To unite.
2. A covering (worn by Sumatras).
3. A Chinese measure.
4. A male Christian name (dim.).
5. A house.
6. North-north-east (abb.).
7. A head covering.
8. Independent Labour Party (abb.).
9. Yes.
10. Not round.
11. A stain.
12. Bill of sale (abb.).
13. A well-known tool.
14. A legal phrase.
15. To inquire into.
16. A male Christian name (abb.).
17. To walk.
18. To bring together.
19. A plant.

CLUES DOWN:

1. A body of water.
2. Northern Territory (abb.).
3. An opening.
4. A trench.
5. Old age.
6. An inlet.
7. A sailing boat.
8. Hard.
9. S.T. (actual).
10. A measure of length.
11. A carpenter's tool.
12. A vessel used for cooking.
13. E.S. (actual).
14. To oppose.
15. To acquire by one's own effort.
16. A chamber.
17. Beautiful.
18. A coloured fluid.
19. An abbreviation meaning "For example."
20. Orange Free State (abb.).
21. Alternative.

ALL WORDS USED FROM CHAMBERS' DICTIONARY EXCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.
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FALLING STAR

(Continued from Page 36)

"YEAH!" Frances answered, and remained quiet for a little while. He had stopped in front of a red light.

"I'm stupid," she continued as the red light faded into green. "The beginning is hard," she added, and it was uncertain whether she spoke of the beginning of her film career or of another career.

Aldens shook his head. "You are from the South?" he asked.

"Yes—how did you guess?"

"From your accent," he said a little vindictively, "and because girls from the South aren't so hard-boiled."

"No?"

"No."

"Maybe not. They always have families in the background—and traditions. Two maiden aunts in the house that always talk about 'our great-great-grandfather.' Stories from the great cotton times, and the Civil War, and the end of slavery. Do you know the small towns in the South? I am from Fair Oaks in South Carolina. Nothing of a town. Wooden houses with verandahs and columns. Brick churches. And all the people are terribly religious. You can't get that out of your blood very easily. Only a little money in the house. My two brothers are in a military academy, and that costs plenty. And there's still a younger sister. You should know my mother. I love my mother. A little short-sighted woman. And so good."

Aldens slowed down the pace and looked at the girl.

"Where are we going?" she asked. And her half-sleepy eyes opened wide.

"And then you got a beauty prize," he said dryly, to help her out with the telling of her biography.

"Yes—how did you guess that? I had to do something. Dad had a small job in the bank. The bank crashed. I should have become a librarian, something decent. But meanwhile I had taken a job in a beauty shop. It wasn't very nice and wasn't very dignified, for one of the real Warrens." She smiled wistfully. "There are only five real families in Fair Oaks, and the Warrens are one of them. And then there was the story with that magazine. Their agents travelled up and down searching for good-looking girls. Then my photograph appeared in the magazine showing me in bathing costume, and that, too, wasn't very dignified. And there were a lot of funny letters, offers of marriage, and such things. And then the magazine sent, at their expense, ten of the most beautiful girls to Hollywood. It was a grand advertising scheme for the magazine—but the girls were sunk."

"Did you sink?" Aldens asked her.

"No, not altogether. First they made a few tests. 'Hair does not photograph well,' they said after the test. So I dyed my hair. Then it was something about my mouth. Then the temperament wasn't just what it should be. I slapped the face of one. Then they said it was too much temperament. But it isn't true that you can make a success in the films by going 'wrong' with everyone. It is just opportunity."

"I learned to dance, to sing, to speak. I didn't mind the hard work. But I had to pay for the lessons meanwhile. And sometimes you do get an extra job—once in three weeks. Then you have to wait for weeks before you get another day of work. Then you have to live on the seven-fifty. And the make-up costs money, and every week you have to go and get your hair dyed the right color, and you have to pay the costumer for the gowns; then you sit in your room and you write letters home. 'Dear Mother, I am doing fine. I am about to get a break! One is ashamed. You know. What's the use of making the heart of the people you love still heavier? They can't send you money to come home. They have their own worries—and so you sit in your room and wait at the telephone.'

SHE went on, after a short pause, as they passed under an alley of pepper trees that arched themselves overhead.

"The telephone! Every day from ten in the morning to seven in the afternoon I sit in my room and wait for a ring. Every day I hope. But the only man who calls is the milkman. Who doesn't know that doesn't know anything. But you know it, don't you? You sit in your room, and you wait, and you wait and you wait. . . . That's when you have a room and when you have a telephone!"

"Have you no room now?"

"I? Sure, I lived—I mean I used to pass my nights in a room behind a gas-station. But the police have for-

bidden that. You know the law forbids anybody to live in a place of business. I am living now with Kit Dales. She is one of the ten girls of the beauty contest. She has gone to the dogs. She is a hard-boiled baby. Kit! Well, good for those that can do it. You should know Kit. If I could only get myself to do what Kit does! The beginning, you know. The first time. One wouldn't like to have the first time so dirty and so mean. The first night of love should be one's own, so that something beautiful should happen and not something—ugly—businesslike! Later on, well—"

"Well," Aldens said, steering carefully and looking fixedly before him, "hasn't there yet been a first time?"

"No!" Frances said quickly.

"And meanwhile you are terribly in love with Oliver Dent," he said, laughing.

"Yes, every little girl has her little dream," she sang. "Got to hold fast to something, when you don't want to end up at Florence's."

Florence rented out girls at a profit. Florence was the consolation of single men and the last refuge of the unemployed beautiful extras of Hollywood. She was known by everybody. Aldens, too, knew her. She had organised vice to the utmost degree. . . . This girl Frances filled him with pity. He was a little in love with her already. But the pity was greater than the warm feeling he had for her beauty.

"A little down at the mouth to-day," he said consolingly. "To-morrow you will be well again, full of courage."

"But I have courage," she countered. They continued to ride on. Then they turned into a dark street that smelled of leaves and humidity, a rare odor in Hollywood. Aldens stopped.

"Where are you taking me?" Frances asked.

"I am living here. In the house of a friend. Let's go up and I'll cook you some eggs. We will see what next, later," he said firmly.

It was a small, funny house. It had two stories and only one room on each floor. It was more like a tower than a house. The tips of the trees reached to the windows. Aldens burst into the small kitchenette, and Frances snuggled around the room. A well-ordered insanity had directed the furnishing of that room: steel chairs and curiously painted sconces, Japanese batiks, books, and a drawing-table near the window. A sleeping parrot on a chain was standing on a stool. Frances woke him up, but he could only speak French. "Piche moi la paix!" he cried. ("Don't bother me!")

When Aldens appeared again with shirred eggs and toast, Frances had already made herself comfortable. She had found the cigarettes and had wound up the phonograph and had discovered the little that was left of California Chianti in a wine-chest. The room, furnished in a European Bohemian style, had nevertheless taken on something unexplainably American through Frances' presence. The couch looked a little more comfortable. Aldens thought. He looked down with great satisfaction as Frances ate. She did it delicately and nicely, although she had fainted of hunger an hour before. And here again his sentiments of pity and responsibility mingled with a feeling of love for this strange little comrade of fate.

"I will take you home later on," he proposed. "Where do you live?"

"Where do I live?" she asked sarcastically. "It should be somewhere near the Orange Drive close by Highland Avenue. But the truth is that Kit doesn't want me in her apartment to-night."

"You can stay here," he said. "The bedroom is upstairs. My friend is not coming home to-night," he added after a moment of silence.

"And where will you sleep?" she asked after a tenth of a second.

"I? Where I always sleep—here, on the couch."

She thought the matter over. The gardenia had become very tired, and had wilted and curled up. The whole room smelled of the wilted gardenia. Frances looked at him from her innocent girlish eyes. They were circled with blue. Her eyebrows were as stiff as small brushes, and the mascara had run down a little. But with all that, they were innocent eyes.

"Thanks," she said. "You are really nice."

She put her hand out across the table. And he did not even feel ridiculous as he clambered up the stairs before her to make her bed.

After The Show

MEANWHILE an after-the-show supper is being held for the stars of "Hardogan." Oliver Dent and Ria Nara are guests of honor. But plans were made by Director Sam Houston before anybody knew of Oliver's affair with Donna Moreescu. Next week's instalment will tell you what happened.

The NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

COMPARE YOUR FIGURE

NOW

Dorothy Manners, judged the world's most beautiful woman, reveals the ideal YOUTH-O-FORM figure.

Her measurements are:—

Height .. 64 1/2 ins	Hips .. 34 ins
Weight .. 115 lbs	Thigh .. 21 ins
Bust .. 34 ins	Calf .. 14 ins
Waist .. 24 ins	Neck .. 14 1/2 ins

Get your tape measure

and compare your own figure, and if during the winter ugly rolls of fat have come, to hide the beauty round the waist, hips, or bust—of your body go to your chemist and get a 5/6 carton of Youth-o-form Tonic Reducing Capsules, and begin taking just one capsule each day at bedtime.

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Doctors know that Youth-o-form is prepared by highly qualified chemists from the most scientifically balanced formula in the world, and prescribe it as the most effective treatment in ridding the body of ugly ageing fat, effectively, harmlessly, and permanently, leaving no wrinkles or sagging flesh and acting as a tonic, too.

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Youth-o-form is taken at intervals by thousands of people, not only to reduce ugly fat, but to banish High Blood Pressure, Chronic Rheumatism, Constipation, and Indigestion.

Takes corsets 4 sizes smaller

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"I have reduced from 127 to 115 in six weeks, and I feel better than I have for years. I feel wonderfully well, and though sixty years of age, I feel twenty years younger. I take corsets four sizes smaller now than I did before. Gratefully yours, L. W."

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BE SURE TO GET GENUINE YOUTH-O-FORM

There are so many imitations of Youth-o-form that you must refuse substitutes offered to you, because they cost a little less or because they give you no profit to the one who tries to push them on to you.

If you are not near a chemist, just pin a postal note to this advertisement, with your name and address. Send it to W. James Rogers, Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 3, 355 George Street, Sydney (opp. G.P.O.), and Youth-o-form will reach you, plainly wrapped, with full directions, by return post.

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SHORT REVIEWS

"Jacko: The Broadcasting Kookaburra." Brooke Nicholls. Something novel and fascinating in animal stories. It deals with the doings of a famous broadcasting kookaburra. Jack tells his own story, which is profusely and excellently illustrated by Dorothy Wall. A splendid book for old or young. (4/6. Angus & Robertson.)

"Zest." Charles G. Norris. A well-written, thoughtful novel by the author of "Brass," "Bread," "Salt," and "Seed." Like the title, it is an efficient book written around the theme that a man needs more than one kind of woman in his life. Whether you agree with the theory or not, you cannot help being interested in the story. (8/6. Heinemann.)

"Pursuit of Patrick." Vera Dwyer. Man is no longer the hunter. Modern Eve, in the guise of Carol Crane, having caused the exodus of her Adam, better known as Patrick Byrne, from his Garden of Eden, sets out to recapture the unsuspecting male.

Her adventure takes her to Sydney and the South Sea Islands, where she hopes to locate Patrick the missing one. En route to Australia she meets Diana Fleet, one of America's brilliant young novelists, who colors her life considerably, besides playing an important role in her search for Patrick.

A strong vein of comedy, allied to wisdom and sophistication, keeps the reader buoyantly entertained. A beautiful film actress, two Australian girls, and a host of other people keep the action of the story sustained. A superficial tale for those who wish to while away the hours in lighter mood. (Endeavour Press.)

"Overtures to Fortune." Marjorie Booth. This well-known writer's third novel is very good. It is about a lower middle-class family who rise in the world through the driving force of Rachel Bruff, the mother. Like many Australian women, she is the director of her family & Co. Her husband is manager, and her sons and daughters hold executive positions in the company. Mrs. Bruff's motto is, "Money is the magnet to draw the iron out of your soul." The hard facts of life, however, prove that she is wrong, and that money is not everything. (Murray, 7/6.)

"Yet in My Flesh." E. M. Mitchell. An unusual theme. Miss Mitchell writes about a small isolated family of people at a scientific research station. The head of the station is experimenting with rats to find out the secret of long life and how to overcome body deterioration or old age. His assistant steals the results of his work and goes off to work on the discovery himself. So, forced to hurry, the scientist persuades his wife to let him experiment on her. As she is about to have a child, but not one of his, complications follow. (Dent, 7/6.)

"Husbands and Lovers." Edith Nepean. The difficulties of a young attractive widow who meets a man in the diplomatic service, who falls in love with her before the death of her invalid husband, form the story of this intriguing book. Stamboul, with its minarets and cosmopolitan crowds, and the mountains of Wales form the background. (Stanley Paul, 7/6.)

"Two Make a World." Peter B. Kyne. Toby Hand is the central character in this well-known novelist's latest book. He is bored with his beautiful wife, Laurel, who is not all a wife should be, and decides to leave her. He sets out on a fishing trip to Alaska and gets shipwrecked on the way with a young girl, Stephanie, from the cattle country. It is their romance. (4/- All booksellers.)

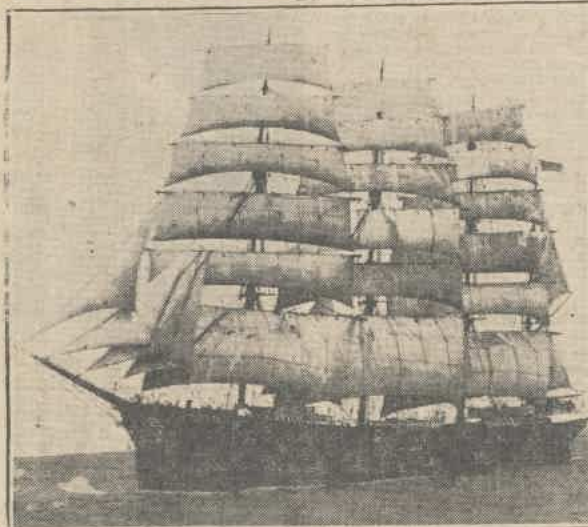
"Rubber." Madelon Lulofs. Tracing the fortunes of a young couple who go out to their plantation in the Dutch East Indies and become entangled in the thick turmoil of jungle life. The rubber boom brings success and disaster. (7/6. All booksellers.)

Free-lance Club—Junior Section

The Sydney Free-Lance Club announces the formation of a Junior branch for boys and girls between the ages of 14 and 19 years interested in writing.

Prizes are being offered for literary competitions, and members will be brought into touch with Sydney's leading literary people. Full details are obtainable from the secretary, Miss Enid M. Orr, 205 Pitt Street, Sydney.

HOT Holbrook says: Many dainty favorites can be made with Holbrook's Anchovy Sauce. (See page 38.)



CAPTAIN HAMILTON, whose book, "Nights Ashore," is reviewed below, started his career as a sailorman when ships like this were a common sight. The graceful vessel is the "Parma," part-owned by the well-known Australian sea story writer, Allan J. Villiers.

Every Girl who LOVES a SAILOR Should LOVE "Nights Ashore"

EVERY girl loves a sailor, so we are told, and there is something in it, for sailors are usually jolly, carefree men, emphatically masculine, with a fund of experiences at their command to amuse and entertain with.

It is therefore not out of place to recommend Captain Jack Hamilton's "Nights Ashore" to Australian Women's Weekly readers, for the captain's characters who embark upon a series of adventures, after the W. W. Jacobs' fashion, are the sort of sailors that girls love.

Jacobs eulogised the Thames barge and the small Wapping fishing smack skippers. Captain Hamilton tells us about the seafaring men of the Australian coastal trade. None of your big liner, white collared sailors who wash down the decks with gloves on their hands and electric scrubbing machines, but hearty honest-to-goodness Australian sailors who can stomach the flavor of kerosene with their tomato sauce and pie, and who can sink a pint with the best of them.

There are 26 stories in "Nights Ashore," and, although the same char-

acters play their parts in them all, it is the kind of book you enjoy better by reading backwards. Each tale you read makes you anxious to dip into the next one.

Capt. Hamilton is a well-known writer. His stories have appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly and nearly every other first-class Australian paper.

He is as well-known in newspaper offices as he is on ships. Recently he returned from a trip to London. He commenced his seafaring career as a lad of 11 when he stowed away on the top-sail schooner "Maggie." His travels took him everywhere, which suggests that he has other good books up his sleeve.

As a short-story writer, the author sets a standard which is well worth the study of readers with literary ambition. His plot construction is too good to be called clever. It is the work of a master and it is to be hoped that Captain Hamilton will write more and more books until he becomes the W. W. Jacobs of Australia. (Endeavour Press, 6/-).



Dorothy Manners

"Now I'm schoolgirl complexion all over"

gentle, protective olive oil gives Palmolive its priceless beauty effect

PALMOLIVE, and no other soap, is the daily rule in thousands of homes where there are children. In its formula gentle, protective oils of olive and palm are scientifically blended to protect the skin during these years when protection is most needed.

For their delicate skins... and yours... no ordinary soap can hope to give Palmolive results. For nothing has ever been found to equal its mild, gentle care. Centuries of research have failed to find the equal of olive oil blended in soap.

Palmolive is pure. Olive and Palm oils—and nothing else—give it its rich green colour. No bleaches whatsoever.

Thousands of women the world over owe their complexions to Palmolive—and nothing else. Don't experiment—with beauty at stake—and with Palmolive's priceless beauty care now yours at the lowest price in history.

"It's olive oil that makes Palmolive green"—the vial at the right shows the exact amount we put into each cake

How to use Palmolive

Work up a thick lather. Massage it gently, thoroughly into the skin of face, neck and shoulders. Rinse—first with warm water—then with cold. Watch the glamour of youth return to your skin.



PALMOLIVE SOAP

BEN TAI Meditates

(Continued from Page 8)

By this time it was pitch dark. Beneath the deep tangle of the willows they could not see that the sky became overcast, that every star had been blotted out. They could hear no sound save the occasional croaking of a frog, the splash of bass and carp feeding along the shore. Then, softly, with a gentle, hissing drone, it began raining. Drops of water, dirty with the dust from the willows, dripped on the man and woman huddled in the open boat.

"This is a nice mess!" complained Rose. "No more country jobs for me!" "It's fine!" retorted Fargo. "If it rains long enough, it will wash out every track we make."

Rose said no more, but she was glad when, a few minutes later, they heard the deep bellow of the boat. At once Fargo took one of the flash-lamps and the gun and started to leave.

"Just a minute!" Rose spoke sharply. "You're not going to leave me here holding my hands in the rain! I planned this game, and I'm going along to see that the cards are played right!"

"Suit yourself, but keep rigidly quiet about it!" Fargo warned in a whisper. "Ben Tai isn't far away. Take my hand!"

Rose groped round until she struck Fargo's hand, then scrambled up the low bank after him. Here Fargo stopped short, and gave the woman's hand a warning pressure. Looking ahead, Rose saw, through the dripping willows, some distance back from the river, a light moving with rapid, jerky motion.

"That's him!" Fargo whispered. "He's late and hurrying! Come on!"

The man, with the light, following the direction he was going, would strike the river not far below where Fargo had beached the boat. Fargo,

accordingly, turned downstream, picking his way cautiously through the scattered growth of scrub willow. They were not fifty feet away when the man with the light gained the river bank and shut off his flash.

Fearing to make a move then, Fargo and the woman waited until the glow of steamer lights showed above the willows downstream. Then, cautiously, on hands and knees, they crept forward, heedless now of the rain and mud. Twenty feet from where the man stood on the bank Fargo and Rose lay flat on the ground—and waited.

As the steamer rounded the bend, the stern swung close to the bank. On the bank a flash light winked twice. Fargo could not see anyone on the steamer, but he did catch sight of a dark object hurtling through the rain between him and the steamer lights.

Then—the boat was gone. The light above the willows died out, and again it was dark, and silent save for the hissing drone of the rain.

Heads of moisture that was not rain stood out on Fargo's face as he knelt on the ground waiting, the automatic ready in his hand, the woman kneeling close beside him. It seemed an age before he saw the flash for which he waited.

In the light of that flash Frank Fargo saw a shadowy figure—of a man who stooped over, then picking up something, turned his flash on it. Fargo saw the package clearly. And behind the package, behind the spot of light in the man's hand, he saw the gleam of eyes.

"Now!" whispered Rose, and there was not a tremor in her hand as she pressed the man's arm.

Quickly, Fargo raised the automatic. An expert with that deadly thing, he had no fear of missing. Two shots he fired so close together that the blaze that leaped from the muzzle seemed to blend into one flash.

Rose saw clearly what happened. She saw the package fall from the man's hands, saw the spot of light flash up as he flung his hands to his chest. Then a puzzling jumble of light and shadow that vanished suddenly. And again it was dark by the river bank, the silence broken only by the hiss of rain.

Fargo waited a moment. Then, holding his flash in his left hand far from his body and his automatic ready in his other hand, he ran quickly to the river bank, with Rose at his heels. The package lay on the wet ground; but that was all they saw.

Stepping to the very edge of the bank where the man had stood, and where it was clear of willows, he swept the flash over the water. There was nothing in sight. If the water had been broken by a falling body, the rain had already smoothed out the ripples.

"He's gone!" Rose cried in angry dismay. "Now we have to manage without his keys. And are you sure—?"

"DON'T worry!"

Fargo cut in. He was kneeling by the package, tearing off the wrapper. "I got him both times in the upper chest. They'll find him floating down the river—some time. Ah!"

At that exultant exclamation Rose looked round. Beneath the flash in Fargo's hand, in an innocent-looking shoe-box, were a dozen sealed opium cans.

"For Heaven's sake, don't bother with



WIFE: Herbert, you should read this book if you want a thrill!

that stuff now!" the woman said sharply. "That dab of junk doesn't pay for this night's work! We've got to row back to the houseboat, then make for Ben Tai's place."

"You're right," Fargo agreed quickly, rising. "but we've got this much. It's worth a thousand easily. Come on!"

Using the flash boldly now, they hurried back to the boat and shoved off. It would have been much easier, Fargo knew, to walk back to town. But he also knew he dared not leave his boat so near the scene of that murder. Under the spur of the excitement, he rowed with desperate strength. When the blurred lights of the village came into view, a new idea struck him. And, instead of going on to the houseboat, he swung into the shore.

"We're about opposite Ben Tai's place," he explained to Rose. "We'll go up there, do our job, come back to the boat and row on to the houseboat. That's better than making tracks from the houseboat to Ben Tai's and back. And we can leave everything right here. There's isn't one chance in a hundred of anyone's stumbling on to it."

Since this was a week night, and most of Chinatown worked from daylight to dark in the vegetable gardens, there was practically no life in the Chinese quarter at this hour.

Without much difficulty Fargo made out the unpainted front of the small building used by Ben Tai, and the window that faced the river. The place was dark and silent. Down the street a few doors away, a light still shone in the cigar store of Yick Sing, but no one loitered on the walk in front. Satisfied that the street was deserted, Fargo and Rose hastened across and stopped by Ben Tai's window. While Rose acted as look-out, Fargo made an examination.

AT the sound of a low, disdainful snicker, Rose glanced around. Fargo, knife in one hand, was carefully depositing a pane of glass on the ground. That done, he inserted a hand, found the catch, and quietly raised the lower sash.

"Too easy!" whispered Fargo. He climbed in with the deft ease of one accustomed to such things, then turned and gave Rose a hand.

A pencil of white light from Fargo's flash light darted swiftly over the small room. He had already taken the "lay" of that room and had made sure that Ben Tai lived alone. The window, by which they had entered, was to the left of the street door. By this window were Ben Tai's chair, a bamboo stool, and several long pipes hanging on the wall beneath the brass gong. On each side of the room were counters and shelves loaded with goods. At the end were other shelves, and a door that led into the room where Ben Tai slept. This door was now closed.

Suspended from the ceiling in the middle of the room was an oil lamp. On one of the counters near the rear door was another, a small hand-lamp. Fargo stepped quickly to this one, found a box of matches on the counter, and struck a light.

He looked round at Rose. Her face was streaky with rain and perspiration, her usually immaculate clothes muddy and rumpled, and in the yellow glare of the oil lamp her blue eyes seemed to take on a hard, greenish light. Fargo shivered suddenly and violently.

"What's the matter, Frank?" the woman snapped. "Spooky place, but we have a clear track and all night ahead of us."

"I'm cold from being wet," Fargo whispered. He stepped to the front door, examined the lock, then came back to Rose. "Spring lock. We won't need a key to get out."

"Don't worry about getting out. We're not going to be interrupted. Chinatown is asleep, and Ben Tai is where he'll never bother us again. Let's get busy. I suggest we start in the back room."

Fargo turned and for a moment stared thoughtfully at the closed door. He could not explain why, but as he

looked at that door another tremor swept through him, an uncontrollable trembling that he knew was not from cold. He listened but could hear no sound save the dismal drum of rain on the low roof.

"Well?" said Rose, impatiently.

Fargo's hand shook violently as he got out his automatic. Taking hold of the knob he turned it slowly, silently. The door was not locked. Assured of that, Fargo threw the door wide open—and tensed with a sudden, startled gasp.

In the back room, on stools placed directly in front of the doorway, was a coffin. On each end of the coffin was a lighted lamp. The lid was up, and something that had been hung over the lid gleamed white in the glow of the lamps, white save for a blur of words framed in the centre of the sheet.

There was a dead silence. On the low roof, the rain thrummed with dismal monotony. In the shadows beyond the coffin, Fargo could see no one.

Then, with a choking gasp of consternation, Rose Fargo sprang past the man. For a moment she stared at the thing on the coffin lid, her lips working soundlessly.

Then she turned to clutch Fargo by the arm. Her eyes were wild, her face twitching with uncontrollable terror. "Out of here! My God, get out of here!" she sobbed hysterically, and sped for the front door.

Frank Fargo, paralysed by the shock of the coffin and its horrible accusation, continued to stare at Ben Tai's message, while the words burned themselves into his stunned brain.

This coffin is for
YICK SING,
who betrayed me
and who
on the night of May 19th
WAS MURDERED
by
FRANK AND ROSE FARGO.

Strangely enough, when Constable Moroney and two husky asparagus truckers, whom Ah Gim had called to wait at the front door, came in with their prisoners, Ben Tai's message had vanished.

Ben Tai spoke in cautious Cantonese: "Ah Gim, the white man and the white woman who were arrested last night—you have made inquiry?"

"Yes, sire!" Ah Gim's black eyes twinkled as he bowed from the hips. "They have refused to say a word; but I have seen to it that Constable Moroney has learned from others what he believes to be the truth. And now he is saying loudly that the two prisoners were buying opium all the time from Yick Sing, that Yick Sing was getting it once a week off the night boat from the city, and that they were angry at him because he cheated them, that they followed Yick Sing down the river last night, shot him, took his opium, then came here to rob you."

"No one suspects that it was you who have been getting opium off the boat all these years and that last night, under pretence of being sick, you got Yick Sing to go in your place while—"

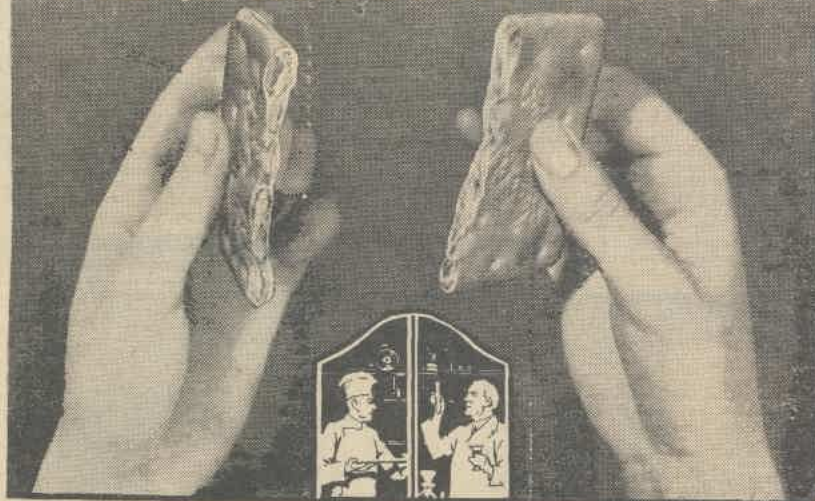
"Hale! No wonder your head is empty, since you keep nothing in it. Have they found Yick Sing's body?"

"A fisherman found it in shallow water on a sandbar this morning, sire; but they haven't discovered yet that you saw the white man shoot Yick Sing, nor that I wrote that sign for the coffin, nor that the twelve opium-cans you had me throw off the boat to Yick Sing contained only a little opium over a lot of river mud."

THAT afternoon, when Ben Tai looked out of the window of his "Oriental Emporium," and saw the officers taking the white man and the white woman down the trail to the scene of the murder, he merely blinked his slant eyes at them, like a sleepy tiger, then refilled his long, crooked-stemmed pipe, and continued his peaceful meditations.

(Copyright.)

Make this Test Yourself



Sao's have no Slaty Centres

Scientific baking ensures flaky fine Cream Biscuits

Note the bubble formation

HAVE you ever reasoned why Arnott's Saos are better—why they are rich and crisp—why their quality is always regular and of such high standard... unvarying uniformity of baking is the answer. These tests will prove why Saos are superior to any other crackers.

Break a Sao—examine the inner texture of the biscuit—see how every particle is broken up by tiny bubbles—no tough unleavened dough to spoil the palatable smoothness of the flavour.

Bite a Sao—a clean, crisp bite—flaky and appetising. Nothing hard—a biscuit with that true Sao flavour. All ingredients used have to conform to the rigid standards set by Arnott's staff of chemists in their modern laboratory.

Scientific control is maintained until the biscuit emerges from the oven under the watchful eyes of experienced bakers.

This care means a standard of quality on which you can always rely. Keep your biscuits in a tin—their freshness and crispness holds longer. Saos are also included in that delicious assortment—Arnott's Family Assorted in 3-lb. tins—your grocer stocks them.

ARNOTT'S FAMOUS SAO BISCUITS

Five other
Arnott
lines you
should try
Orange Slice
Bon-Bon Cream
Small Cracknell
Cheese Biscuits
Double XX
Soda

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

"WHAT is the news?" cried all the little men in chorus. "Well," replied Wunderlust, "I passed Sparky on the way home, and he told me that the witch fell off her broom and hurt herself—that means she will have to be in bed for some time, and won't be able to bother us for awhile, and that's something— isn't it?" All the wee men nodded and grinned, and seemed quite cheered up by the news.



"Well, boys and girls, how would you all like to jump aboard my aeroplane and go for a trip to Sparkyville?" cried Wunderlust eagerly. Of course, all the boys and girls wanted to go—and go as quickly as possible!

"Fred, I'm sorry, but you won't be able to come with us to-day. I want you to take this envelope to Fairy Floss," Wunderlust said apologetically. He took from his pocket an envelope, and handed it to Fred. Having done this, he said good-bye to all the wee men, and departed. The boys and girls following closely behind.

Fred looked after them until they vanished from view, then said—"Magic shoes take me to Fairy Floss, please." As the last word was spoken Fred started to rise, then began to travel through the air once more like a rocket—only not quite so fast as before, for he could see things clearer now. The moon, for instance, he could see quite distinctly, and as he passed, The Man in the Moon smiled at him. Then the stars—each little star seemed to wink and welcome him into their wondrous land of beauty and mystery. Fred could see a fluffy cloud in the distance, and judged it to be Fairy Floss—and he was quite right. Halting in the centre of the white fluffy cloud he looked about him. From out of nowhere came a beautiful woman all dressed in white.

"I'm so glad to see you, Fred. Did Wunderlust send you?" she said softly. "Yes, he gave me this to give to you," replied Fred, handing her the en-

velope. Quickly she tore it open, and read with such eagerness that Fred wondered what could be in it.

"I thought so—that awful Black Groll Cloud will be passing here to-morrow, and that means I must get my engine-drivers to work," she said. Fred was astonished—"engine-drivers?" what could she possibly mean by that!

Cheerio,
From Your Pal,
CONNIE.

"Well, Fred, I shan't worry you with my troubles. I shall show you over my land," she said smilingly.

"Oh, I'd just love to see your engine-drivers," said Fred, a little uncertain whether she would let him see them or not.

"Of course you can see them, if you wish," she said, ringing a bell as she spoke. Two men came in sight—one tall and thin, the other short and fat. "Let me introduce you to Puff and Go, Fred," said Fairy Floss. Fred smiled as he shook hands with each in turn.

Fred looked all over the cloud, and thought everything marvellous. But one thing interested him particularly—that was the engine-room. How bright and shiny everything was. As time was getting on, Fairy Floss thought Fred should go home. "I hope to see you to-morrow, Fred, then you can go for a ride on our cloud," she said sweetly. Fred thanked her for her kindness, and said good-bye to Puff and Go, then set off for Mushroom Grove.

(What fun Fred has on his ride! Look out for next week's instalment.)

TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS

SPRING IS HERE

Spring is here, spring is here,
Sing the birds in welcome cheer;
Each flower comes from its bed,
To nod its drowsy little head.
Old Father Sun looks upon the scene,
And sees happy children on the green,
For now the spring has come to stay,
Everything is bright and gay.
Prize Card to Elsie Dicker, 39 Burlington Road, Homebush.

"GROOOIE, I wouldn't slide down the banister like that."
"Wouldn't you, grandma? Show me how you'd do it."
Prize Card to Jean Crawley, 293 Stewart Street, Bathurst.

PRIZE CARD to Marie Robertson, 65 Douglas Street, Stanmore.

Victor: How long is that hand?
Museum Attendant: Eleven and one-half inches, sir.
Victor: Why didn't they make it twelve?
Museum Attendant: Well, then it would have been a foot.
Prize Card to Eud Noble, 8 Napoleon Street, Russell.

RESULTS OF PAINTING COMPETITION
PRIZE OF £1 to Betty Reddon (15), 74 Stafford Street, Stanmore, for the best painted picture.

JUST CHATTER

RHODA MARSDEN, of BARKSTOWN, likes going for walks before breakfast; Donald Wallace, of Quirindi, recently caught for a few days near the Richmond River.

Emma Perkins, of Gladbury, will be thirteen on October 22. Elsie Smith, of Hurstville, is fond of gardening; Eud Noble, of Rozelle, scored excellent marks in her last examination.

Mona Broadbent, of Brookvale, is fourteen years of age; Norma Haslam, of West Maitland, likes the district around the Hunter River; May Schalk, of Ararat, is fond of sketching.

Ira Thornton, of Gunnedah, will be thirteen next Feb. Lane Cove, likes books.

Patricia Heery, of Thirroul, recently visited Sydney; Jean Braine, of Port Macquarie, is very proud of the town she lives in.

Margaret Derwent, of Oakley, is fond of doing puzzles; Yvonne Hooper, of Campbelltown, attends (Timbarbar school; Kathleen Duff, of Condobolin, and Vera Werner, recently went for a hike to Mount Tupa.

Vera Pearce, of Kensington, has attended twelve schools in seven years; Norma Cave, of Doolich Hill, likes doing puzzles.

Hazel Hepburn, of Woni Kemper, has five brothers and one sister; Isabel Swanson, of Casino, makes good suggestions; Gerlie Harlecher, of Mayfield, loves school holidays.

Shirley Stevenson, of East Kempsey, is fond of reading jokes; Noelene Blundell, of Greenfield, likes reading stories; Margaret McClelland, of Wentworthville, recently went for a picnic with her sister and brother.

Betty Farrell, of Binalong, likes playing tennis and riding; Edward Wilcock, of Westward, is fond of sketching; Terry Ryan, of Orange, enjoys reading jokes and riddles.

Eva Sharp, of Newcastle, is fourteen years of age; Jack Bearman, of Chatswood, likes sketching; Mary Allen, of Lakemba, writes verse.

JOHN KUSON, of Northridge, likes playing football.

FOR FUN & FANCY

A BEACH GAME
THIS game is called Animal Guess, and is best played at the beach.
For this you should be divided into two groups—boys and girls—so that each one has a partner. The boys are given a stick and are sent a few yards along the beach. The girls each have a sealed envelope in which is written the name of an animal or bird. At

OF COURSE!
Uncle: Now, Willie, where have you been?
Willie: With Tommy.
Uncle: Where have you been, Tommy?
Tommy: With Willie.
Uncle: Where have you both been?
Both: Together.
Prize Card to Patty Heery (10), Kurlers' Parade, Thirroul.

PRIZE OF 10/- to Jean Page (14), "Norella," Clarence Road, Rockdale, for this clever sketch.

This little catch seldom fails. Hand your victim a pencil and paper, and ask him to write a small "v" with a dot above it. He will be sure to write it with only one dot, thus: "v". But a small "v" with a dot above it, of course, ought to have an extra dot, making two.
Prize Card to Florence Smith, 1 Noble Street, Hurstville.

Father venturing greenhouse after loud snarl: "Whatever have you been doing with that plant?"
Johnny: Please, father, you told me it was an india-rubber plant, and I was trying to make it bounce.
Prize Card to Flossie Tait, 23 Oxford Street, Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4605103



**For
Children's
Teeth
Particularly**

**This gentle, thrift dentifrice — swift,
safe cleaning — a flavour children like**

Neglect of children's temporary teeth, orthodontists agree, may result in serious malformation of the later, permanent teeth forming beneath the gum surfaces. Beauty may be marred, health impaired.

At the Age of Two

Dental authorities therefore urge a systematic cleansing of baby teeth after the child has reached the age of two years. For this purpose they suggest a tooth paste free from harsh abrasives; safe and swift in action, and pleasant to taste.

Protects Precious Enamel

Listerine Tooth Paste contains amazing new cleansing and polishing agents. They are softer than enamel. Therefore, they cannot harm it. But they are harder than tartar. Consequently, they remove it. The teeth are left brilliant, clean, unmarred.

We ask you to try Listerine Tooth Paste for a week. Disregard, if you will, the saving it affords, and judge by cleansing results alone. The Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Aust.) Ltd., Sydney.

**LISTERINE
Tooth Paste**



ADD IT

What Is It?

**Add VIM!
VIGOUR!!
VITALITY!!!**

VITAMIN A
VITAMIN B
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"ADIT" ADDS WEIGHT

For a fortnight's supply
send 3/6 (post free) to

GEEMPIE LABORATORIES, 710 GEORGE ST., CITY
BOX 216 D, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

LIFE—A BUSINESS

It is a paradox, perhaps, that, while Home Life is a refuge from business, it is itself a business.

Money enters so largely into everything that it must be planned for in every phase of life.

It is in business that money is earned, in the Home chiefly, that it is spent, and there is no sound reason why the spending should not be regarded as being just as important as earning. In fact, it is far more important, for earning is difficult, and must employ wisdom, forethought, and energy, while spending is easy, so easy that there is temptation to spend unwisely.

Every Home, then, is a business, and needs an economic system, of which the Savings Bank Pass Book can be the valuable basis.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government.)

Professionalism in WOMEN'S Sport



*famous
Trio...*

MISS ENA STOCKLEY (above), one of the foremost swimmers in New Zealand, represented her country at the Olympic Games in 1928. She is now resident in Sydney, and has joined the professional ranks.

Photo Mount. Luke. Costume by courtesy Janssen.

Just how far commercialism shall invade the field of sport is a subject that is occasioning serious consideration on the part of executives of amateur sports organisations.

The basic principle involved in amateur sport is that a player should participate in a game, not with any axe to grind, but solely for the enjoyment to be derived from it.

So far professionalism in women's sport in Australia has not been evidenced to any marked degree, but there is a growing tendency throughout all sporting circles to introduce the financial aspect.

So prevalent is the trend to professional sport in America that amateur sport is assuming something in the nature of a training ground for professionals.

Miss Ena Stockley is the latest recruit to the Australian professional ranks. Miss Stockley, who is now resident in Sydney, was for many years the foremost woman swimmer in New Zealand. In 1928 she was one of the New Zealand representatives to the Olympic Games.

Paradoxically, the Olympic Games, representation at which is the zenith of an amateur sportswoman's career, and where amateur status is so strictly observed, have proved a recruiting ground for professionals. This is, however, a logical outcome and that from two entirely different aspects.

In the first place, the amateur sportswoman who has become so proficient in her particular sport as to reach Olympic status has necessarily devoted the major portion of her time to that sport, and her interests have become centralised in it. There is nothing further for her to achieve in the amateur field, and she turns, therefore, to a position offering continuance of the sport, or, alternatively, to the training of others.

In the second place, professionalism may be adopted purely as a result of economic circumstances. Education costs

await a world champion or an Olympic representative.

Heleen Madison, who has accepted a contract on the films, is the most striking example, but her course of action is only one of many avenues that awaits a prominent sportswoman in America.

Stores selling sporting requisites will pay large remuneration for the use of the name, and premiums are placed on personal appearances, either at the stores or at music halls. There remains, too, the obvious position of coach, either attached to a club or to a departmental store.

In the rules as drawn up by the various women's sporting associations in Australia there exist wide differences regarding amateur status. In neither hockey nor cricket is it permissible to play for trophies of any nature. To the team members of a winning team in each grade the right to wear a blazer with an engraved pocket is conferred. In golf, tennis, and swimming, cups and trophies of a similar nature are awarded.

There is one point on which all associations are agreed, however—that no player shall receive any remuneration on any score whatever, either as a trophy for coaching or for personal appearances.

The Women's Amateur Council of N.S.W. has taken a very definite stand in this matter. They have made a further ruling which allows a certain avenue to members of affiliated associations. The council reserves the right to appoint coaches, who shall receive remuneration for their services without infringing their amateur status.

As this matter is one of the many H. G. Holtbrook says: I mature my Women's League. I mature my Women's League. I mature my Women's League.

MISS ELEANOR HOLM, who equalled the backstroke swimming record held by Bonnie Meal, has signed a seven years' contract to appear on the screen. As she will not be giving exhibitions of swimming she will not forfeit her amateur status.

HELEN MADISON, at left of picture, recently forfeited her amateur status to teach swimming. She will also be seen in swimming exhibitions on the screen.

that affect sportswomen in every State, it is hoped that in the near future there will be a council comprised of delegates from each State, whose ruling will be observed throughout Australia.

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Jocelyn's RACING REVIEW

By "JOCELYN"

Followers of the Turf in N.S.W. were compelled to make the trip to the Hacksbury for their usual sport last Saturday.

Very little light was thrown on the prospects of candidates for the more important events of the coming Caulfield and Randwick carnivals.

THE attendance was very satisfactory, as settlers in the historic Nepean district have always been known as ardent lovers of the thoroughbred, and the local people rolled up in big numbers for the annual spring fixture.

The New Zealand horse, Inflation, in winning the Rowley Mile from Grand Total and Princess Clisterian, was not asked to extend himself, but nevertheless carved out the mile in 1.39.1. Inflation showed signs of slight lameness after the race, but his trainer is well satisfied with his condition, and at this stage he is a solid second favorite for the Epsom on Saturday. The bookmakers demanded 7 to 1 on the New Zealander, but investors on the totalisator were able to secure a return of 18/- for each 10/- invested—a remarkable price about a lay-down misers.

One of the disappointments of the meeting was the failure of Miss Gwynne Duggan's Mosbite colt, Semmak, which has engagements in both the Epsom and the Derby, and was expected to show up prominently in the Three-year-old Handicap. Semmak started second favorite, but could only fill the minor position behind Narbethong and Mayonmable.

Although there are 40 odd horses left in the Epsom, it is anticipated that when acceptances fall due on Thursday the field will be considerably reduced. When the weights were announced no

less than 175 horses were nominated for the classic mile. Entrances are still heavy in the Derby, including 32 colts and 12 fillies, but doubtless the presence in the field of outstanding gallopers such as Blixten, Shakuni, Lamarch, and



THE Y BROWNS, winners of the point score at the Y.W.C.A. annual sports day, Sydney. The annual sports of the Melbourne Y's will take place on September 30.

the Victorians, Hall Mark and Break Up, will influence many owners to run the scratching pen through their horses before the great day arrives.

Chatham is now a very short-priced favorite for the Epsom, with Inflation next, most in demand. The steady rain over the week-end would improve the Randwick track, and, with no further rain before Saturday, Chatham will start one of the shortest priced favorites in the history of the race. It seems useless to look beyond Chatham for the winner under ordinary conditions; but, should the weather again break and the track be at all soft, the Windbag horse will be set an almost impossible task.

The Derby looks a match between Blixten, the Sydney colt, and the Victorians, Hall Mark and Break Up. Hall Mark has not had a run in Sydney since coming across from Melbourne, but Break Up, who will be ridden by Jim Pike, ran a splendid trial in the Herbert Maitland Stakes on Wednesday against the champions of all ages, and is sure to give a ton of cheek in the classic on Saturday.



ALICE WEGEMUND, the Bertie Oldfield of Australian women's cricket, is also a forceful bat.

Y.W.C.A Sports ACTIVITIES

Women Rowers' Regatta

Twenty-two teams each in the trim uniforms of their respective clubs assembled for the march past at the Y.W.C.A. Annual Sports Day last week.

Y BROWNS and Mosman tied for the first place in the point score competition of the afternoon. The former team has shown consistent form in all its sporting activities, and for the past three years has gained the coveted first.

During the winter season this team competes in the N.S.W. women's hockey fixtures, and during the summer they are keen baseballers. The Mosman team are also enthusiastic hockey players. Mrs. Penfield, the capable secretary of the Y.W.C.A. sports group, has arranged a series of night basketball matches to be played every fortnight against a team from the Macabean Club. These matches are an innovation in our sporting circles, and should prove very popular.

Y.W.C.A. women rowers will hold their annual regatta on October 28. One of the events this time will be a pair-oar race. The rowing girls are anxious to obtain a new boat for their fours, and are working very hard in an effort to raise sufficient money to obtain one. This season, it is expected that many new members will avail themselves of the opportunity to learn to row.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SYDNEY: 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.

MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 229 Collins Street, Melbourne, C1.

LONDON: Lorne Campbell, 117 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

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See special notice on the pattern page.

HOBST Holbrook says: I brew a special Vinograd for my Worcestershire Sauce, called Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinograd.

Printed and Published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonnell House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.

NEW Rules for Women's Cricket

By RUTH PREDDY.

Ex-Member Women's Interstate Cricket Team.

Next season's women's interstate cricket matches will be extended to two days' play. They will commence at 1 o'clock, and under the present arrangement, which is of a more or less tentative nature, terminate at 6 o'clock.

HITHERTO interstate matches have been confined to one day's play, and, because the results might have been quite different if more time had been available to complete the games, the Australian Women's Cricket Council has decided to extend the matches to two days.

In a one-day match, the side that bats first and leads by 75 runs shall have the option of requiring the other side to follow on their innings at any time. In two-day matches, the captain of the batting side has the power to declare their innings closed at any time. This declaration cannot be made, however, on the first day, later than one hour and forty minutes before the time agreed upon for the drawing of stumps.

Another interesting fact that should be borne in mind is that when there is no play on the first day of a two-days' match, the rules of a one-day match apply.

This week the Australian Board of Control agreed to adopt the new body-line bowling law for the Sheffield Shield competitions. As the Australian Women's Cricket Council agreed to play their interstate matches according to the laws governing Sheffield Shield matches, they will find that the body-line rule now applies to their game.

Although it is quite unnecessary to allude to this form of bowling in connection with women's cricket, it is perhaps advisable to refer to it, so that a greater knowledge of the game may be gained.

The new rule is as follows: "Any ball delivered, which, in the opinion of the umpire at the bowler's end, is bowled at the batsman with intent to intimidate or injure him, shall be considered unfair, and 'No-ball' shall be called, and the bowler notified of the reason. If the offence be repeated by the same bowler, in the same innings, he shall be immediately instructed by the umpire to cease bowling, and the over shall be regarded as completed. Such bowler shall not again be permitted to bowl during the course of the innings then in progress."

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With rowing fixtures in the near future, women rowers are now in serious training.

Tennis CHAMPIONSHIPS

In view of the forthcoming interstate matches keen interest will focus on the championships in progress at present. Selectors will be casting a discerning eye on the players with interstate representation in mind.

Some of the prominent Victorian players have been invited to practise each Friday morning, under the supervision of Mrs. Harper, with a view to interstate selection against New South Wales in the match to be played in Sydney on November 3 and November 4.

THE dates of the Victorian championships are from November 18 to November 25, inclusive, and the interstate matches, New South Wales v. Victoria and South Australia v. Victoria, will be played on November 17 and November 18 at Kooyong.

In the women's "A" pennant competition, South Yarra had its first defeat, after winning 14 successive matches, at St. Kilda, and, in the "B" grade, Auburn Heights was defeated by Hawthorn, this being the only match they lost this season.

The association's two new "En Tout Cas" courts, similar to those on which the Davis Cup has been played for many years in France, are almost finished and ready for use. Members are eagerly waiting for the opening day, Saturday, September 30. Kooyong is the

first private club to have this type of court, and no doubt they will bear witness to many a hard-fought set.

THE metropolitan championships have now commenced at Strathfield, and many of Sydney's leading players are participating in the matches.

Miss Joan Hartigan, the singles champion, and Misses Bickerton and Hall, holders of the doubles championship, are all defending their titles.

The men's singles and doubles championships will change hands this year, as Mr. Jack Crawford will not be in Sydney to take part in the tournament. Mrs. Harper, who is one of the strongest players in Victoria at the present time, was for many years a member of the Strathfield Lawn Tennis Club, and was better known then as Miss Sylvia Lance.

The Strathfield Lawn Tennis Club has been in existence since 1861, and this is the 38th annual tournament which has been held on these courts.

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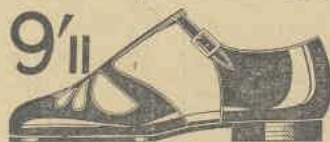
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